Collier's

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October 22, 1949

How much government can free enter

By U.S. SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT

Oct. 22, 1949

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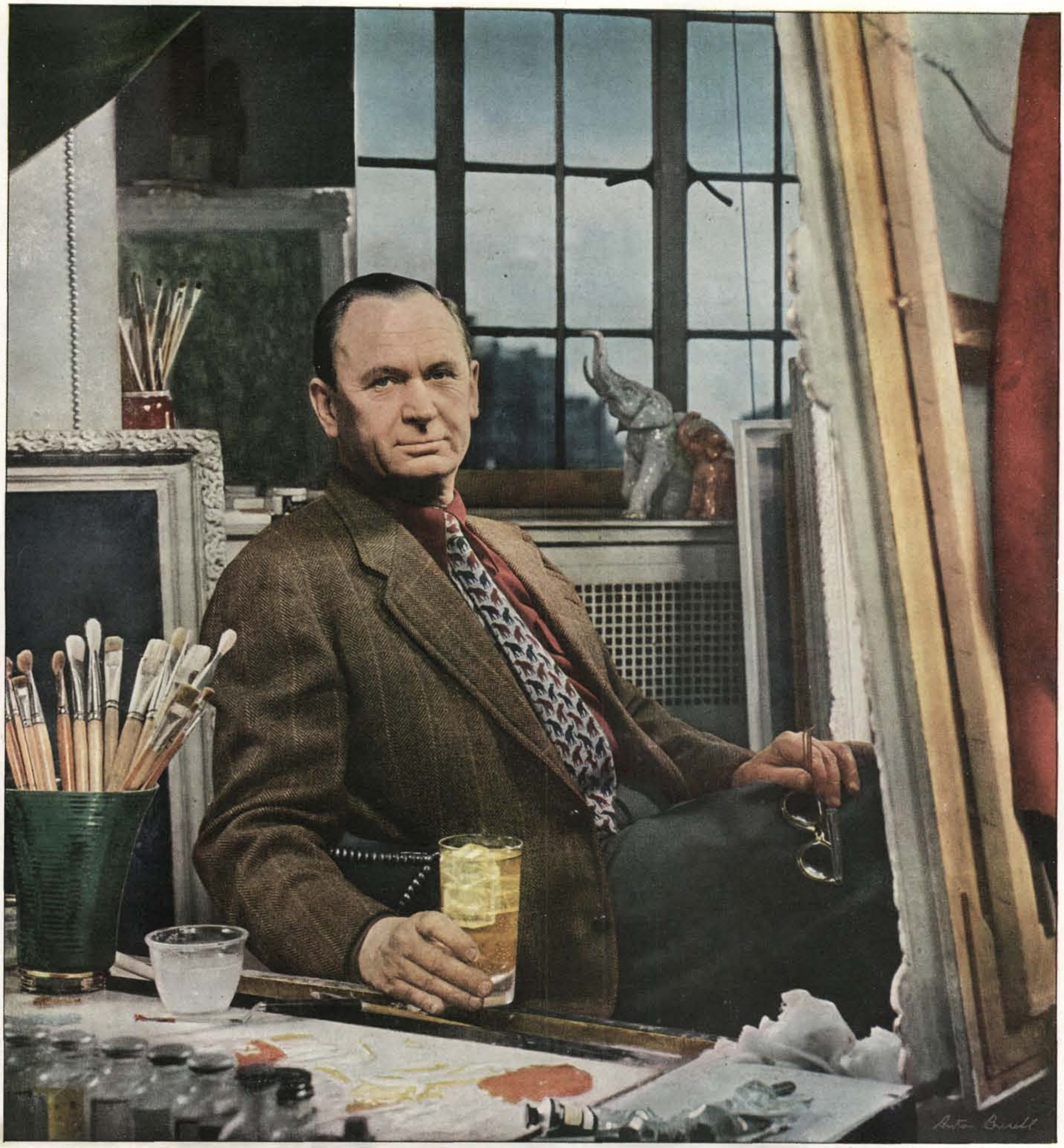

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Men of Distinction are outstanding in two important respects. They are men of moderation and discriminating taste. Naturally, their choice is Lord Calvert . . . so rare . . . so smooth . . . so mellow . . . *so distinctively light*, that it has earned the loyal patronage of men who want the best when they drink.

MR. BRADSHAW CRANDELL, *distinguished illustrator and portraitist, has done cover illustrations for almost every magazine in America and many abroad. In recent years he has devoted an increasing amount of time to portraiture.*

LORD CALVERT IS A CUSTOM BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

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Costs less Only $1.25 a gallon.

And you need less So efficient that three quarts do the work of four quarts of most other kinds of anti-freeze. Hence you *buy* less.

No evaporation problem "Zerone"* needs only an occasional check-up. Provides economical, safe protection for all cars with low-opening thermostats (four out of five have them). Even at 215°F. below, "Zerone" would protect!

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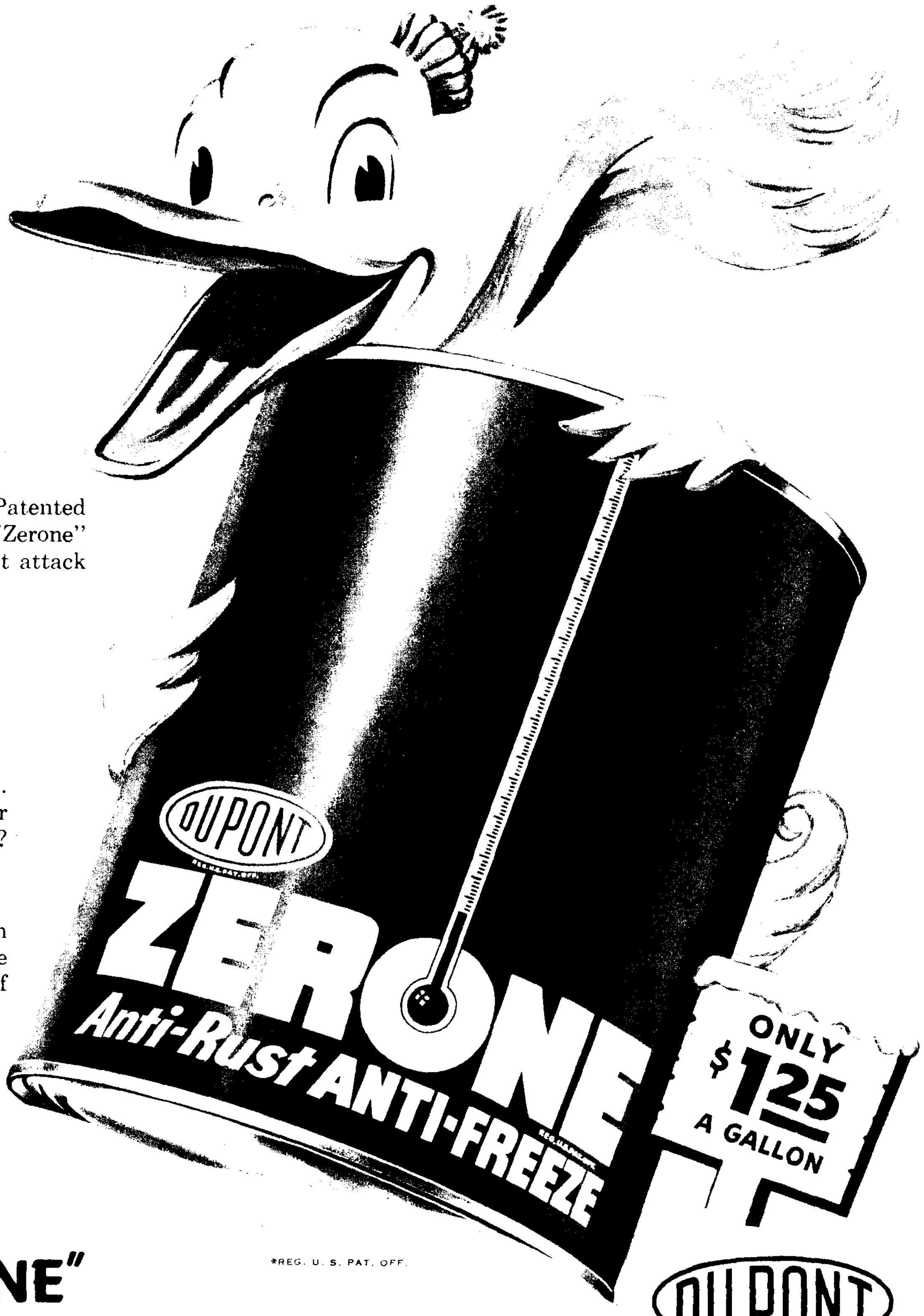
✓**Remember...** A cooling system check-up by your serviceman is a wise investment before putting in *any* kind of anti-freeze.



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GET DU PONT "ZERONE" the great anti-freeze value— TODAY!

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For great entertainment by great stars, don't miss the Du Pont "Cavalcade of America"— on NBC, Tuesday evenings

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

Spencer TRACY · Katharine HEPBURN

in **"ADAM'S RIB"**

JUDY HOLLIDAY · TOM EWELL
DAVID WAYNE · JEAN HAGEN
Screen Play By Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin
Directed by..........GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN

When Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn play Mr. and Mrs., things start flying — laughs, gags, insults, lamps, tears, haymakers...and kisses. Now they're off again in "Adam's Rib", which goes down in our book as positively the funniest comedy romance that has ever rocked the rafters of a theatre and that includes those delightfully dizzy goings on which started with their memorable "Woman of the Year".

In "Adam's Rib", Tracy is merely New York's most brilliant Assistant District Attorney, and la Hepburn is merely New York's most brilliant (and beautiful) trial lawyer. They present a lovey-dovey scene of wedded bliss that's just too good to last. And it doesn't, for long.

Hepburn decides to defend a Mrs. Attinger who has shot up her husband, after discovering him with a "doll-face" in what the tabloids delicately describe as a "love nest". This means war in the Tracy-Hepburn household, since Tracy has the job of prosecuting Mrs. Attinger.

What transpires thereafter, in the courtroom, convinces us that it's a good thing Justice wears a blindfold. And the battle of the sexes that rages intermittently makes us feel that Justice should wear ear-plugs, too.

The ending is much too wonderful to give away. Suffice it to say that "Adam's Rib" soars to stratospheric heights of hilarity. (Just a hint: Tracy turns on the tears — this has hitherto been a technique with the fair sex; now let's see how *they* react!)

Movie fans will have a chance to get acquainted with sparkling Broadway stage personalities: Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, David Wayne, Jean Hagen. M-G-M lined up a supporting cast that reads like a "Who's Who on Broadway".

Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, author and director of the riotous comedy "Born Yesterday" have done it again in this truly original screenplay. Director George Cukor and producer Lawrence Weingarten have given the M-G-Magic touch to "Adam's Rib". Rib-tickling is the word for it!

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October 22, 1949

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The Cover

The Howard E. Arcularius family owns the ranch a few miles north of Bishop, Inyo County, California, where Photographer Robert P. Holland ran onto this splash of autumnal color. The trees are towering Lombardy poplars; the tricyclers, Johnny Arcularius (5) and brother, Bee (nearly 4).

Week's Mail

Pro & Con Mr. Anderson

EDITOR: From the top of my mind and the bottom of my heart thanks for Why I Am Becoming an American (Sept. 10th). This article by Stanley Anderson is by far the most stimulating work of its kind I have read in many, many moons.

Would that it might get an even greater reading than your fine magazine provides. Reprints to every newspaper editor in the country, to every house organ editor in industry, to the president of every large company and, indeed, to every schoolteacher in the land. J. M. HICKERSON, New York City

. . . If Mr. Anderson feels that he is "young enough to contribute something definite to the building of America" how much better it would have been if he had stayed in his native land and contributed to the rebuilding of England.

Now that Mr. Anderson has inherited that "newness and sense of exhilaration" in America, I suggest that he go back to Britain and use it to better his fellow men in general—not only the U.S.

If a man has something to offer to this needy world, he should start where the need is greatest. KEN KAUFMAN, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . Like Mr. Anderson, I am an Englishman now enjoying a life of freedom in the United States. Unlike him, however, I am just an ordinary workingman, without the advantages of a full education.

After seven years of war service I felt that I could no longer live in a country which has "conscription of labor" and all the other restrictions which make life so difficult in the once traditional home of freedom, England.

It is my belief that most of England's difficulties are directly caused by the Socialist government's staggering inefficiencies. JAMES L. WRIGHT, Washington, D. C.

. . . I am a British war bride and have resided in this country just over three years. It took me most of that time to get adjusted to American ways and ideas and I was terribly homesick until I visited my home in England this year.

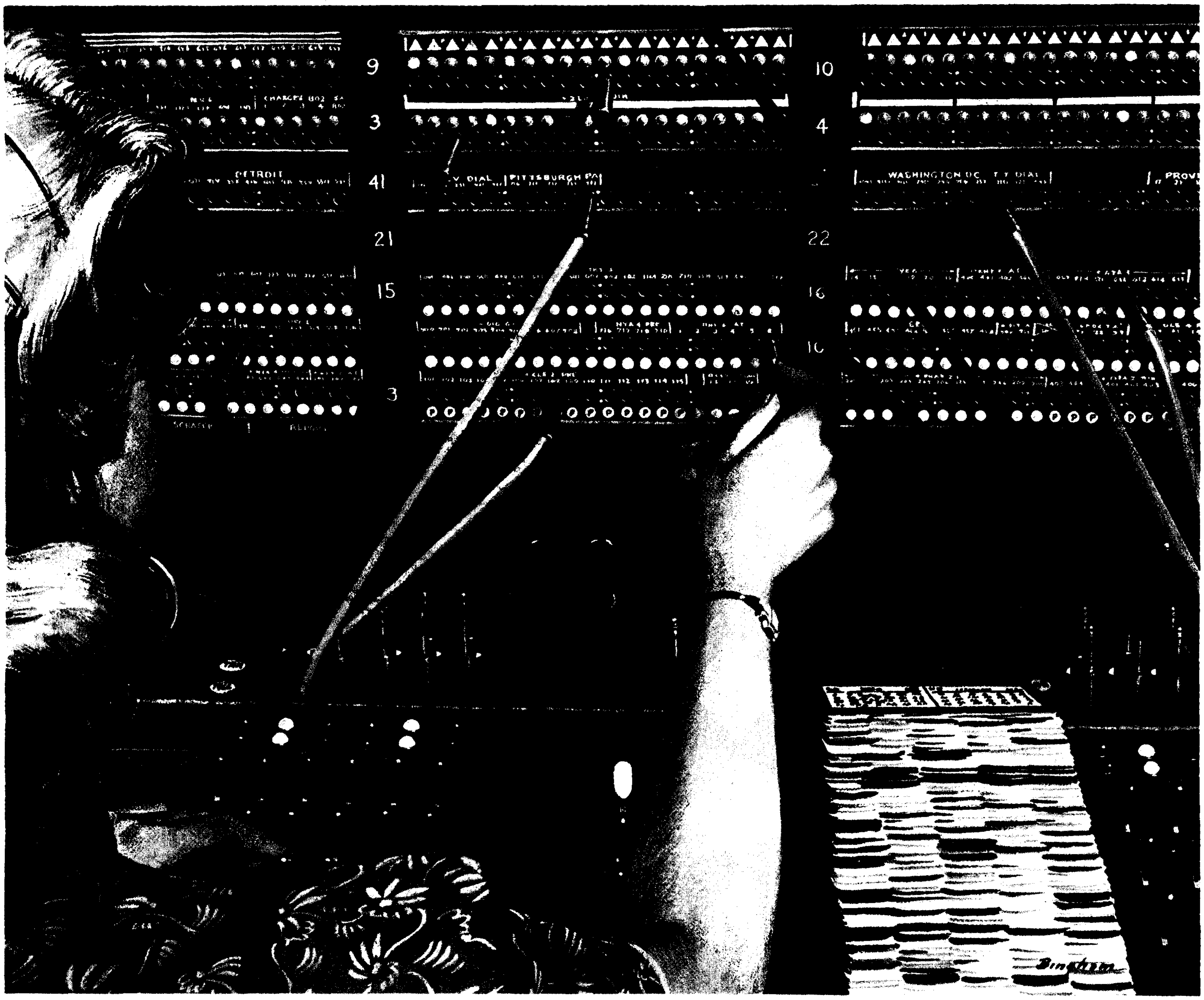
Now I know I would not care to live there any more under the new system of government, and I entirely agree with Mr. Anderson's views. I am very glad I live in America. GERALDINE M. JOYCE, Palmyra, N. J.

. . . Most Britishers always have so many unpleasant statements to make regarding this country. I am delighted to read of one that thinks this is a good place to live with all its imperfections. G. H. DALRYMPLE, Hollywood, Cal.

. . . If Mr. Stanley Anderson can't stick with his country during her time of need where will he transfer his allegiance when the going gets rough here? R. C. RICHARDS, Charlottesville, Va.

He Prescribes Work

EDITOR: What a pleasant surprise! Your editorial of Sept. 10th (Let's Not Throw Away the Key to Prosperity) made me almost believe Collier's to be sounding the



What's the connection?

To give you good service, your Bell Telephone company must have good switchboards, cables, telephones, and literally thousands of different types of equipment. Each must be *designed*, then *manufactured*, so that all can *operate* together perfectly in carrying your voice quickly and clearly across the street or across the nation.

Do you know Western Electric's connection with all this? For sixty-seven years, we have been the manufacturing unit of the Bell System. This has assured a dependable source of good equipment — efficiently and economically produced to meet the needs of telephone users.

• As members of the Bell System, Western Electric people who *make* equipment, Bell research people who *design* it and Bell Telephone company people who *operate* it all work together with one aim: Good telephone service for you at the lowest possible cost.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

Automatic Sound

TELEVISION

Great new series "G"

Now you can enjoy far finer performance, with the new Series "G" General Electric television. You get new automatic sound—just tune the picture—*the sound is right everytime!* You don't even have to retune sound when changing channels! You enjoy unifidelity of picture and sound even in fringe areas! No drift effect. You can tune out many annoying local picture interferences without sound distortion. Big 10" screen takes up almost entire cabinet width! Amazing low price because there are no frills—Model 805 is *all* television! **Only $189.95***

(Plus tax, installation extra)

**Prices slightly higher West and South—subject to change without notice.*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

sweet tones of the Horn of Plenty into the deaf ears of prolabor leaderism.

The mythical American "laboring man" is a class-conscious pseudo individual cooked up by labor leaders to whip into action against a system that has given them the opportunity to organize. Who the devil isn't a workingman? The principle of the union is a basic American right, but after all the past disputes, haranguing and bloodshed (to say nothing of the loss of peace of mind and income), the worker finds his day shortened while he still scrapes the barrel for more income.

America is a great country. Every country on this planet would like to emulate us —if they could.

Our success is our system, and it is up to everyone here to *labor* to keep it.

Jack Smith, Studio City, Cal.

Talent Runs in the Family

Editor: The article on Gigi Perreau (Bringing up a Movie Moppet, Aug. 13th) was of special interest to my wife, Suzette Tarri (voted by press ballot of the Sunday Chronicle as Britain's No. 1 Radio Comedienne). The paragraph which most intrigued her was the one in which Gigi's mother is reported as saying that no one in the world was more surprised than she was to discover that her children—Gigi and Gerald —could act.

Mark the following details: Gigi's great-great-grandfather was Frederick Richard Child, of England. Four of his children at the ages of four, six, eight and ten (Ada, Barbara, Charles and Maurice) were known as the Amazing Child Family, and were toured around this country as musical and child-actor prodigies.

One of these children, Barbara, is still alive and over eighty years of age. My wife's mother was another member of the Child family, being a sister to the "prodigies," and she undoubtedly handed down the inherited talent which has made my wife's name a household word in Great Britain.

So there are several reasons why Mrs. Perreau (maiden name Eleanor Child) should not be surprised at her children's early talent.

David Jenkins, London, England

. . . In Bringing up a Movie Moppet, David Chandler says that Gigi Perreau not only isn't cute but isn't especially pretty. For Mr. Chandler's information she is the cutest and the prettiest movie star, child or adult, that ever hit Hollywood.

Nancy Clark, Mesquite, Texas

Saving Face

Editor: After reading with interest Gurney Williams' The Face Is Familiar (Sept. 3d), I sympathetically submit a solution to this eternal confusion.

When one is stumped when it comes to introducing a nameless person, just say, "I am sorry, I can't remember your name." When he says, "Williams," come back with, "Oh, I know your last name, Williams, it was your first name I couldn't remember." Or if he should answer, "Gurney," just say, "Certainly, I know your first name, Gurney, it was your last name that slipped my mind."

Incidentally, this solution wasn't figured out by me, it was originated by some great American. (I can't remember his name.)

E. M. Chase, Milwaukee, Wis.

Jesup's Right, Says Jesup

Editor: In the Week's Mail (Sept. 10th) there is a letter signed by Chauncey W. Lever, of Jesup, Georgia.

I am a great-nephew of Morris Ketchum Jesup and feel that I should do my best to correct the statements made in Mr. Lever's letter.

Our branch of the Jessop (original name in England) family dropped the second "s" of the name of our immigrant ancestor, Jessup, about the year 1721. From that time on we have spelled our name Jesup.

Not only was Jesup, Wayne County, Georgia, named for my uncle but also—Jesup, Buchanan County, Iowa.

My uncle was Admiral Peary's chief supporter in the North Pole explorations and you will find that the most northerly land in the world is Cape Morris K. Jesup.

Richard M. Jesup, Rye, N. Y.

Psychology Grad Agrees

Editor: I wish to commend you and Author Lawrence Lader highly for your article Psycho Ward No. 3 (Sept. 10th).

I am a graduate of Oklahoma A&M College with a degree in psychology, and if that school's teachings are correct, Lader's article is factual to a point of perfection.

The "Snake Pit" type of article seemed to move no one. Maybe Lader's will.

Loyd Hackler, Hinton, Okla.

Report from Dog Lovers

Editor: The Red Dog by Howard Maier (Sept. 10th) was one of the most touching tales I have read in many a day. It's the kind of story that stays with you.

I suggested to a dog-loving friend who had once owned an Irish setter that he get a copy of the magazine and read the story. He telephoned last evening to say that, in his opinion, The Red Dog was a classic.

G. M. Conry, New York City

. . . So glad to see you honored the collie with your cover of Sept. 10th. I raise collies myself and so am very devoted to the breed. Could we please know who this collie is and also his lucky owner's name?

Judith E. Borlen, Churchville, N. Y.

He's Kath-Mae, son of Hector. Lucky owner: Mrs. C. Webster Mather, Newtown Square, Pa.

World's Tiredest Man

Editor: Far be it from me to speak critically of Why We Get Tired (Sept. 3d), but, after all, Murray Campbell is only an author while I'm the world's tiredest man.

Now, I met a New York millionaire who came to Phoenix with a complete nervous breakdown. A year of medical advice with his family pushing and his friends pulling helped none. Then he accidentally got hold of a jigsaw puzzle almost as large as the top of the dining-room table on which he worked it. He struggled all night to get it together.

After that he quit the doctors, laughed at his family and friends and devoted himself to jigsaw puzzles. Occasionally he relaxed and took some interest in other things, and in this way worked himself back into a normal life.

He recommended jigsaw puzzles to me. It didn't work. I hate the things. But it is all clear now: no matter how crushingly tired he is, there is some one thing a person likes to and can do. Do that, forget everything else and you may work yourself back into a normal life. With me it is writing letters to the editor.

Arch Howard, Phoenix, Ariz.

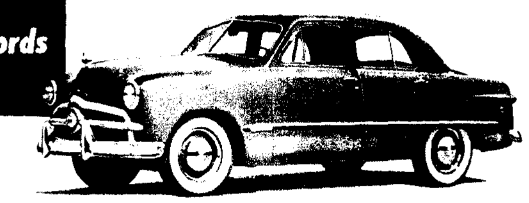
$100,000 in

HURRY! HURRY! CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 31st

IN THE
Ford
CAR-SAFETY
CONTEST

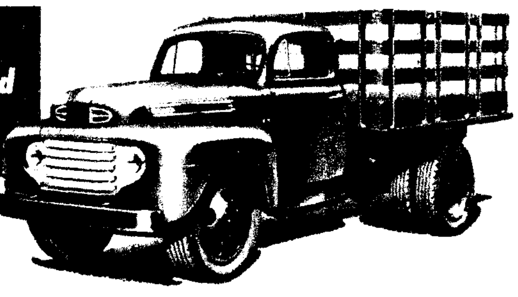
700 PRIZES including:

25 New Fords



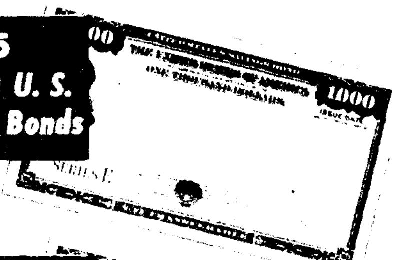
4-door Custom V-8 FORD Sedans, complete with Radios, "Magic Air" Heaters, Overdrive, and white side wall tires.

5 New Ford Trucks (OPTIONAL)



Heavy Duty Model F-5, V-8 engine, stake body, 158-inch wheelbase FORD Bonus-Built Trucks, with Radios and "Magic Air" Heaters. Optional as prizes to the top 5 of the 25 car winners who note preference for a truck on Contest Entry Blank.

25 $1,000 U. S. Savings Bonds



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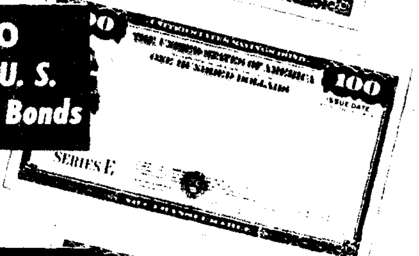

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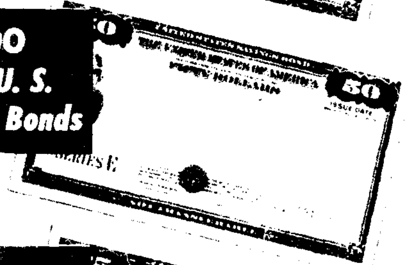

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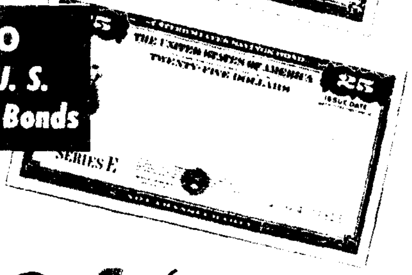


Here's a wonderful opportunity to co-operate with the National Safety Council, the Inter-Industry Highway Safety Committee and other safety organizations in a vital program to promote safer driving. And, at the same time you can win one of the 700 valuable prizes.

Go to any Ford Dealer displaying the poster below. Regardless of your car or truck's make, he'll give it a safety check at absolutely no cost or obligation to you, put an attractive reflector insignia on it and give you a contest entry blank. Then, using no more than 50 additional words, finish the statement, "*All cars and trucks should be safety-checked periodically because...............*"

You'll think of dozens of good endings like this example: "*All cars and trucks should be safety-checked periodically because* it takes more than guesswork to keep you safe. It takes the periodic inspection of trained mechanics. It can save lives—maybe yours."

> *Ned H. Dearborn, President, National Safety Council, says:* "Certainly every motorist should check and double-check the mechanical condition of his car for safety's sake. I am sure that this free check-up and safety contest with its attractive prizes will make Americans more safety-conscious . . . it will save lives."

Beat the rush. Get your free check-up and entry blank now, and maybe you'll be one of the lucky winners. Stop in at your Ford Dealer's *whether you want to enter the contest or not.* Get a free safety check and free safety insignia.

FORD DIVISION
FORD MOTOR COMPANY

HERE'S ALL YOU DO! (NO MATTER WHAT MAKE OF CAR OR TRUCK YOU OWN)

1. *Drive to your Ford Dealer displaying poster shown below.*
2. *Get a Free Car-Safety Check, Free Safety Insignia and Free Entry Blank.*
3. *In 50 words or less on entry blank finish this statement:* **"All cars and trucks should be safety-checked periodically because................."**
4. *Mail entry before midnight October 31 to the Ford Car-Safety Contest Headquarters, Box 722, Chicago 77, Ill. Your entry must bear postmark no later than midnight Oct. 31, 1949, in order to qualify for an award.*

a) Use only the official contest entry blank which you can obtain at any Ford Dealership displaying the poster shown below. Print clearly your name and address.

b) Contest is limited to the continental United States and Alaska.

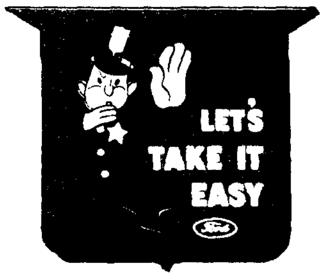
c) Prizes as stated on entry blank will be awarded on the basis of sincerity, originality and aptness by a Jury of Awards consisting of prominent men interested in safety. Judges' decisions are final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Entries must be submitted in the name of the registered owner or his designated representative.

Only one entry per car or truck may be considered. All entries become the property of Ford Motor Company. This contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations and to the official contest rules on entry blank.

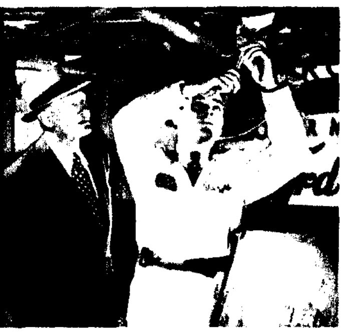
d) Winners' names will be posted at all Ford Dealers not later than December 1, 1949.

e) Contest is open to all residents of continental United States, including Alaska, except employees of Ford Motor Company, Ford Dealers, their advertising agencies, and their families.

Get this attractive reflector insignia FREE!



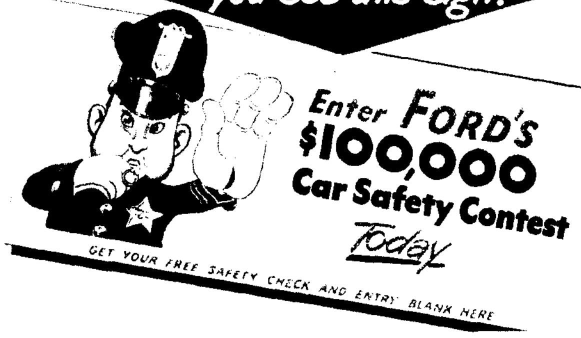
HERE'S WHAT FORD DEALERS CHECK FREE IN YOUR CAR OR TRUCK (no matter what the make)



1. **BRAKES**—You get a FREE check of brake pedal reserve and hand-brake operation.
2. **STEERING**—Steering linkage, springs and shock absorbers are checked and front tires are inspected for indications of improper alignment of front wheels.
3. **HEADLIGHTS**—Operation of upper and lower beams is checked.
4. **REAR AND STOP LIGHTS**—Operating condition is checked.
5. **TIRES**—All tires including spare are checked for recommended inflation and for cuts and breaks in casing.
6. **WINDSHIELD WIPERS**—Blades are inspected for wiping efficiency and mechanism checked for operation.
7. **MUFFLER**—Checked for exhaust leaks.
8. **GLASS**—Windows and windshields inspected for cloudy, obscured vision. Glass and windshield cleaned of all dirt and view-obstructing stickers.
9. **HORN**—Horn and horn button are checked.
10. **REAR VIEW MIRROR**—Mirror is checked for cloudy, unsafe vision.

GET FREE CAR SAFETY CHECK —INSIGNIA and ENTRY BLANK

—at all Ford Dealers where you see this sign!


Enter FORD'S $100,000 Car Safety Contest Today
GET YOUR FREE SAFETY CHECK AND ENTRY BLANK HERE

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON

HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE
TAREYTON

MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON, distinguished in Washington society as a charming and discriminating hostess. Mrs. Hamilton is discriminating in her choice of cigarettes.

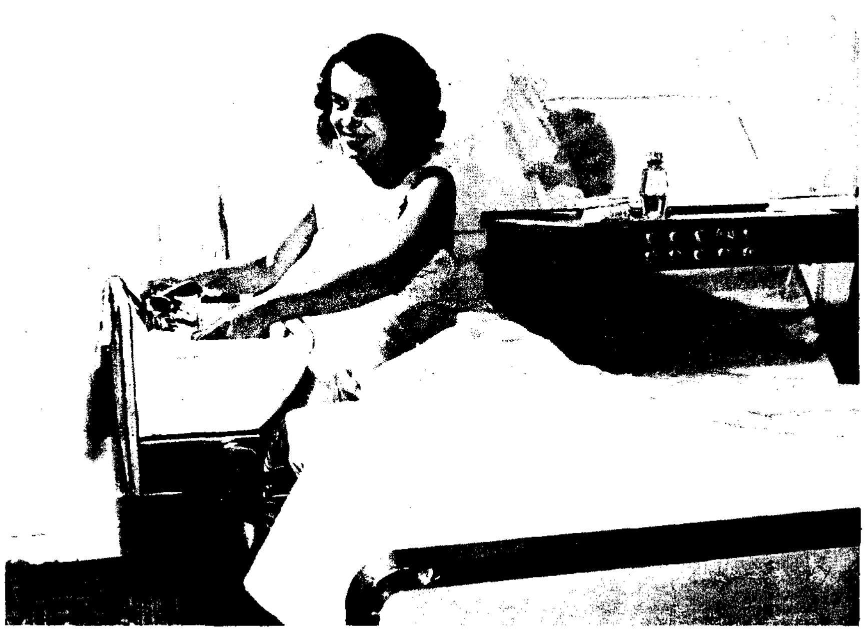
Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because they appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



One solution to the nursing shortage is the push-button bed, self-operated by the patient to provide 14 services

An electrically operated hospital bed invented not long ago in Los Angeles enables its occupant to take care of 14 needs that would otherwise require the services of a nurse. By pressing buttons on a control panel, the patient can, for example, warm the bed; lift the section under the head, knees or feet; adjust the windows, shades and lights; cause a part of the bed to swing open and a toilet to rise to a convenient level; and make a concealed washbasin with hot and cold running water move up and into position beside the right arm.

* * *

Few assets of a long-established brewery are more valuable than the yeast it uses to start each fermentation process, which is afterward filtered out and reused indefinitely. This yeast is not only the chief factor in a beer's character and flavor, but it requires decades to reach a certain point of perfection and can never be exactly duplicated elsewhere. One large American brewery, which began developing its yeast culture about 1910, has had it insured during the past nine years with Lloyd's of London for $1,000,000.

* * *

Between 1935 and 1945 in New York, three brazen crooks dressed like priests personally collected some $600,000 for a phony charity, the Community Mission, which they had set up in two ground-floor rooms in the slum section of Manhattan called Hell's Kitchen. According to their advertisements the mission held gospel meetings, served free meals, maintained a clinic for the sick, and supported a day nursery, a boys' camp and a home for the aged. While the fakers rendered none of these services in fact, they made the mission appear active by occasionally entertaining a few children. The three were arrested several times, but were not prosecuted because they had a legitimate state charter to operate a church and, therefore, to solicit and expend money for charitable purposes without being required to account for it. Finally, the D.A.'s office built an air-tight case against the three "clergymen." Though the men claimed that they fed and helped numerous poor persons daily, motion pictures taken by the police with a camera concealed across the street from the mission entrance proved that they lied. The film showed that over a six-week period the only persons who entered the mission were the three phony priests. On November 20, 1945, they were tried, convicted of obtaining money under false pretenses and given sentences totaling 25 years in Sing Sing.

* * *

The adoption of the Marquis of Queensberry rules by the American boxing world 60 years ago created the impression that, under them, the sport would be less brutal than previously because fighters would be required to use gloves. In the bare-knuckle days a round ended when a man was knocked down or fell without being struck. Thus a fatigued fighter, by voluntarily dropping as soon as a round started, could get a 30-second rest before the next round began. By doing this for several successive rounds, he could get a three or four-minute respite whenever he needed it. But as the Queensberry rules force boxers to fight a three-minute round, the majority will endure terrific punishment rather than go down and be counted out. Consequently, these rules have increased, not decreased, the dangers of boxing and have been responsible for hundreds of deaths. For example, injuries received in the ring have, on the average, killed one professional fighter a month since January 1, 1946.

* * *

In the birth of twins and triplets, the Chinese and Japanese believe that the last infant to emerge was the first conceived and, therefore, is the oldest.

PONTIAC
Here's where the Cheering starts!

It's a wonderful feeling—the thrill of being part of the crowd when the "big game" gets under way.

But for those who drive to the stadium in a beautiful new Pontiac, the enjoyment of the day begins long before the kick-off.

It begins, in fact, as soon as they leave home. For it's a pleasure just to drive a Pontiac—to relax and enjoy its smooth, effortless shortening of the miles. And, to make driving perfectly easy, GM Hydra-Matic Drive is available on any Pontiac.

It's a pleasure, too, to be seen in a Pontiac. Its distinctive "Silver Streak" beauty stands out in any company and commands admiring stares wherever it goes.

And—perhaps best of all—you can *always* depend on Pontiac for a winning performance. Most Pontiac drivers soon learn that they have never driven a more truly economical car, or one that requires less servicing attention.

Next time you drive into a parking area—at a stadium or anywhere else—notice how many Pontiacs you see. Remind yourself that *you* should be driving one, too, and then make it a point to see your nearest Pontiac dealer.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

REXALL'S

AT ANY REXALL DRUG

YOUR REXALL FAMILY DRUGGIST INVITES YOU TO HEAR
PHIL HARRIS & ALICE FAYE
Every Sunday—NBC

You get twice as much

Hundreds of twin bargains like these. TWO ITEMS for the price of one plus 1c. Double the value for a penny more! It's *all* regular Rexall branded merchandise. No substitutes in the *original* 1c Drug Sale. Team up

DENTAL BUYS

- ☐ **Rexall Klenzo Nylon Tooth Brush,** tufted, convex, or oval shapes....29c **2 for 30c**
- ☐ **Rexall Tooth Powder,** lg. 3½ oz....29c **2 for 30c**
- ☐ **Rexall Sodium Perborate Flav.,** 4 oz. 39c **2 for 40c**
- ☐ **Rexall Tooth Paste,** 2½ oz.........30c **2 for 31c**
- ☐ **Rexall Denture Adhesive,** 3 oz......55c **2 for 56c**
- ☐ **Denturex Dental Plate Cleanser,** 5 oz. 50c **2 for 51c**
- ☐ **Rexall Dental Floss,** 24 yds.........23c **2 for 24c**
- ☐ **Tooth Paste, Milk of Magnesia**.....25c **2 for 26c**

SHAVE SAVINGS

- ☐ **Rexall Shaving Lotion,** 8 oz........55c **2 for 56c**
- ☐ **Rexall Shaving Cream,** 2¾ oz......30c **2 for 31c**
- ☐ **Lavender After-Shave Lotion,** 4 oz..75c **2 for 76c**
- ☐ **Lavender Shaving Bowl**........$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Lavender Talc for Men**............35c **2 for 36c**
- ☐ **Gentlemen's After-Shave Powder**...25c **2 for 26c**
- ☐ **Rexall Jumbo Styptic Pencil**........15c **2 for 16c**
- ☐ **Harmony Bay Rum,** pt............59c **2 for 60c**
- ☐ **Klenzo Razor Blades,** single or double 5's.............10c **2 for 11c**

TOILETRIES VALUES

- ☐ **Adrienne Powder Puffs,** velour.....15c **2 for 16c**
- ☐ **Adrienne Finishing Cream,** 3¾ oz..75c **2 for 76c**
- ☐ **Adrienne Foundation Cream,** 4 oz...75c **2 for 76c**
- ☐ **Adrienne Skin Soft. Cream,** 3½ oz..75c **2 for 76c**
- ☐ **Adrienne Astringent,** 4 oz..........75c **2 for 76c**
- ☐ **Adrienne Hand Cream,** 3½ oz.......75c **2 for 76c**
- ☐ **Adrienne Liquid Brilliantine,** 2 oz...75c **2 for 76c**
- ☐ **Adrienne Bath Salts,** 13 oz.....$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Adrienne Talcum,** 3 oz.............50c **2 for 51c**
- ☐ **Adrienne Powdered Perfume,** 1 oz..85c **2 for 86c**
- ☐ **Adrienne Bath Powder,** 7½ oz...$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Adrienne Cologne,** 4 oz.........$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Garden Spice Perfume**............50c **2 for 51c**
- ☐ **Lorie Cologne,** 4 oz............$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Rexall Cream Deodorant**..........50c **2 for 51c**
- ☐ **Lavender Deodorant Cologne,** 4 oz..75c **2 for 76c**
- ☐ **Dainty Deodorant Powder,** 4 oz.....35c **2 for 36c**
- ☐ **Rexall Liquid Deodorant,** 2 oz......35c **2 for 36c**
- ☐ **Theatrical Cold Cream,** 16 oz...$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Mascal's Hand Cream,** 6¼ oz.......50c **2 for 51c**
- ☐ **Lanolin Soap,** 4½ oz. bar box 3....75c **2 for 76c**
- ☐ **Lavender Toilet Soap,** box 3........59c **2 for 60c**
- ☐ **Glycerine & Rose Water,** 4 oz......37c **2 for 38c**
- ☐ **Hand Lotion, Mascal's,** pt.........59c **2 for 60c**
- ☐ **Rexall Lonilan,** lanolin 1 oz........25c **2 for 26c**
- ☐ **Violet Cerate Cream,** 3¾ oz........85c **2 for 86c**
- ☐ **Lavender Talcum,** women's........35c **2 for 36c**
- ☐ **Lavender Bath Salts,** 13 oz.....$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Lavender Body Powder,** 1 lb....$1.00 **2 for $1.01**

BABY NEEDS

- ☐ **Rexall Baby Cough Syrup,** 3 oz.....30c **2 for 31c**
- ☐ **Rexall Baby Laxative,** 3 oz.........35c **2 for 36c**
- ☐ **Hall's Borated Talc,** lb............49c **2 for 50c**
- ☐ **Rexall Baby Powder,** 4 oz..........29c **2 for 30c**
- ☐ **Rexall Baby Cream,** 1 oz...........29c **2 for 30c**
- ☐ **Antiseptic Baby Oil,** 6 oz.......57c size **2 for 58c**

PRICES, ITEMS AND DATES MAY VARY SLIGHTLY IN CANADA

Super Value

REXALL Mi-31

All-Around Antiseptic

Tangy, Amber-Colored Mi-31... Kills contacted germs almost instantly when used full strength.

Reg. 69¢ pint
2 For 70c

Rexall Mi 31 Solution
ANTISEPTIC

ADRIENNE

BEAUTY AIDS

ANY 2 IDENTICAL ITEMS

Reg. 75¢ ea.
2 For 76c

FACE POWDER . . 5 shades
CLEANSING CREAM 3 ounces
COLD CREAM . . . 3 ounces
SKIN LOTION . . . 4 ounces
LIPSTICK . . . . . 4 shades
PERFUME . . . . ¼ ounce

Victoria

WATER BOTTLE

Moulded of sturdy red rubber

2 qt.
Reg. $1.89

2 For $1.90

Cascade Elite

LINEN POUND PAPER

50 sheets of Smartest Stationery

Reg. 65¢
2 for 66c

Matching envelopes
50's—2 for 66¢

LAVENDER MENTHOLATED

SHAVE CREAM

Lather or Brushless

3¼ oz.
Reg. 49¢
2 For 50c

Low on Rubbing Alcohol?

REXALL

ALCO-REX

RUBBING ALCOHOL

A cooling and invigorating rub for athlete or invalid. Evaporates rapidly.

Reg. 39c pint
2 For 40c

In the Blue Bottle

REXALL

MILK OF MAGNESIA

Rexall's formula bans disagreeable taste, makes this popular laxative-antacid creamy, fluffy, pleasant to take.

Reg. 39c pint
2 For 40c

STATIONERY SAVINGS

- ☐ **Lord Baltimore,** 24 flat sheets, 24 envelopes......75c **2 for 76c**
- ☐ **Linen Envelopes,** 5½ inch, 25's....20c **2 for 21c**
- ☐ **No. 10 Envelopes,** 18's.............15c **2 for 16c**
- ☐ **Writing Paper,** patterned, 24 fold. sheets, 24 env.......$1.00 **2 for $1.01**
- ☐ **Ink,** washable or permanent 3 oz. 15c **2 for 16c**
- ☐ **Notes,** 24 folded notes, 24 env.....70c **2 for 71c**
- ☐ **Tablet, Rexall Leader,** 8x10".......10c **2 for 11c**
- ☐ **Correspondence Cards, Cascade** 12 gold edged, 12 silver, 24 env...65c **2 for 66c**
- ☐ **Floral Stationery,** letters or notes..25c **2 for 26c**
- ☐ **Royalton,** 24 lg. flat sheets, 24 env. 85c **2 for 86c**
- ☐ **Lead Pencils,** Old Colony...........5c **2 for 6c**

Double Value on Famous

REXALL PETROFOL

MINERAL OIL

Petrofol
Petrofol

Specially refined for heavier body. Gives prompt, gentle relief. Non-irritating.

Reg. 59c pint
2 For 60c

REXALL REMEDIES

- ☐ **Rexall Corn Solvent,** ¼ oz..........29c **2 for 30c**
- ☐ **Rexall Foot Powder,** 4 oz..........29c **2 for 30c**
- ☐ **Rexall Gargle,** 8 oz...............69c **2 for 70c**
- ☐ **Rexall Little Pills,** lax. 100's.......29c **2 for 30c**
- ☐ **Rexall Rex-Rub,** ath. lin. 6 oz.....89c **2 for 90c**
- ☐ **Rexall Nose Drops,** 1 oz...........43c **2 for 44c**
- ☐ **White Pine & Tar Compound, Menth.** 79c **2 for 80c**
- ☐ **Rexall Diuretic Pills,** 60's..........59c **2 for 60c**
- ☐ **Rexall Nasal Spray,** 1½ oz.........29c **2 for 30c**
- ☐ **Rexall Rex-Tonia,** tonic pt.....$1.25 **2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **White Pine Tar & Wild Cherry,** Cough Syrup 3 oz...............39c **2 for 40c**
- ☐ **Rexall Acid-Dyspepsia Mix.,** 4 oz...65c **2 for 66c**
- ☐ **Rexall Acid-Dyspepsia Tabs.,** 50's..59c **2 for 60c**
- ☐ **Rexall Analgesic Liquid,** liniment...57c **2 for 58c**
- ☐ **Rexall Bunion Pads,** 6's............33c **2 for 34c**
- ☐ **Rexall Callus Pads Z.O.,** 60's.......33c **2 for 34c**
- ☐ **Rexall Castor Oil Aromatic**.........43c **2 for 44c**
- ☐ **Cathartic Comp. Pills,** N.F. laxative 45c **2 for 46c**
- ☐ **Rexall Corn Pads Z.O.,** medicated..33c **2 for 34c**
- ☐ **Rexall Eye Drops,** 1 oz............33c **2 for 34c**
- ☐ **Rexall Gypsy Cream Lotion,** 8 oz. 59c **2 for 60c**
- ☐ **Rexall Headache Tablets,** 24's......29c **2 for 30c**
- ☐ **Iron, Liver, Bone Marrow,** tonic 8 oz. **2 for $1.30**
- ☐ **Rexall Iso-Phedrin,** nasal 1 oz......75c **2 for 76c**
- ☐ **Rexall Ko-Ko-Kaskets,** lax. 60's...29c **2 for 30c**
- ☐ **Rexall Laxative Cold Capsules,** 20's 79c **2 for 80c**
- ☐ **Rexall Nasal Jelly,** ⅜ oz...........29c **2 for 30c**
- ☐ **Rexall Orderlies,** chocolate laxative 60c **2 for 61c**
- ☐ **Rexall Penetrating Liniment,** 3 oz...35c **2 for 36c**
- ☐ **Rexall Peptona,** pt..........$1.25 **2 for $1.26**
- ☐ **Rexall Pile Ointment,** 1 oz, tube...65c **2 for 66c**

- ☐ **Rubber Gloves** Rex-Maid, household, pr. 75c **2 for 76c**
- ☐ **Rexall Puretest Rubbing Alcohol,** pt. 59c **2 for 60c**
- ☐ **Rexall Puretest Mineral Oil** . 85c size **2 for 86c**
- ☐ **Opalite Combs,** rattail or dressing . . 10c **2 for 11c**
- ☐ **White Envelopes,** Medford 6¾" 22's . 10c **2 for 11c**
- ☐ **Rexall Spirits Camphor,** 1 oz. . . . 35c **2 for 36c**
- ☐ **Rexall ABDG Caps,** multi-vit. $1.65 size **2 for $1.66**
- ☐ **Rexall Soda Mints,** for acid indig. 140's 35c **2 for 36c**
- ☐ **Rexall Analgesic Balm** . . . . 50c **2 for 51c**
- ☐ **Rexall Zinc Oxide Oint.** tube . . 25c size **2 for 26c**
- ☐ **Rexall Tincture Iodine,** mild, 1 oz. . 25c **2 for 26c**

. . . YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG

GREATEST 1¢ SALE STORE IN THE U.S.A.

SALE DAYS
WED. OCT. 19
THURS. OCT. 20
FRI. OCT. 21
SAT. OCT. 22

for a penny more...

vith friends and share the savings. tock up now for months ahead. Jse this advertisement as your hopping list . . . check the items ou need and bring it along to your amily Rexall Drug Store. Sale starts Wednesday, October 19!

KLENZO NYLON TOOTHBRUSH

Medium Size—Assorted Shapes

Reg. 15¢

2 For 16c

Stock Up REXALL PURETEST ASPIRIN

Fast relief from simple headaches! In laboratory tests, disintegrated completely faster than any other brand tested.

Reg. 49¢ 5-grain 100's

2 For 50c

REXALL REMEDIES

☐ **Pile Suppositories, Jaynes,** 10's	65c	**2 for 66c**
☐ **Rexall Toothache Drops,** lg.	25c	**2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Vapure,** ¾ oz.	59c	**2 for 60c**
☐ **Rexall White Liniment,** 4 oz.	33c	**2 for 34c**
☐ **Rexall Quick-Acting Plaster**	50c	**2 for 51c**
☐ **Rexall Rex-Seltzer,** alkalizer 25's	54c	**2 for 55c**
☐ **Rexall Phenoval,** lax. 100's	50c size	**2 for 51c**
☐ **Cherry Bark Cough Syrup,** 8 oz.	79c	**2 for 80c**

HOUSEHOLD BUYS

☐ **Pine Oil Disinfectant,** No. 6	pt. 95c	**2 for 96c**
☐ **Fountain Syringe,** 2 qt.	$2.19	**2 for $2.20**
☐ **Speed Glaze,** auto polish pt.	$1.00	**2 for $1.01**
☐ **Wickstyle H.H. Deodorant,** 6 oz.	59c	**2 for 60c**
☐ **Elkay's Insecticide 5% DDT**	49c size	**2 for 50c**

FIRST AID NEEDS

☐ **Rexall Carbolic Salve,** 2 oz.	35c	**2 for 36c**
☐ **Rexall Surgical Powder,** 3 oz	57c	**2 for 58c**
☐ **Rexall Rex-Salvine,** for burns 1½ oz.	49c	**2 for 50c**
☐ **Rexall Surgical Powder,** 1 oz	25c	**2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Mercurochrome,** ½ oz.	25c	**2 for 26c**

DRUGS & CHEMICALS

☐ **Rexall GE-7 Effervescent Carbonates Compound** *Citrated antacid, 5 oz.*	*69c*	**2 for 70c**
☐ **Rexall Saccharin Tablets,** 1000's ¼ gr.	86c	**2 for 87c**
☐ **Rexall Cascara Sagrada,** 5 gr. 100's.	81c	**2 for 82c**
☐ **Rexall Monacet Comp. Tabs.,** 25's	29c	**2 for 30c**
☐ **Rexall No. 6 Disinfectant**	pt. 64c	**2 for 65c**
☐ **Rexall Sodium Bicarbonate**	lb. 33c	**2 for 34c**

For Soft, Smooth Hands

SILQUE HAND LOTION

Delicately scented, not sticky or greasy. Big 6-oz. size.

Reg. 59¢

2 For 60c

Helen Cornell

ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM

7500 I.U. of natural estrogenic hormones in every ounce.

1⅞ oz. Reg. $1

2 For $1.01

Ruby-Red, Cinnamon Flavored

KLENZO *Antiseptic*

Ideal mouthwash—destroys contacted germs—refreshes.

Reg. 69¢ pint

2 For 70c

MEDICINE CHEST STAPLES

☐ **Rexall Cold Tablets,** 24's	33c	**2 for 34c**
☐ **Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tabs.**	25c size	**2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Alum,** Lump or Powder, 4 oz.	20c	**2 for 21c**
☐ **Rexall Aspirin Tablets,** 5 gr., 36's.	25c	**2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Compound Licorice Pow.,** 3 oz.	30c	**2 for 31c**
☐ **Dicalcium Phosphate Wafers,** 36's	50c	**2 for 51c**
☐ **Rexall Epsom Salt,** 4 oz.	15c	**2 for 16c**
☐ **Rexall Essence Peppermint,** 1 oz.	45c	**2 for 46c**
☐ **Rexall Glycerin,** 3 oz	45c	**2 for 46c**
☐ **Glycerin Suppositories,** 12's	35c	**2 for 36c**
☐ **Rexall Mustard Powder,** 4 oz.	25c	**2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Rhinitis Tablets,** 30's	29c	**2 for 30c**
☐ **Rexall Senna Leaves,** lax. 1 oz.	15c	**2 for 16c**
☐ **Rexall Boric Acid Solution N.F.,** 4 oz.	25c	**2 for 26c**
☐ **Rexall Tincture Green Soap,** 4 oz.	35c	**2 for 36c**
☐ **Rexall GE-7 Effervescent Carbonates Compound,** (Cit.) alkalizer-antacid, 10 oz.	$1.08	**2 for $1.09**
☐ **Rexall Eudicalma Cream,** 1½ oz.	50c	**2 for 51c**
☐ **Rexall Saccharin Tabs.,** ½ gr. 1000's		**2 for $1.04**
☐ **Rexall Twin-Tabs.,** lax. 36's	25c	**2 for 26c**
☐ ***Rexall Milk of Magnesia, Puretest*** *pt.*	50c	**2 for 51c**
☐ **Eu-Dol Liquid Surgical Soap,**	85c size	**2 for 86c**
☐ **Cascara Sagrada,** fluid ext. 4 oz.	75c	**2 for 76c**
☐ **Rexall Cold Sore Lotion,** ¼ oz.	29c	**2 for 30c**
☐ **Rexall Hygienic Powder,** 6 oz.	65c	**2 for 66c**

HAIR GROOM BARGAINS

☐ **Martel's Hair Oil,** 4 oz.	25c	**2 for 26c**
☐ **Nylon Hair Brush,** prof. style	89c	**2 for 90c**
☐ **Silque Cream Oil Hair Tonic,** 5 oz.	49c	**2 for 50c**
☐ **Silque Hair Tonic,** reg. form. 6 oz.	49c	**2 for 50c**
☐ **Rexall Peroxide 6%,** 20 vol. 4 oz.	19c	**2 for 20c**
☐ **Shampoo, Klenzo,** 6 oz.	50c	**2 for 51c**
☐ **Rexall Tar Soap** for shampoo	25c	**2 for 26c**
☐ **Hair Rub, Petroleum,** liq. 6 oz.	50c	**2 for 51c**
☐ **Rexall "93" Hair Vigor,** 14 oz	$1.19	**2 for $1.20**
☐ **Hair Net, Nylon,** 7 shades	10c	**2 for 11c**
☐ **Hard-Rubber Comb,** 7 in.	25c	**2 for 26c**
☐ **Rattail Comb.** hard rubber 8 in.	25c	**2 for 26c**

VITAMIN VALUES

☐ **Rexall Vit. C Tabs.,** 50 mgs. 40's	59c	**2 for 60c**
☐ **Rexall Beta Caps B Comp.,**	$2.10 size	**2 for $2.11**
☐ **Rexall Panovite ABCD&G,**	$3.19 size	**2 for $3.20**
☐ ***Rexall A&D Tabs,*** *child's*	*$1.20 size*	**2 for $1.21**
☐ **Percocod,** mint-flav. A&D	$1.00 size	**2 for $1.01**
☐ **Rexall Polycaps,** for child	$2.00 size	**2 for $2.01**
☐ **Halibut Liver Oil Caps.**	$1.10 size	**2 for $1.11**
☐ **Thiamin Tabs B1,** 5 mg.	$1.19 size	**2 for $1.20**
☐ **Rexall Yeast & Iron Tabs.**	75c size	**2 for 76c**
☐ **Brewers' Yeast Tabs.** B Comp.	50c size	**2 for 51c**

BUY NOW FOR DOUBLE VALUE

CHRISTMAS CARDS

MEDFORD Box of 25 Reg. 50¢ **2 Boxes 51c**

CASCADE Box of 21 Reg. $1 **2 For $1.01**

REXALL EPSOM SALT

MEDICINAL

New process eliminates much of bitter taste and odor found in ordinary epsom salt. **FULL POUND** 37c Size

2 For 38c

☐ **Rexall Boric Acid,** powd. or crys. 4 oz.	29c	**2 for 30c**
☐ **Rexall Hydrogen Peroxide** USP 3% pt.	45c	**2 for 46c**
☐ **Rexall Rexillana Cough Syrup,** 4 oz.	59c	**2 for 60c**
☐ **Rexall Cold Tablets, Special** 30's	39c	**2 for 40c**
☐ **Rexall Castor Oil,** mild-action,	35c size	**2 for 36c**
☐ **Rexall Beef, Wine & Iron,**	$1.40 size	**2 for $1.41**
☐ **Rexall Witch Hazel,** astringent	pt. 50c	**2 for 51c**
☐ **Rexall Camphorated Oil,**	55c size	**2 for 56c**
☐ **Rexall Eyelo,** soothes, cleanses eyes, 8 oz.	59c	**2 for 60c**
☐ **Cascara Comp.,** Hinkle N.F. lax., 100's	45c	**2 for 46c**
☐ **Rexall Briten** Tooth Powder, 2¼ oz. can	29c	**2 for 30c**

REXALL PURETEST

COD LIVER OIL

Contains Vitamin A and D

High Potency

$1.75 size

2 For $1.76

Rexall

DRUGGISTS OF AMERICA

Prices listed in this advertisement that refer to size or value represent the manufacturers suggested full retail price. Cosmetic items are subject to Federal Tax. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 48.

PRODUCT THAT BEARS THE NAME REXALL

Summer's go
time to
Change

Take your car to your Texaco Dealer NOW!

He'll winter-proof your car from stem to stern . . . check battery, spark plugs, tires and under-surfaces. He'll put in Texaco PT ANTI-FREEZE – one filling gives you sure protection all winter long. He'll fill your crank case with HAVOLINE to give you full *power* from your engine.

He'll "cushion" your car with MARFAK – the friction-fighting chassis lubricant that lasts 1000 miles and more! And he'll fill your tank with Texaco SKY CHIEF, the pace-setting, luxury gasoline . . . or Texaco FIRE-CHIEF, the emergency-power fuel that's *regular priced!*

Drive in, today, at your Texaco Dealer's . . . *the best friend your car ever had!*

TEXACO
REG. T.M.

New! **TEXACO TEXAMATIC FLUID FOR AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSIONS**

Your Texaco Dealer will check your automatic transmission fluid and bring it up to proper level, or replace old fluid with Texaco Texamatic in accordance with your car manufacturer's recommendations.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America

Collier's
OCTOBER 22, 1949

Beginning the adventures of Hannibal Jackson and Rosalie Wilkins—two innocent bystanders who stumbled into a den of thieves and were forced to go on a fantastic joy ride in search of

BOOTLEGGER'S TREASURE

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS and NELL O'DAY

PART ONE OF FOUR PARTS

S YOUNG Dr. Hannibal Jackson stood at his office window, gloomily watching the neat, expensively tailored back of little Miss Bagley mincing down his front walk, he was convinced to the soles of his moderately dilapidated shoes that Miss Bagley wasn't any more likely to pay her bill for this visit than she had paid her bills for any of her other visits.

He rested his head heavily against a windowpane in his little combination office-house in the fishing village of Abel's Harbor, Maine, and reflected bleakly on the timid nature which had caused him, at the age of twenty-eight, to be frightened out of asking for his modest fee by a prosperous, middle-aged spinster of approximately five feet in height.

Presently, Hannibal's eyes, which had been glassy with thought, came slowly to focus on his driveway rather than on his soul, and he saw that in the driveway there was a canary-yellow convertible, just being brought to a stop by the most staggeringly beautiful girl he had ever seen.

The girl seemed miraculously to Hannibal to be made entirely out of gold. Her gleaming hair, her sun-browned face, her slim, smooth arms and legs, her dress. He wasn't entirely sure just how he got there, but somehow Hannibal had the door open before the girl's finger was off the bell.

Admiration struck him dumb, and for a moment he could only stare in blissful tongue-tied wonder.

"I'm looking for the doctor," she said. "Is he in?"

Hannibal managed to smile back, and although he hadn't the slightest idea of it, he had a particularly engaging smile. "Why—uh—sure, yes," he said, and then added a trifle apologetically, "That is, I'm the doctor."

The extraordinary girl looked at Hannibal very closely, and said, "You *are?* Well, what do you know!" Hannibal shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other and cleared his throat twice for no particular reason. Before he could speak, the girl went on. "I thought you were going to be old, probably older than Doc Phipps."

"Oh, no," Hannibal said vaguely, for it was hard for him to look at this girl and think much about what he was saying at the same time, "it's not that I'm old, so much."

The girl held out her hand, smiled up at him again, and said, "I'm glad you're not. My name's Rosalie Wilkins."

HANNIBAL took the slim, brown hand in his and held it on the flat of his palm like a teacup, as though to shake it would be the end of it.

He looked into Rosalie Wilkins' face, which was a distracting occupation. Her features were a sort of modern parody on the antique Greek notion of female perfection. Her nose was shorter than might entirely have satisfied Praxiteles, her mouth a trifle fuller, her eyes a trifle larger, the clean, tanned planes of her face more frankly planes, and her trim, lithe body was unequivocally endowed to spot anybody's marble Aphrodite twenty pounds, ounce for ounce, inch for inch. This, together with the richly modulated tones of her voice, gave her next remark a certain discrepant aspect.

"The jaspers have certainly needed a new croaker around here," she said thoughtfully. "Now they can afford to take a chance on getting sick again. Can you spare half an hour to put a few leeches on my Uncle Norman, Doctor? He's got laryngitis. We're just out on the other side of town. I'll drive you, if you like."

She indicated his little black bag on the table inside. "You'll probably want your pill-sack, won't you, Doc?" she said. "For looks, anyhow?"

As they drove through the village and along the shore road on its other side, Hannibal sat pretending to admire the sea while he watched the lovely profile of the girl beside him out of the edge of his eye. He had no idea what to make of her. . . .

She smiled, and Hannibal said quickly, "I was just wondering how it happened that you came to me instead of Dr. Phipps."

"I guess I always like to try new things," Rosalie said.

"Do you think your uncle—"

"Oh, it won't make any difference to Uncle Norman," she said, and laughed gaily. "He hates all doctors anyhow."

"Oh," Hannibal said.

After they had driven in silence for a few moments, Rosalie turned to him and looked at him shrewdly. "How's it been going?" she said. "Have they been staying away in pretty big groups?"

"The patients, you mean?" Hannibal said. "Why, I guess perhaps you might say my practice hasn't been very vigorous exactly. Of course, I'm new here—"

Hannibal stared through the windshield, thinking a trifle bitterly of Miss Bagley. "You know," he said presently, "you don't seem very much like the other people I've met here. I hope you don't mind my saying this but I've even noticed a—a difference in the way you talk sometimes. I guess you're not really from Abel's Harbor, are you?"

"I guess I'm not really from any place in particular," Rosalie said. "I was born in a place called Paragould, Arkansas, which I haven't seen since. In a tent."

"I beg your pardon?" said Hannibal politely.

"In the property tent of a dog-and-pony show my folks were working in," Rosalie said. "They had an act together. I was pretty much brought up in carnivals." Suddenly she chuckled as she thought of something. "My father was from Abel's Harbor, though. They don't like to talk about him around here. He was quite a black sheep, my father. As a matter of fact, I'm considered a little gray around town for being his daughter."

"You!" Hannibal said in astonishment. "I can't believe that. Why—why, what did your father do that was so terrible?"

"Mostly," said Rosalie, "he didn't do what everyone else in his family had always done, and that's about as bad as you can get around here. For example, instead of working in the bank, he tamed lions. They didn't like that."

"They, ah, didn't?" Hannibal said. "How do you mean about lions?"

"Well, one lion, anyway," said Rosalie. And she told how her father had disgraced his prim Abel's Harbor family by running away with a traveling carnival and marrying the beautiful daughter of a Swedish sword swallower. The dauntless young man had managed to save enough money to buy a bargain-priced lion.

Through all these years, the first twelve of her life, Rosalie had tagged happily along in the company of snake charmers and contortionists, shills and skin-game operators, until a tragic railway accident had taken both her parents in the same instant.

"They worked hard and they had a good time together," Rosalie finished, "but they never really made much money, so it's been me and Uncle Norman ever since. I'm his social secretary, whatever that means. Uncle Norman is Pop's brother, but you'd never know it, as you'll see in a minute. He sent me to a finishing school in Boston when he first got hold of me, but I guess it was too late. Anyhow, I don't think it quite finished me, do you?"

Hannibal looked at her in earnest embarrassment. "I—I don't see how you can ask a question like that," he said. "Why, I think—I mean, you seem to me . . ."

Rosalie interrupted him with her delightful laugh. "You don't have to answer questions like that, Doc. They're loaded," she said. "I take it back. By the way, you're not going to see Uncle Norman at his best, whatever that is. He's got laryngitis and Uncle Norman is a larynx-worshiper. Uncle Norman is also a made-up collection of other people's first names—Norman Richard Johns. Ever hear of him?"

"You don't mean the *singer!*" Hannibal said, with considerable awe. "The baritone?"

"That line reads '*golden voice,*'" Rosalie said, "in its every meaning, as Uncle Norman will be the first to point out. Well, here we are." As she spoke, Rosalie pulled up before an imposing stone house which had been more or less copied from a Tudor manor, with lots of chimneys, mullioned windows and a slate roof. At the door Rosalie patted Hannibal's arm encouragingly. "Don't let him bother you, Doc," she said. "Keep your upper lip as stiff as a board."

THEY found Uncle Norman in the enormous living room which overlooked the sea, pacing the floor like a predatory animal stalking something. He was a big, rather handsome man, and although he was fifty-six and a trifle inclined to fat, he looked ten years younger as a result of relentless vigilance in gymnasiums, Turkish baths and massage parlors.

If Uncle Norman's larynx in good working order was worth a million dollars to the sponsors of Sunday-afternoon family radio broadcasts, just now it wasn't worth a dime. His celebrated baritone had been reduced to no more than a sibilant croaking sound. As Hannibal and Rosalie entered the room, he swung around, glared at them hostilely, and whispered in a whisper which somehow managed to sound like a bellow: "Lost! Lost to me, lost to the world! This mighty instrument"—he touched his frozen Adam's apple gingerly—"cruelly stilled! The rest is silence. Poison! Quacks! Rosalie, where have you been, anyway? How can you go around chasing after your flighty pleasure at a time like this? I want you to hurry into town and send a telegram to New York. I've decided . . ."

Rosalie said gently, "Uncle Norman, you may have noticed that we're not alone. There is a young man standing beside me. His name is Hannibal Jackson, *Doctor* Hannibal Jackson, a doctor of medicine. I've brought him here to take a look at you."

Hannibal cleared his throat nervously, and said, "How do you do, sir? It . . . ah . . . sounds as though you might have a little inflammation . . ."

"*Little!*" roared Uncle Norman, in a roar that was the next thing to inaudible.

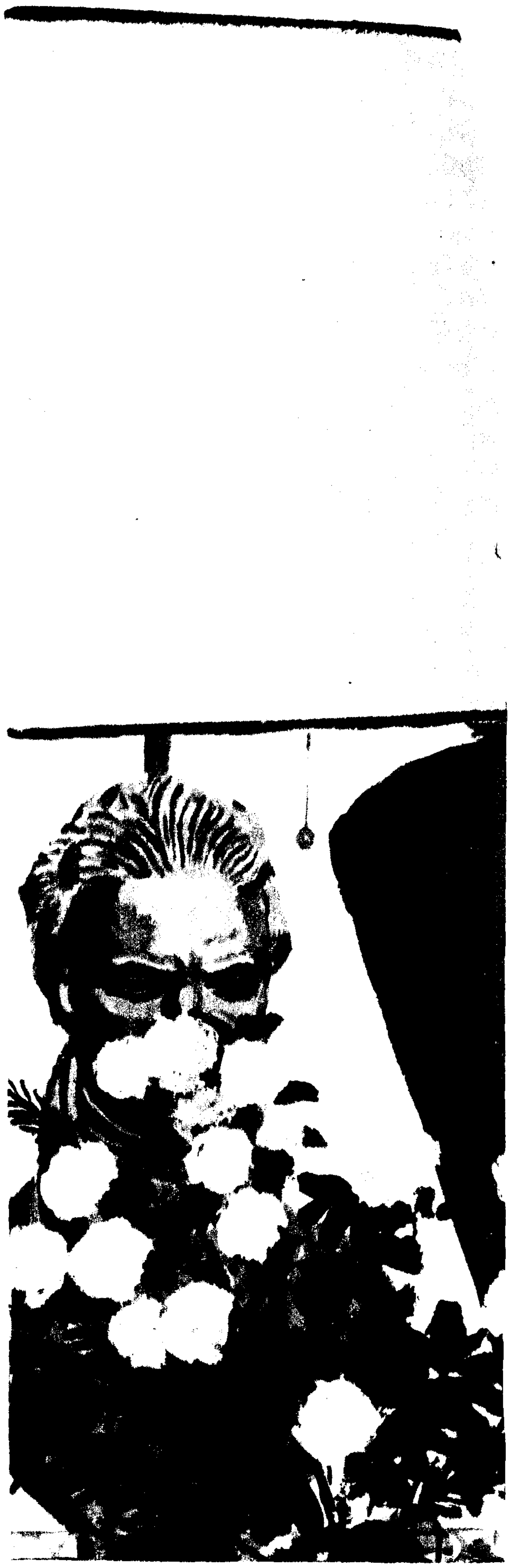
"Well, I mean—I only meant," Hannibal hurried on, "I've got something in my bag here that's proved to be pretty effective in a number of other cases. It's only a matter of painting—"

"Young man," rustled Uncle Norman, looking at Hannibal for the first time as a mobile human being, "you've heard me sing." This was a flat statement rather than a question.

"Yes, naturally," Uncle Norman muttered conclusively. "And having heard me sing, do you mean to say that you're prepared lightheartedly to tamper with my larnyx?"

"Look, Uncle Norman," Rosalie interrupted, "since Doctor Jackson seems to have the patience of a saint, it seems to me the least you can do is to let him *look* at your throat without insulting him any more, before you start specialists flying all over the country. *Looking* can't do any harm, can it? He hasn't got the evil eye."

Uncle Norman sat down to consider this, watch-



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

ing Hannibal dubiously out of the corner of his eye, like a man trying to decide whether or not to accept an invitation to board the first rocket ship to the moon. "Well," he wheezed, after some time, "perhaps you can take one, short look."

Apprehensively, Hannibal kneeled down beside him, opened his bag and took out a wooden spatula. As he did so, he furtively unscrewed the cap of a little bottle inside his bag and quickly twirled a cotton swab onto the end of a stick, which he held behind his back, out of sight. He then depressed Uncle Norman's celebrated tongue with the spatula and peered inside the celebrated cavern beyond. "There's quite a bit of inflammation all right," Hannibal said, "but it isn't anything serious."

"Yuthig *sewious!"* garbled Uncle Norman, clamping his teeth down on the spatula so that it made a crunching sound. "Yug man, yu you yow yat Yoyd's ub Yondon has insuwed . . ."

But Hannibal was too quick for him. As Uncle Norman opened his mouth to shout, Hannibal deftly darted the swab down his throat, scoring a direct hit on the outraged larynx, which was thoroughly drenched with Hannibal's solution before Uncle Norman changed his tactics and bit the stick in half.

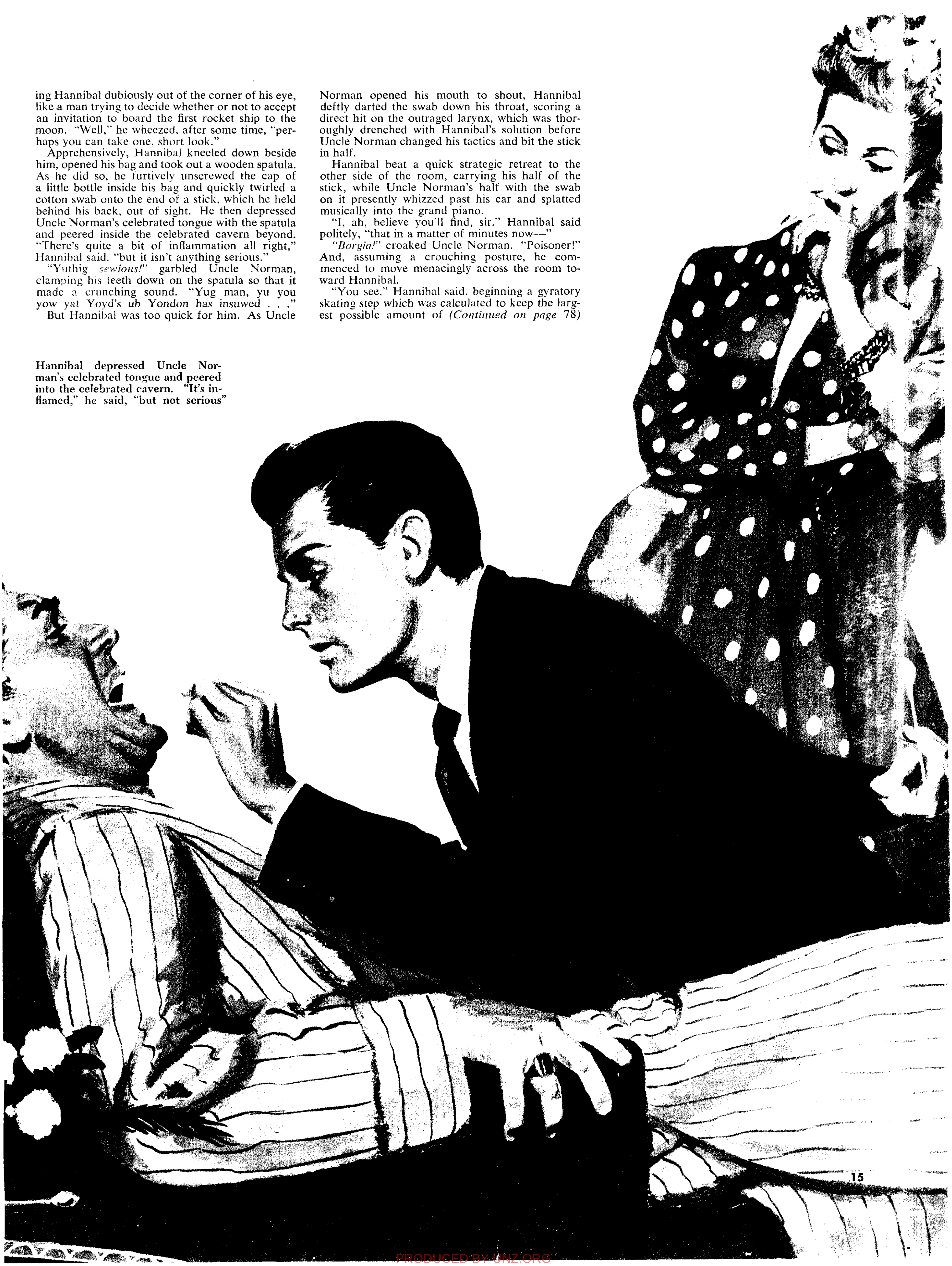
Hannibal beat a quick strategic retreat to the other side of the room, carrying his half of the stick, while Uncle Norman's half with the swab on it presently whizzed past his ear and splatted musically into the grand piano.

"I, ah, believe you'll find, sir," Hannibal said politely, "that in a matter of minutes now—"

"Borgia!" croaked Uncle Norman. "Poisoner!" And, assuming a crouching posture, he commenced to move menacingly across the room toward Hannibal.

"You see," Hannibal said, beginning a gyratory skating step which was calculated to keep the largest possible amount of *(Continued on page* 78)

Hannibal depressed Uncle Norman's celebrated tongue and peered into the celebrated cavern. "It's inflamed," he said, "but not serious"



How Much GOVERNMENT Can

By U.S. SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT

"Too much regulation," says Senator Taft, "not only stifles operations, but chokes off the enthusiasm of those who want to start businesses." He defines what "too much" means

The Man and the Issue

Senator Taft of Ohio here undertakes an analysis of one of the great issues of this generation: Where shall the federal government stop in directing the course of our lives? Every American, whatever his politics, should read this because we all have a stake in free enterprise—and in how truly free it remains.

Senator Taft speaks as the most influential Republican in Congress and, as of now, the Republican most-talked-about for his party's nomination for President in 1952.

Senator Taft speaks also as a legislator who has won respect from both Republicans and Democrats by his statesmanlike conduct in the Senate. In a recent debate, Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, a liberal Democrat who disagrees strongly with Senator Taft on occasion, said:

> ***"We all know that the senator from Ohio is not only a man of great ability—in my judgment, probably the ablest man in the United States Senate—but that he is also honest, candid and courageous."***

Senator Taft showed the kind of courage of which Senator Douglas speaks when he wrote this article. It is a candid discussion of what the senator believes is the limit to which government can go without throttling competition.

Collier's is sure Senator Taft's article is an important contribution to the efforts of Americans to find for themselves just how much government can safely be imposed upon our free enterprise system.

The Editors

ECONOMIC freedom is only one feature of that over-all liberty which permits people to live as they wish to live, which guarantees to them freedom of thought, of speech and of religion. But it is an essential feature. If we lose it, we are likely to lose the other freedoms. We are close to the line where government expansion must stop, or our free enterprise system is lost. The American people must make a critical decision, and make it soon. Which way? Toward Socialism? Or on up Freedom Road?

Free enterprise is an exceedingly popular phrase with businessmen, big and little, and with conservatives generally. Among these are men who are somewhat too likely to interpret it to mean a complete freedom to do anything they please in business, no matter who may be affected. On the other hand a lot of people regard it as a system of special privileges for business, which are not enjoyed by the average employee. Neither view is right.

So, what is "free enterprise" and why do we want it?

Fundamentally, it is the right of any man to engage in any occupation or business he wants to engage in and to run it as he sees fit so long as he doesn't interfere with the right of others to do the same. It is a system under which there is universal and continuous incentive, because of adequate rewards, for a man to risk his money, to put in an unlimited amount of hard work, to devote his ability, and his genius if he has it, to the development of new or extended projects, new methods and new products.

There are two main reasons why we want free enterprise. First, it is one branch of that human liberty which is the basic purpose of the American Republic. We went to war in 1776 to achieve that liberty, and we have fought wars since then to retain it.

The great war of ideas today not only in this country but throughout the world is that of the liberty of the individual against the all-powerful totalitarian state, regulating and directing the lives of its citizens. Economic liberty and the liberty of the individual to conduct his own business affairs is only one feature—but an essential feature—of that over-all liberty which permits people to live as they wish to live, which permits people to think as they wish to think, which guarantees religious freedom and freedom of thought, in our churches and in our universities. It is part of the general liberty which permits each community to govern itself in all those matters where it does not interfere with the freedom of other communities.

It is part of the human liberty which has produced such a tremendous advance in technical and scientific knowledge and provided the materials on which a great, peaceful world can be built. Economic freedom is essential if we are to continue to enjoy these other freedoms. Once that economic freedom is gone, the government is able to interfere in the details of human life to an extent which leaves little personal freedom, and whether we can maintain real freedom of thought becomes at least doubtful.

The second main reason why we want free enterprise is because it is responsible for the tremendous material progress we have seen in America. We have maintained economic freedom here to a much greater extent than in any other comparable country, and we have today the highest production per person, and therefore the highest standard of living the world has ever seen. This standard of living means that Americans on the average enjoy more food, more clothing, better housing, better medical care, more automobiles, radios, mechanical housekeeping devices and other facilities than any other people anywhere. We have been able to win two wars because we have a higher productivity per man, and a greater investment in plant and tools created almost entirely by free enterprise.

The countries which rely on government direction and economic control are all seeking aid today from American production, founded on freedom. There can be no logical reason for abandoning the system which has succeeded, simply because it has not produced perfection. Certainly there is no reason to abandon it and substitute systems which have achieved a demonstrated failure.

On the other hand, free enterprise has never been completely free. No one can rightly claim that he should not be regulated in the public interest, or taxed to support necessary government activities. The question is rather how far can the government go without in effect destroying the substantial freedom of private enterprise. The government undoubtedly can cripple or completely destroy free enterprise by regulation, by excessive taxation and by government or government-supported competition. By such methods government in England has reduced free enterprise to innocuous desuetude.

Regulation and taxation must never be so great as practically to destroy the incentive to expand American industry. It is not sufficient that that industry remain as it is. It must constantly increase and create more jobs for a larger population. It must constantly invest more money in plants and tools to increase the productivity of men. It must go forward or it will go back, and then government will take up the slack by moving deeper into the enterprise field.

REGULATION AND CONTROL

What kind of regulation by government is justified?

1. Since free enterprise itself results from liberty and demands liberty, government must protect that liberty and prevent any one business from suppressing the liberty of others. The Sherman Antitrust Act and the Federal Trade Commission Act are necessary to see that economic liberty itself continues. The principal criticism of these acts lies in their lack of definiteness. Business can stand necessary regulation a good deal more easily if it knows exactly what it is supposed to do and what it cannot do. Certainly there must be prevention of monopoly by law and regulation. In England the permission given for private monopoly has been a powerful factor in preventing the development of a more efficient economy.

So, also, to protect other businesses and individuals from fraud and misrepresentation we must have some control over the sale of securities as through the Securities and Exchange Commission. But, we see here the tendency of government to expand regulation beyond the necessity of the case to such an extent that there is now a serious limitation on the ability of smaller companies, in particular, to sell their securities and obtain capital.

Government regulation of different industries will constantly expand as our life becomes more complex, just as we have more traffic lights and traffic cops. There would be chaos in the aviation industry without the Civil Aeronautics Commission, and chaos in the radio and television industries without the Federal Communications

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ED BURKS

FREE ENTERPRISE Stand?

Commission. The more complicated our life becomes, the more regulations in the nature of traffic control there must always be. But such regulation can be authorized without interfering with the essential freedom of the man seeking progress in a new industry.

Unfortunately, the New Deal philosophy of the last 15 years has resulted in the drafting of laws with vague and indefinite powers which can be and frequently are abused. Administration of the first National Labor Relations Board to promote a favored labor organization, the C.I.O., is an illustration. Others may be found in the administration of the Wages and Hours law, making overtime applicable in ways not intended; in regulation of schools attended by veterans under the G.I. Bill, in rent control, and if you want more examples examine the thousands of pages of regulations that have appeared in the Federal Register.

2. A basic purpose of the American Republic is to maintain equality of opportunity, as far as that can be done without a destruction of freedom. That is one of the purposes of the laws to prevent monopoly. It is the justification of the Taft-Hartley law compelling employers to deal with their employees only through a representative chosen by a majority of the employees themselves, so that there may be collective bargaining on a base of something like equality of power.

But it must be real equality for both sides. It must not go as far as the Wagner Act, relieving the unions and their officials from any responsibility for the contracts they make, or for the special powers given them by law. The need for equality justifies reasonable regulation of labor-management relations.

Equality is the justification also of the minimum wage granted to assure those who are not organized that they will receive compensation equal to the value of the work they perform, in spite of economic weakness or long-established custom. There is much more doubt about the wisdom of a government regulation of hours beyond that required for the protection of the health of the workers.

Most of the complications and difficulties which have arisen with the Wage-Hour law relate to the question of hours and overtime pay. Substantial progress in the reduction of hours was made for many years without government regulation, and undoubtedly would have continued even without law. The very strict regulation of hours in the Wage-Hour law was based on the theory of spreading the work, which I believe to be fundamentally unsound. The result seems to limit too much the freedom not only of the employer, but also of the worker who likes to work, or wants to work, and there are many such.

3. There can be no doubt that government, particularly local government, is vitally interested in reducing hardship and poverty, taking care of the old, the sick, the injured, the widowed mothers, and even the incompetent. Anglo-Saxon people have long recognized the obligation of the government to provide relief for those in need, free medical care for those unable to pay for it, and other assistance to prevent extreme hardship and poverty.

We did a poor job under the old poor laws. Today we do a better job but by no means a perfect one. General hospitals provide medical care for most of those who cannot pay for it themselves. We have unemployment compensation laws, workmen's compensation for injuries, safety regulations, old-age insurance and assistance, and general provisions for relief.

I believe that the American people feel that our production is so great that we can afford to put a floor under the necessities of life—food, education, medical care, housing—so that every family may have available a minimum decent living. Such a policy is not only essential to prevent extreme hardship, but to give something (*Continued on page* 74)

FLOODWATER

By ROBERT LOWRY

The boy's love was a desperate fantasy, and it took the biggest flood Cincinnati had ever known to send him back to the clutter and clamor of reality

SHE called me Mr. Black. "And how is Mr. Black this morning?" she'd ask, and laugh that rich, low laugh of hers, half taunting, half appealing, getting no answer at all from me. I was struck dumb; I could do nothing but sit there in my seat with swollen throat and pounding heart, not daring to look around at her.

I'd never seen Virginia Gelden or three fourths of the other students in these classrooms before I came to Joblin High School. By some freak of city zoning, kids from my sooty, lowlands neighborhood, Turkey Bottoms, were loaded into busses every morning and carted five miles over the hill for their secondary-school education to Hyde Park—a section of Cincinnati that boasted houses surrounded by big, carefully trimmed lawns and a vine-covered high school that looked like a country club. I never knew on what street Virginia Gelden lived, but I did know that she came from the hilltop neighborhood and not from mine.

I'd noticed her from my first days at Joblin, and when I found her sitting next to me in French II, I fell wildly, "hopelessly" in love with her. And as though the devil himself were arranging my schedule, she turned up the next year in two classes, sitting in front of me in English and beside me in solid geometry. Going into that math class every morning at ten o'clock, I practically fainted with the anticipation of sitting so near to her, of being able to touch her if only I could find the nerve to reach out a hand.

In the past few months she'd taken to traveling around with a little group of three or four rowdy girls who made odd noises in the study hall to annoy the old-maid teachers and who spent most of their time, both in and out of class, entertaining one another with dirty stories.

Virginia Gelden must have told these chums of hers about my crush on her, or perhaps they'd seen for themselves and had begun to tease her about it. At any rate, they weren't going to let the whole thing pass without comment. Walking down the hall one afternoon I looked around and saw this little gang of girls, Virginia among them, coming along behind me. I felt all the blood drain from my face at the sight of her. I hoped they hadn't noticed; I began walking faster. Then I heard my name—one of the girls was calling my name in a tiny falsetto voice:

Somebody might have built a quick fire under me, the way I sat up straight and peered at Virginia and her boy friend

"Oh, Di-ick!"

They all tittered; they were walking faster too, determined to catch up. Half the hall had to be covered before I could reach the steps, and I wanted to run, to melt into the floor, to die quick.

"Oh, Di-ick!" the voice said again, much closer now. "Dick, look who's back here with us, it's Vir—"

"Shut up!" Virginia Gelden whispered urgently. But the girls only giggled more, and the falsetto voice was practically at my ear now: "Oh, Di—"

I was at the end of the hall: I ran down the steps two at a time, my heart pounding and my mouth cursing myself. But at least I'd escaped—they couldn't see me any more. I'm a fool, I thought, going out the front door into the gloomy, overcast November day. I've made an absolute fool of myself in front of everyone. I've got to get over this crazy thing.

OVER a long period of time I thought seriously about killing myself, but in the end I gave up the idea; I was too interested in what was finally going to happen to me to take that way out. So I decided I'd do something about *her:* screw up my courage and ask for a date—that was it. We'd go to a dimly lit restaurant with music playing behind potted palms and talk, and stare for hours at each other. Then, afterward, we could take in some sort of entertainment.

I got out the evening paper and pored over the amusements page. And I found the most unlikely sort of entertainment imaginable. At the town's art theater a puppet show was playing next Saturday night. Other guys had had dates with Virginia Gelden, but I was sure none had ever taken her to a puppet show. So the whole thing was decided; we'd go there.

It was a decision of monumental proportions. Sitting in my room that evening I made an oath that, no matter what happened, tomorrow during math class I'd ask her. I'd ask her, and that would be that. I'd ask her even if it killed me—I'd force the words out. I wrote the oath on a piece of paper and signed it.

And when she came into that classroom the next morning, my blood froze. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her sit down and open her compact to inspect her face. She brushed a streak of powder off her nose. "Good morning, Mr. Black," she said, snapping the compact shut without looking at me.

"Hello," I said, and to have something to do I took today's problems, still unsolved, out of my math book.

"Oh-ho!" she said, leaning across the aisle and looking at my paper. "So somebody else is gadding around nights instead of doing his homework!" She seemed to be having trouble getting comfortable in her seat: she moved her full haunches around and hunched her shoulders once or twice as though all her clothes were too tight. "And here I was depending on you," she said. "I didn't get in till three o'clock this morning!" I'd have preferred being hit by a sledge hammer. "And boy, what a week end I've got ahead of me! Tomorrow night the Thanksgiving prom; Sunday my sister's wedding. Can you imagine, I've got a date with a *senior* to the prom! I'm going to sleep all afternoon tomorrow so I'll be able to keep my eyes open."

"What senior?" I asked, staring at her so intently that she returned my gaze curiously.

"Jack Hollister. Do you know him?"

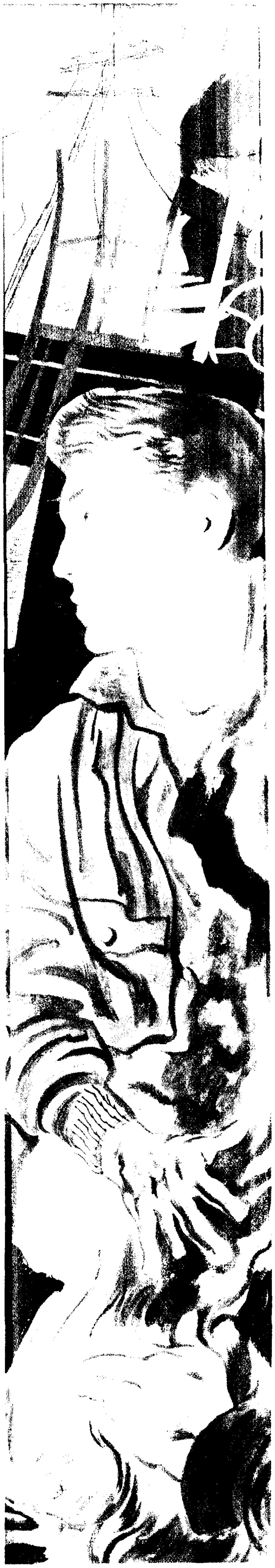
"No," I said. "No, I don't know him." But what I did know in that moment was that I'd never ask her to go out with me—not with a dozen oaths to back me up. Her eyes were too innocent, too unassuming, too incapable of understanding what tortures I'd just been through.

And so I went on, from that day forward, making no more decisions; merely letting the thought of her, the sight of her, the sound of her voice, fill me with hopeless torment. I put my case in the hands of fate; only a great event could overturn the tub of sentimental slop that I'd become.

THE miracle was that the great event actually came alone—out of nowhere, and through no fault of either Virginia Gelden or myself. The great event was the flood.

Every year, of course, a very small and harmless flood paid a visit to Gorker Street. But it never did much more than lap at the tail end of the street, down where the cornfields started, before retreating quietly back into the confines of Duck Creek, which remained proudly swollen for a few more weeks until it became again the piddling little stream it was meant to be. The Little Miami River carried the water away from Duck Creek and presented it to the Ohio, which went its way and left people in peace. These yearly floods always caused comment on Gorker Street; they were watched, measured and frowned at until they began to shrink and let people forget all about them until the next year.

(Continued on page 55)



ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL MITCHELL

The SENSELESS Killing Of Margaret Mitchell

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

The accident need never have happened, but the story behind the death of the author of Gone with the Wind has now become a tragic example for the whole nation

Margaret Mitchell was Atlanta's most celebrated and best loved citizen. Her novel, Gone with the Wind, probably the most widely read Civil War story of all time, has been printed in many foreign editions

ATLANTA JOURNAL

T a quarter past eight on the evening of August 11th, a middle-aged Atlanta couple got out of their parked car on the west side of Peachtree Street and strolled slowly up to the point opposite which Thirteenth Street meets that thoroughfare. At the corner across from them stood their destination, the Peachtree Arts Theater.

Like millions of other Americans, the man and the woman had made a sudden dinnertime decision to take in a neighborhood movie. Now they stood on the curb waiting for traffic to pass.

They waited, in fact, a little longer and more patiently than most pedestrians.

The man was tall, heavy, ponderous-gaited, and habitually favored a heart condition which made running and leaping escapes from the perils of antic motorists impossible. The woman was plump, vivacious, diminutive almost to child-size. Through long custom she had disciplined her traffic habits to coincide with her husband's.

The couple knew that while all main highway crossings are dangerous, this one was peculiarly so. There was no traffic signal, no marked crosswalk. A little more than 100 yards north and south of the theater, sweeping curves in Peachtree Street block the view of speeding motorists. Also, just beyond the theater three long miles of the Peachtree Street shopping district abruptly end. Outbound motorists, seeing ahead to the residential lawns and shade trees, are likely to step on it.

So the couple did not step from the curb until Peachtree Street was free of traffic from one curve to the other, except for two cars already abreast of the Thirteenth Street corner.

They had reached almost the exact middle of the thoroughfare on their last walk together when they saw the horror: out of the curve to the right of them on Peachtree Street a car, straddling the center line, bore toward them too fast to correct its course. It blinded them with its headlights, fixed them in its path. The man, monitored by his heart condition, stood frozen. The woman in panic ran back toward the curb where safety had been a few seconds before.

Then, as braked tires shrieked above the lesser traffic noises, the car plunged after her. Fixed in a brake-skid by the driver's split-second impulse to avoid the accident by cutting to his left, the auto seemed, as one terrified spectator described it, "almost to be hunting her down."

It struck her at the end of 60 feet of skid marks and plunged forward another seven feet before the driver could stop it. Eleven feet from the sidewalk she had fled for, the small woman lay unconscious in the street amid a spreading pool of blood.

Five days later she died in Atlanta's Grady Memorial Hospital of a skull fracture, brain concussion, internal injuries and a fractured pelvis.

IN sheer physical details the killing was of a type with thousands of motor accidents on American city streets and highways, in 1949 and in the years and decades before. A few seconds after the accident, a thin, sickly-looking young man, bug-eyed with fright and anxiety, stumbled from the car.

Police brake tests showed that he had been speeding out of a curve toward a dangerous crossing at more than 40 miles an hour. So, the accident was cruel, pathetic, inexcusable; but in the nation's grim annals of such tragedies not unusually so.

Yet, almost from the moment the small woman reached the hospital, she became the symbol of everybody who is injured in a brutal and needless motor accident. For she was Atlanta's most beloved and most famous citizen, hardly less admired and cherished by the nation and the world at large: Margaret Mitchell, author of the most celebrated of all Civil War novels, Gone with the Wind.

And almost before a bail bondsman could free him from the city jail, the young man at the wheel of the death car had become equally a symbol of the deeper causes behind senseless motor killings.

He was a twenty-nine-year-old Atlanta taxi driver named Hugh Gravitt. He had been a cabby for four years. On the night of the accident, in spite of 21 traffic charges against him, most of them serious and most of them resulting in convictions, he was a taxi driver in good standing still.

His record and its implications spoke for themselves. When I went down to Atlanta a few days after Margaret Mitchell's funeral, I found the city,

WIDE WORLD

Badly injured and unconscious, Miss Mitchell lies in the street where the speeding auto struck her down as she fled to the curb for safety. She and her husband, John Marsh, had been on their way to a movie

ACME

Grinning cabby Hugh Gravitt, driver of the car, already had a long history of traffic violations

like many other American communities, searching its conscience for answers to the question of what turns the nation's Hugh Gravitts loose at steering wheels.

The answers that were being uncovered quite transcended any individual taxi driver, or even Atlanta itself as an individual American metropolitan community. They concerned lax traffic enforcement policies and public preference that they remain lax. They concerned sloppy and antiquated traffic codes and planning (now being corrected in Atlanta) and favor-trading local politics. They concerned crazily divided jurisdictions between state, county, municipal and suburban traffic authorities, and the frivolous, "let's see what we can get away with" driving habits of thousands, if not millions, of American motorists.

Atlanta, in short, is a case history of the chronic abuses in metropolitan traffic everywhere in the United States.

Greater Atlanta today has a population of approximately 600,000. The metropolitan area spills out from the city proper (estimated 1949 population, 359,000) into three counties and something like 24 more or less self-governing suburban communities, including several chartered cities. It has all the brands of motor traffic that go with this type of urban development elsewhere, including a typically divided set of court and police jurisdictions over it.

The case history begins, though, with the way the community grew back in the horse-and-buggy age. Practically overnight, in the year 1847, a sleepy hamlet clustering around a crossroads Georgia post office became the chief railway center of the inland South—a boom town. Local tradition has it that, in their eagerness to cash in on the boom, early settlers built their houses and stores along the cowpaths used by the hamlet's citizens to lead their herds back and forth from pasture. More likely they built them on whatever lanes and footpaths offered approximately beeline access to the new railroad depots and to the main business district which was developing along lower Peachtree Street.

Today, as a result, Atlanta's downtown business district, where something like 116,000 cars penetrate daily, is a rabbit warren of narrow, often sharply curving streets intersecting one another sometimes four and five at a time at perilously acute angles, with dead ends, road jogs and ridgetops. Flanked today by department stores, specialty shops and office buildings, the original street pattern has been faithfully, not to say spectacularly, preserved. "The worst riot of planlessness," one Atlanta traffic expert described it to me, "south of downtown Boston."

The pattern has been essentially repeated even in the suburbs. Located on the edge of the Georgia mountain country, Greater Atlanta is built on hundreds of low, rolling hills. New residential streets and outlying business-district thoroughfares followed the contours of the area. Though somewhat more widely spaced, the suburbs too have multiple and erratically angled intersections, blind corners like the one at Thirteenth and Peachtree. Only a few arterial avenues—and these not the most important ones—are wider than four lanes.

To all this topographical confusion the motor age added certain psychological complications. Greater Atlanta (population not much above 100,000 at the turn of the century but pushing toward 400,000 in the early 1930s) drew most of its new residents from the farms and small towns of the rural South. The newcomers were proud of living in a rising metropolis. But as they acquired cars, they proposed to preserve the free and easy ways of traffic behavior and misbehavior which they had cherished in the old county seat back home.

They liked cutting curves and corners, making left turns out of right lanes of traffic, parking on the left side of the street in front of the house where the party was, ignoring center lines when "you couldn't see anyone coming." When they could see clear space ahead for a fraction of a block, they liked to step on it. A police department steeped in old-fashioned Southern amenities was inclined to regard most of these informalities, unless performed in heinously dangerous circumstances, as polite peccadilloes.

As a result, in the early 1930s the full motor age hit Atlanta almost too literally with a bang. For a few years the number of annual traffic deaths shot up into the seventies. In 1935 the total reached a peak of 79.

The following year a new mayor established a lively and efficient traffic bureau in the police department, and backed it with a disciplinary device. Motorcycle officers were hidden at strategic intersections to catch violators. A new traffic judge—"city recorder" is the Atlanta title—began handing out tough penalties.

Atlanta's traffic manners mended sharply. In the next four years traffic deaths were halved.

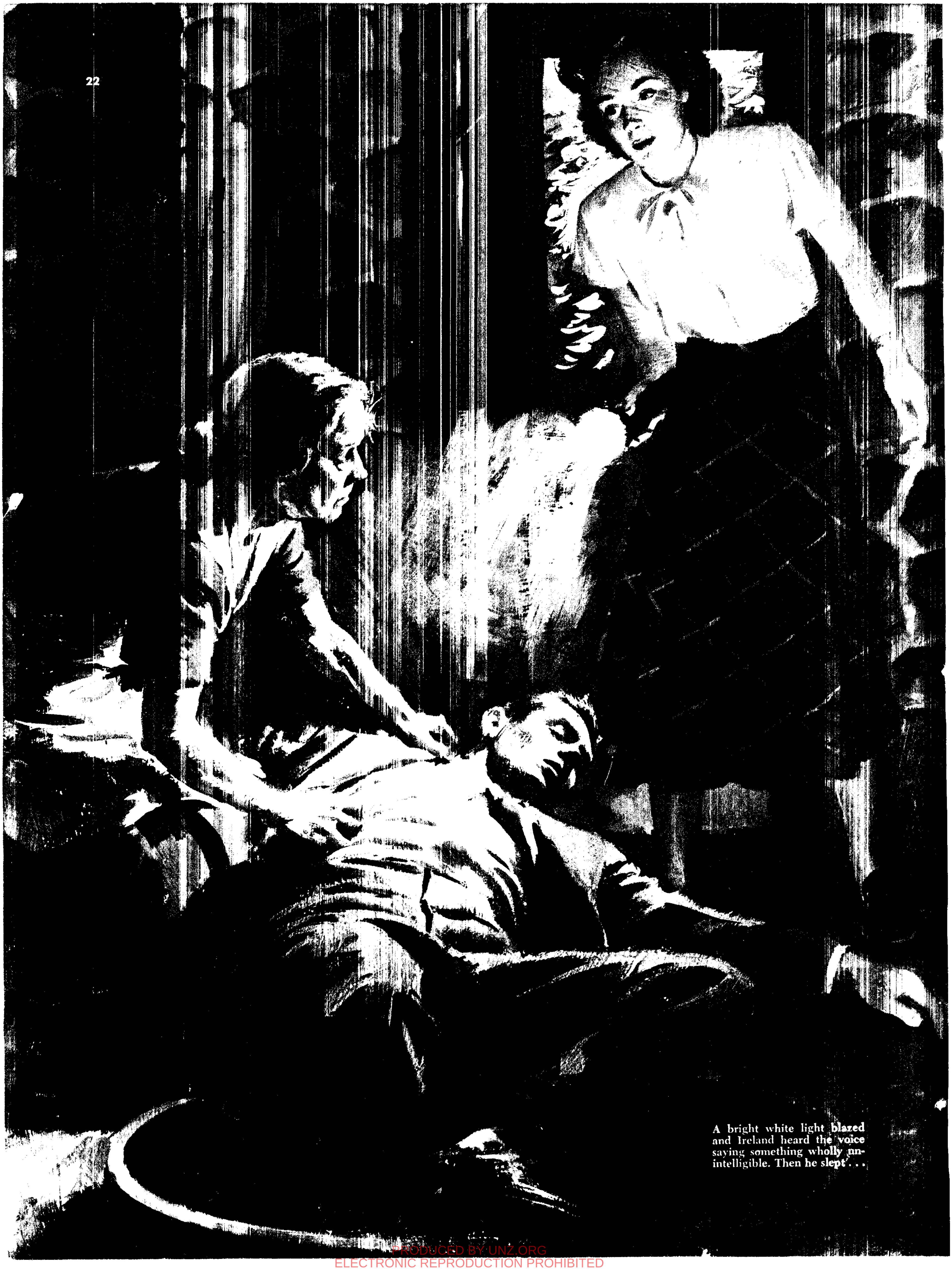
Atlanta's voters spoke glowingly of these improvements. But evidently they wanted them packaged with more consideration for personal feelings and pocketbooks; with a set of rules for the game of cops and robbers which they fancied themselves to be playing with the motorcycle policemen.

In 1940 a political rival ran for the post of city recorder on the platform that the incumbent judge's penalties were excessive, that his courtroom lectures were humiliating to defendants, and that hiding policemen was unsportsmanlike.

By a three-to-one majority against him, the tough city recorder was ousted. The mayor, who had supported the stiffened procedure against traffic violators, went down to defeat with him.

The victor, a hard-working politician named Luke Arnold, is still on the job. It was during his first year on the traffic court that twenty-one-year-old Hugh Gravitt arrived in Atlanta from the hamlet of Cumming, Georgia, to begin his education as a big-town driver.

City Recorder Arnold is *(Continued on page 63)*



A bright white light blazed and Ireland heard the voice saying something wholly unintelligible. Then he slept . . .

O'BRIEN

The trap was sprung on Ireland—and O'Brien should have been there to help him. But no one was near except a pretty girl and an evil old woman with murder in her eyes

By WILLIAM BRANDON

THE name was Fylfot—Lavinia Fylfot, spinster, and the address was on Canyon Road. Ireland left his car at the plaza in the center of town, shifted his shoulder so that the revolver would rest more easily against his armpit, and got on a bus.

The house was a two-story stucco, painted green. A concrete porch, a later addition, had also been painted green, and then smothered in ivy and morning-glory vines strung on chicken wire. Geranium beds bordered the walk, and the yard was shaded by a pepper tree.

A row of rocking chairs with sagging straw bottoms stood on the porch, although there was nothing to see from them except the green screen of the vines. Stray rays of sunlight that burned their way into this place of darkness were pale and cool and remote, as if shining under water; they flickered in rhythm to the rustle of the vine leaves in the breeze.

A girl answered his knock. She was young and quite pretty. She spoke to him with a nice smile.

Ireland said, "I'm looking for a room."

She said, "Oh, yes. Won't you come in?"

Tables and chairs were bedecked with dusty tassels. In a bay window a congregation of potted flowers sat upon a semicircle of varnished, slender-legged stands. A monstrous purple chandelier hung from the ceiling.

The girl led the way up a flight of stairs. She was much younger than Ireland had expected. The report had said it was a rooming house run by an old maid.

The banister was black, and soft and grimy to the touch. The treads were carpeted with a green runner patterned with oval threadbare spots in the center of each step. They ascended through another layer of darkness, warm and musty, to a square of dazzling sunlight that marked the upstairs hall. At the window here there was only one plant, growing with twining white-veined leaves out of the top and spout of a painted teakettle.

The girl opened a door and said, "This is the only vacancy. It's six dollars."

There was a brass bed, a dresser, two stiff little leatherette rocking chairs with soiled antimacassars tied to their backs with green strings, a lamp with a green glass shade, and a commode gleaming with vermilion lacquer. Two folded towels, a huge pitcher and a water tumbler ringed with alkali were aligned in precise order on the top of the commode. A Maxfield Parrish print was on the wall, part of its cerulean sky disfigured by an ancient orange stain. The window looked out on a sandy back yard and an adobe well house with a sheet-iron door.

"That doesn't sound like what I thought I'd pay," Ireland said.

"This is one of the bigger rooms, and it's just been papered," the girl said. "It used to be five fifty, but after she papered it Miss Fylfot thought she ought to get a little more."

The girl wore a bright plaid skirt that made her look younger still. Her brown hair was cropped in short curling locks, a becoming aureole, a casual effect achieved, Ireland guessed, with painstaking care. Her skin was brown against the white of the blouse. Her legs were bare and her shoes were mock ballet slippers, without any heels.

"I thought you were Miss Fylfot," Ireland said.

The girl laughed and said, "No, I'm Juanita. I only work here. She might just possibly let you have it for five fifty, if you ask her nicely."

"Well, I've got to live someplace."

"You can pay Miss Fylfot when she comes in this evening. If you'll give me your name I'll tell her."

"England," Ireland said.

She said, "Mr. England," and wrote it down in a notebook she took from a pocket in her yellow sweater. "The key is here in the door and the front door downstairs is always open, so you don't need a house key. The bathroom's at the end of the hall. I think that's everything. If you need anything else, just call me."

"I may do that," Ireland said.

Her smile wrought dimples in her smooth brown cheeks. She said, "Or Miss Fylfot."

She went away, and Ireland listened while she ran down the stairs.

After a few minutes Ireland went out into the hall. His room was the first after the hall window and the vine in the teakettle. The bathroom door at the opposite end of the hall stood open, revealing exposed plumbing and a tall yellow bathtub. Ireland walked quietly past the other rooms along the hall; he heard nothing but silence, so he quickly cased each room. There were six, three facing front and three back. Two of the doors were locked, but they opened to the key to his own room.

He found nothing to indicate which of his neighbors might be O'Brien until he tried the last room, the one next to his own. Here there were no photographs on the dresser, no odds and ends of a past life that every man carries with him, nothing but a razor and a comb and a toothbrush. Denim work clothes, all fairly new, were hanging in the closet. It could be, of course, that the guy had recently lost all his possessions by fire, theft or what not. Ireland preferred to think that this was O'Brien.

He returned to his room and stood a while in thought, smoking a cigarette. Presently he went out.

Downtown, Ireland stored his car in a garage and carried his bags back to Miss Fylfot's by bus. In his room he put the bags on the floor beside the bureau and dragged one of the rocking chairs over to the window and sat down. After a few moments he opened the window and took off his coat. He wore the automatic pistol in a clip under his arm; it was harnessed there by ungainly straps that ran across the back of his shirt and looped over his shoulders.

THE roomers began coming in after five o'clock, changing their clothes and going out to supper. Miss Fylfot provided no meals. Ireland chanced a quick look into the hall as his neighbor went out. He saw a big, soft-footed man, with a round, placid face. His hands were grimed with mechanic's grease; but cop, Ireland thought, was written all over him. O'Brien, certainly. It was a break that their rooms were adjacent.

At six someone rapped on his door. Ireland remained silent. The knocking was repeated. He stood up from his chair and faced the door, hoping he was in focus for an inquisitive eye at the keyhole.

A woman's voice said, "Mr. England?"

Ireland put on his coat. He went to the hall door and unlocked it and opened it.

A birdlike little woman was standing in the hall. Her hair was streaked with gray. She wore a saffron apron and clumsy black felt slippers.

At one time she would have been attractive, probably vivacious; but now greediness quivered all about her. Her neck and hands were withered, and her stockings clung twisted to thin legs. Her mouth was pursed over badly fitting false teeth, and there was a constant tiny tremor at her lips. Her eyes were a faded blue. She gazed at Ireland with a chill intensity that made him decide she needed glasses.

Ireland said, "Miss Fylfot?"

"I want the rent," Miss Fylfot said in a piping voice. "Six dollars."

Ireland said, "Come again?"

"It's six dollars," Miss Fylfot said flatly. "This room's newly decorated. It's got the best bed in the house."

Ireland said carefully, "You don't understand me." He took a fistful of hundred-dollar bills out of his pocket.

She gave a quick nod and drew in her breath in a little gasp. She came into the room and closed the door.

She said, "I knew it, because you've got a gun." She put a hand to her bosom and breathed deeply, and the fit of trembling passed away.

The keyhole, Ireland thought, with satisfaction.

"Who sent you?" Miss Fylfot demanded. "You shouldn't give me a start this way. I thought maybe you were a policeman."

"Hasn't Eddie Toll been here?"

"That was more than two weeks ago. He didn't say anything about anyone else."

IRELAND reflected, watching her narrowly. He said, "Then he thought the cops nailed me. So okay, we'll get together across the line. You can send me on the same way you sent him."

Clouded thoughts revolved behind Miss Fylfot's milky eyes. "He didn't say anything about sending anyone to him."

"I told you he must have thought that the cops got me."

"That still doesn't mean he necessarily wants to see you." A derisive smile tugged at Miss Fylfot's trembling lips. "He had the money, didn't he?"

Ireland frowned and then laughed. He said, "Let's don't get too stupid, sister. I've got the big bundle of lettuce with me. If anybody took a powder it would be me, but I don't play that way. I want to move on as soon as I can. How about tonight?"

"I don't know if I can arrange it that soon. How hot are you?"

"Like a firecracker. They been on my tail all over the country. I think I shook 'em this morning in Albuquerque, but I won't make book on it."

"You're safe here, unless you were fool enough to let them see you walk in the door. It will cost you five hundred to stay until tomorrow. I don't know how much it will be for transportation until I find out."

"I just want to hole up here," Ireland said. "I don't want to buy the joint."

Her eyes strayed to his baggage on the floor. She said querulously in her thin voice, "If you can't afford it, get out. I don't care."

"Okay, so I can afford it, but five yards is still a lot of hay." He gave her five of the one-hundred-dollar bills. "Does that buy me any chow, or do I starve to death?"

"I'll bring your food to you. Don't answer the door for anyone else, and don't let yourself be seen at the window."

She folded the money up in a tight little square and tucked it away someplace in her apron.

She said, "I'll be back in an hour with your supper."

She went out. . . .

(*Continued on page* 83)

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

JACK BREED

A great herd of sheep (wool is still important to Western economy) crosses Colorado's new Million Dollar Highway. Engineer Mountain rises in the background

REPORT on the FAR WEST

The News Is Good from the Nation's "New Empire"

By WALTER DAVENPORT

BOB AND IRA SPRING

Powerful tractors drag logs out of Washington's mountains. Vast forest areas remain untouched

SAN FRANCISCO

THE huddle-dizzy denizens of our Eastern cities who say that America has no more frontiers are babbling nonsense. If they want to see one, let them come out here to the Western Empire.

There are 11 states in this Western Empire—Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Nevada—with 1,250,000 square miles of living space and only 18,650,000 people. That's a lot of room to spread out in, considering that New York State alone is crowded with 14,500,000. And folks with the pioneer settler spirit are heading this way in all the twentieth century's counterparts of the covered wagon. Right now this new empire holds four people for every three who were here before the war, as many having crossed the mountains since 1940 as made the trek in the previous quarter century.

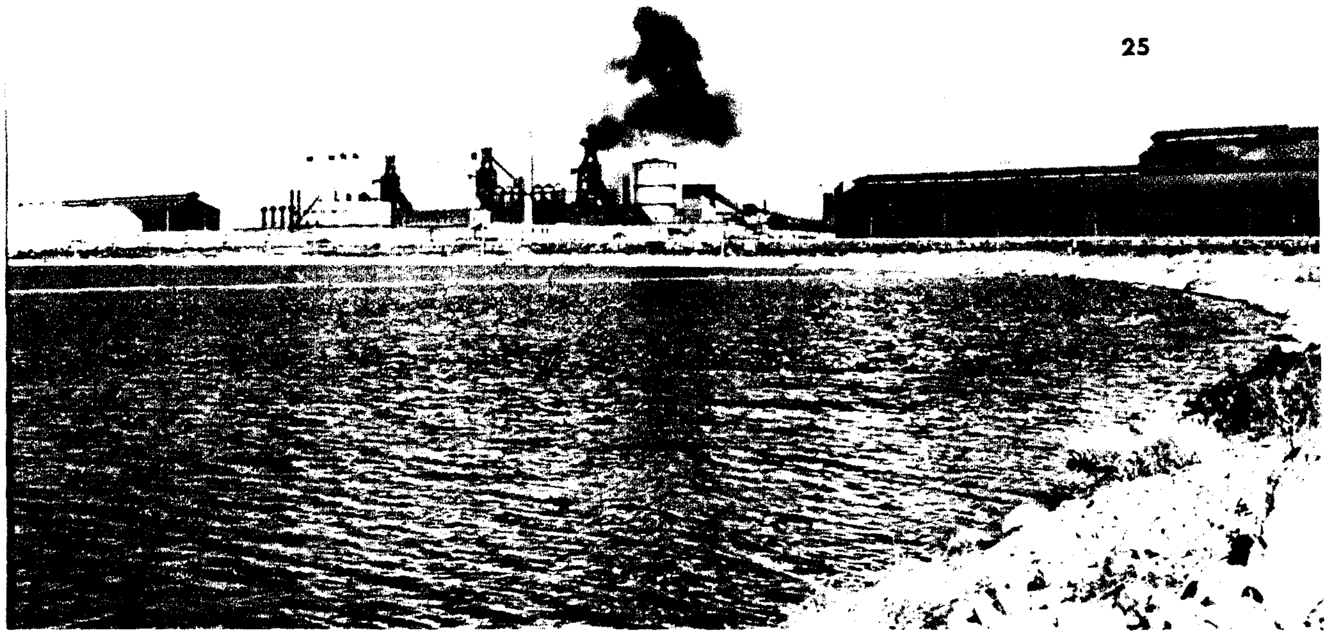
These empire states look upon themselves as the scorned offspring of Old Man East, groaning in his first stages of senility, and Ma Middle West, querulously chattering about her rheumatism. They think it's time the old folks let the young ones have a fling.

Scarcely a week passes that someone somewhere in these 11 states doesn't call a meeting of bankers, labor leaders, sheepherders, cattlemen, miners, lumbermen, farmers, editors and politicians to talk about it. Business and industry, eager to do something more than talk, are enlarging their Western outposts with such empire-building speed that money and paper in the bank vaults here has tripled in less than a decade.

This being the machine age, steel is the safest yardstick of any land's progress and promise. A mere 5.3 per cent of the country's steel is made in the Western Empire now, but the output has almost doubled since 1940: from 2,370,000 to 5,000,000 tons. Ninety million dollars is being spent to expand the facilities of integrated (iron ore to finished steel) mills in Colorado, Utah and California. Seven of the 11 Empire states—Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, Oregon, Utah and Wyoming—are digging out the raw materials and collecting the rich pay rolls involved in this enterprise.

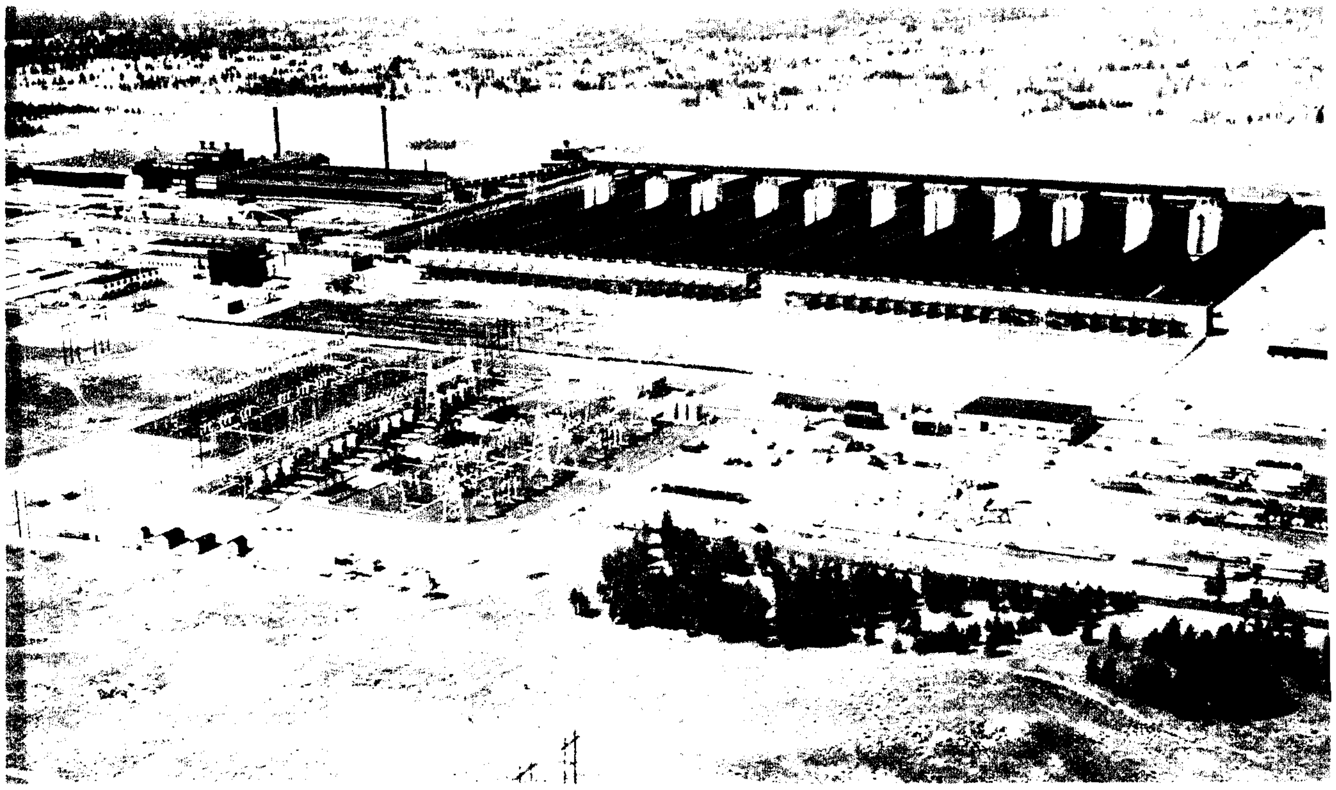
In a midsummer report on future prospects, the magazine Steelways, spokesman for American Iron and Steel Institute, gathered together impressive evidence that the Western Empire is for the first time beginning to stand on its own feet.

Los Angeles is turning out more automobiles than any other American city but Detroit. A West-



ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE

Key to the West's industrialization is steel. Production has nearly doubled since 1940 and millions are being spent for further expansion. Above is the Provo, Utah, plant of Geneva Steel (U.S. Steel subsidiary)



Permanente Metals aluminum reduction plant at Mead, Wash., supplies ingot to near-by rolling mills, has an annual capacity of 216,000,000 pounds. Reynolds and Alcoa operate other large aluminum plants

ern tractor maker has geared an Eastern tractor down to a mile an hour in order to cultivate Western spinach. An Eastern four-wheel cultivator has been reduced to a three-wheeler to suit Western lettuce growers. Oregon is raising the bellies of Eastern trucks to carry Western lumber between the wheels. Western-made steel is being built into the West everywhere: reinforcing bars in electric power dams, electrodes in aluminum smelters, nets in salmon fisheries, grader blades in road builders, special nails in orange crates.

"If you want to understand the West," the Steelways report summed up, "take an adding machine. As long as you don't touch the subtraction key, it will speak the Western tongue."

Like most lusty youngsters, the Western Empire is brash enough to think that all the subtracting will be done by someone else. The subtraction of textile mills from New England, for instance, is considered merely a sign of the times out here. Eventual addition of those mills to the West's growing brawn is taken for granted, and it is likewise assumed that before too many years go by, the steel mills, the motor factories, the electrical appliance works all will cross the Rockies, leaving the industrial old folks back East to enjoy the Indian summer of their lives in dignity and peace.

"Why all this optimism?" you ask.

The answer lies in a maxim of economic realism: "Get it at its source; make it where it's mined."

New Wealth in Colorado's Hills

Colorado acts like a state rediscovered. Sheep, sugar beets and gold are old stuff—the latter just about forgotten.

Out of the oil shales in the hills, petroleum is being distilled in a steady, swelling stream. The scientists say they're warranted in predicting that what's happening in the shale oil distillations at Rifle will be duplicated far beyond the borders of that state and that there are billions of barrels to come. But in Colorado, as in Utah and Idaho, it's uranium that has kindled the popular imagination.

If the geologists prowling these peaks and valleys know even half what they're talking about, the region will disgorge uranium ore in dumfounding lots. That thus far it's so-called low-grade ore is dismissed by the natives as propaganda from jealous foreigners. The Atomic Energy Commission in Washington agrees that in an emergency America can continue her leadership in atom splitting without imported uranium and plutonium. The Western Empire has it.

Anybody at all out here, from haberdasher's clerk to bank president, either has a Geiger counter or is about to buy one. Mr. Brenner in Boise sells them and he told me about a large, opulent lady who bought two.

"We're going out Sunday," she said. "My husband says we reek with it."

Mr. Brenner told us that lots of people ask him whether Geiger counters are guaranteed to find uranium.

"I always tell them I never heard of the stuff," he said. "Gotta be careful."

In New Mexico and Arizona there are probably more federal government secrets today than Washington has held since it became the national capital. At any rate, they're more important. At New Mexico's White Sands Proving Grounds the Army is not only experimenting with remote-controlled rockets which will do 5,000 miles an hour, but are arming them with atomic war heads able to wreak havoc enough to make the word "horrible" a timid adjective. They have gone so far, down there in New Mexico, that they talk about ground-controlled missiles which will circle the earth at fixed altitudes, mingling with heavenly bodies. They reckon the speed in miles per second.

In Nevada alone of the 11 states did I find easement from the new furor that sweeps the Western Empire. In Reno they told me they're leaving it to the other 10 states to pile up the dollars. Here in Reno, they said, is the place to lose it and have a swell time doing it.

Timber, apples, sheep, ships and aluminum are still the best-known sources of wealth in Oregon and Washington. But gradually Eastern and Middle Western industry is moving in to enjoy the competitive advantages of cheap water power.

The two government-built giants, Grand Coulee and Bonneville produce about half the electric power for Idaho, Washington, Oregon and part of Utah. Almost half of this is absorbed by the Alcoa, Reynolds and Kaiser aluminum plants. Although it costs as little as two mills a kilowatt-hour, considerably less than privately owned plants can deliver juice for, the Western Empire's leaders are not all in favor of it. In principle and in practice many are opposed to more public power projects.

The conflict is understandable. In taxes alone, privately owned power plants pay as much on a kilowatt-hour of power production as the government gets for the same amount of energy. Public power removes a vast reservoir of tax money vitally needed by the states. Four Western governors have come out emphatically against the proposed Columbia River Authority—Langlie of Washington, McKay of Oregon, Robins of Idaho and Pittman of Nevada.

I have heard some talk of Big Government, Welfare State and Socialism. It seems generally admitted that these terms will figure loudly in the 1952 Presidential campaign. But the words when uttered have not been accompanied by the same shudders I observed farther East. Nor have I heard much of wars and rumors of wars.

Local affairs and ambitions relegate Europe and her miseries to remotely incidental importance. An Oregon orchardist made the observation that he has heard of "at least 10 plans to get western Europe back on her feet but none of them includes a lot of hard work so far as I can see." A Colorado beet grower expressed the opinion that "Europe's main trouble is that everybody there is a politician." He expanded on his belief that it is possible to get farther pushing a plow than by pushing doorbells. A Seattle woman attending a convention in San Francisco confided that her parent-teacher group "can't understand why Washington is financing Socialism in England while asking everybody to fight it here."

Seattle and San Francisco shippers, importers and exporters attribute their deserted water fronts to the death of Asiatic trade as well as to longshore and warehouse strikes. "Washington," one of them said to me, "is spending our Western money to revive European trade which will naturally go to the Eastern seaboard but it's doing nothing to rebuild Pacific Coast shipping. England is drumming up trade with east Asia like crazy and we're giving her the money to do it with. Wish we had a Westerner at the head of the State Department for a change or at least someone who knew there was part of the United States west of the Rockies."

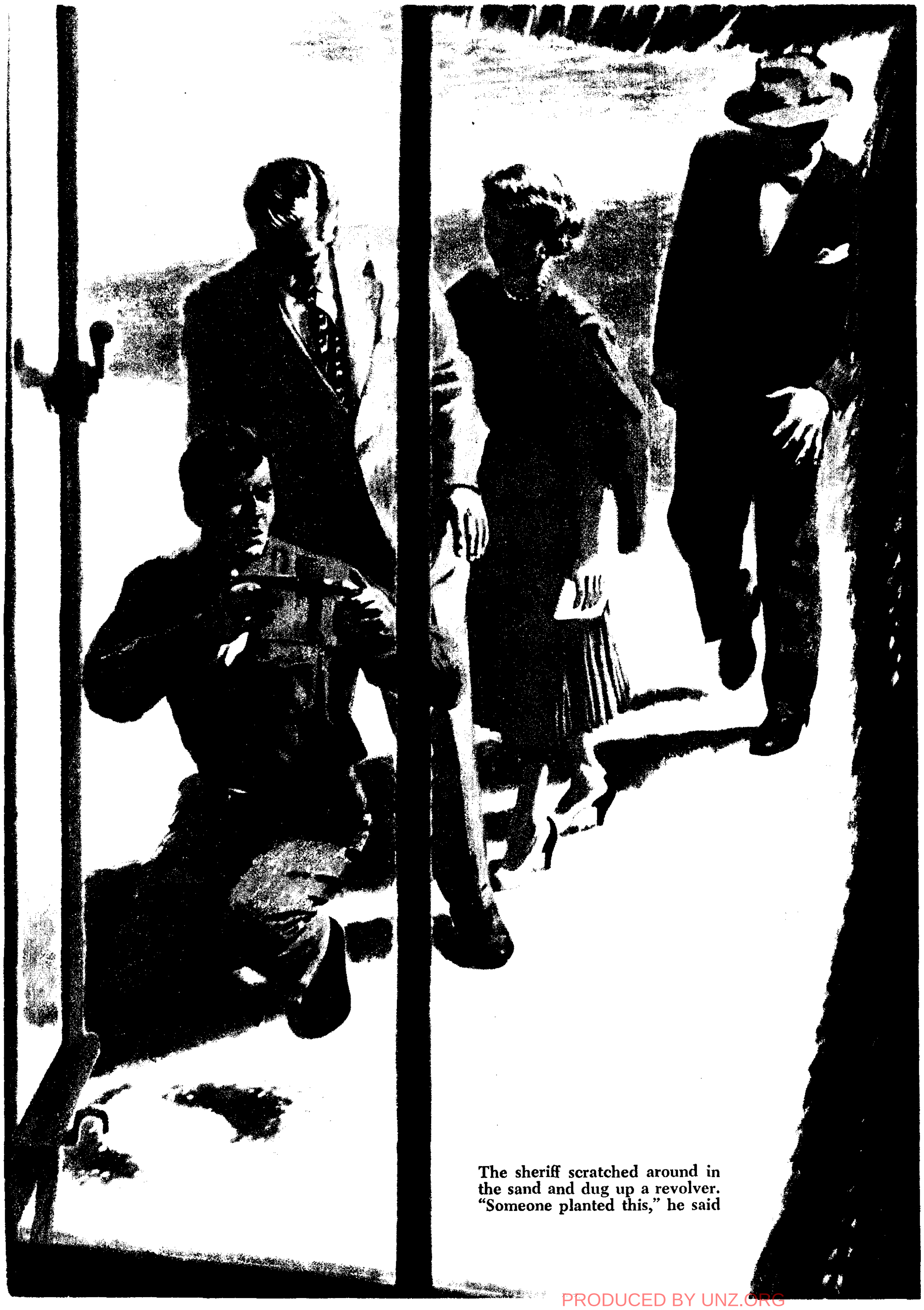
Nowhere in the West, except in California, have I found anything more than a mild interest in spies, Red propaganda and Communism.

Even in California the *(Continued on page 72)*

The case of the
NEGLIGENT NYMPH

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Concluding the Perry Mason Murder Mystery



The sheriff scratched around in the sand and dug up a revolver. "Someone planted this," he said

The Story: Never had PERRY MASON defended so difficult a client as beautiful DOROTHY FENNER. She did everything wrong. She burgled the home of GEORGE ALDER, wealthy real-estate operator, in order to get possession of a letter which accused Alder of having connived to keep his half sister, CORINNE LANSING, in an insane asylum, after having cheated her of her share in their father's estate. When Mason helped Dorothy beat the burglary rap, she promptly got involved in a murder charge. George Alder was killed on the very night that Dorothy was due to visit him. The murder took place while Alder's savage Doberman pinscher, Prince, was locked up in a closet, as he always was when visitors were expected. The district attorney was sure he could prove that Dorothy Fenner was the killer. Mason wasn't sure whether his client was guilty or not, but he was giving everything he had to her defense. Among the likely suspects were DORLEY ALDER, George's uncle, who inherited controlling interest in the estate following his nephew's death; CARMEN MONTERREY, a fortuneteller who had once served as maid and companion to Corinne Lansing; and PETE CADIZ, a beachcomber who had found the incriminating letter. Working with Mason in Dorothy's defense were DELLA STREET, his confidential secretary, and PAUL DRAKE, a private detective. In the course of Dorothy's trial, the prosecution brought out much damaging evidence against her—none more damaging than that of RONALD DIXON, night clerk at the apartment hotel where the girl lived. The high point in the trial came when prosecutor CLAUD GLOSTER asked Dixon whether he had seen Dorothy leave the apartment building on the night of the murder.

CONCLUSION

RONALD DIXON'S hesitation in answering Gloster's question was not from any uncertainty. Dixon was enjoying himself as an important witness in a sensational case, and he wanted to make the most of so dramatic a moment.

"Yes, sir," he said finally. "I saw Miss Fenner leave the apartment house later that evening."

Gloster was enjoying himself too. "Under what circumstances, please, Mr. Dixon?" he said.

"Well," Dixon said, "I'd left the desk temporarily—just stepped out of the little office there for a moment. And as I returned I saw the figure of a woman walking rather quickly across the lobby, toward the street door. The woman was Dorothy Fenner."

"And what time was this?" Gloster asked.

"About seven thirty in the evening."

"On the evening of the third?" Gloster asked, spinning things out as lawyers will when their case is going well.

"Yes, sir," said the witness.

"Did you have occasion to see the defendant again on that evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"When she came back."

"What do you mean by that?"

Dixon explained. "There are some doors we keep locked. We lock the outside door to the lobby at night—but any of the tenants can open that door. The key to any of the apartments can open it. The baggage room is the same way. It opens on an alley. It's kept locked, but any tenant can use his key to get in. But when that door gets opened an electric signal tells us at the desk. A buzzer and a little red flashlight come on at intervals. In that way we know when anyone's come in from the outside through the trunk room."

"Very well, what happened?" Gloster asked.

"Well, this buzzer and the light I'm telling you about came on about eleven thirty. I thought I'd better investigate. I left the desk and started toward the stairs to the trunk room. While I was doing that, I heard the elevator coming down the shaft. Someone had signaled for it. I ran down the stairs, opened the door a crack, and saw the defendant standing there waiting for the elevator."

"How close were you to the defendant?"

"Not over ten feet."

"You recognized her?"

"Definitely."

"Any chance you were mistaken?"

"No, sir."

"How was she dressed?"

"She had on a white sweater, some sort of blue dungarees that she usually wears for yachting, and a pair of tennis shoes." *(Continued on page 40)*

ILLUSTRATED BY
WARD BRACKETT

LINCOLN COLLECTOR

By CARL SANDBURG

Carl Sandburg is a sentimental genius. He cannot forget his benefactors. Here he makes part payment to Oliver Barrett—with a poet's recognition of a collector who has grown great in the shadow of Abraham Lincoln

ABOUT the year 1886, some 20 years after the death of Abraham Lincoln, a thirteen-year-old boy, Oliver R. Barrett, began what was to become a massive and diversified collection of Lincoln letters, documents, relics and related source materials. He had no notion then that his hoard of data would someday be so vast that more than twoscore biographies and special works on Lincoln would be drawn from it. Or that when it was complete it would be so full that a rounded life of Lincoln could be written from it alone. Or that no life of Lincoln could be written without it.

Barrett was not a man of destiny. He was an uncommonly persistent product of his home town, Pittsfield, Illinois. There Barrett lived with the memory of Colonel D. H. Gilmer, who had volunteered for the war, received his commission from President Lincoln, fought in several battles, and met his death in combat at Chickamauga. In line with an announced appointment policy of preference for a veteran or his dependents, President Lincoln appointed Colonel D. H. Gilmer's widow to be postmaster at Pittsfield. The widow's daughter, Lizzie Gilmer, could remember that as a girl swinging on the front gate she saw the visiting lawyer and politician Abraham Lincoln come out of the Gilmer house. And Lincoln took hold of Lizzie, swung her high in the air, kissed her, and put her back on the gate to go on swinging.

EDWARD RINKER

Oliver Barrett poses before one of his most prized possessions—Lincoln's last portrait from life, painted by W. T. Mathews in 1865

As a boy, Barrett also heard the story of another Pittsfield woman, Susan Scanland, who freely gave her opinion of Lincoln—"The laziest man there ever was, good for nothing except to tell stories." Susan had fixed a turkey dinner for Lincoln and other menfolk, and six o'clock came and half past six, and the dinner went cold, because Lincoln was spinning yarns at a drugstore.

That was the Pittsfield tradition. But Barrett's interest in Lincoln was first deeply awakened in a grade classroom. The one Negro pupil sat alone in a front seat, a double seat. And when a boy or girl whispered, the teacher thought it proper to make such guilty boy or girl, as a punishment, sit beside the Negro girl. One day the teacher called out, "Ollie Barrett, you sit down beside this girl." He took the seat as ordered and heard the snickering of boys who sent spitballs and pieces of chalk against his neck and head. Going to the back of the room for a drink of water, as the rules permitted, Barrett suddenly was out the room, slammed the door, and ran home to tell his mother.

His mother told him about Lincoln, about slavery and emancipation and the terrible war. If Ollie was a good boy, she said, she would take him to Springfield—his first ride on the choo-choo cars—to see the capital, the Lincoln tomb and the old Lincoln home.

Appropriately enough, Barrett began his collection of Lincolniana in the plain two-story corner house where Lincoln and his family had lived. Osborn H. Olroyd, who was custodian of the place, gave young Oliver a few souvenirs.

Back in Pittsfield young Barrett found a poem written in his mother's autograph album:

FRIENDSHIP

Many are the ships that sail
O'er the changeful sea of Life,
Wooing every gentle gale,
Daring every tempest strife.
Ships of every form and kind
Ships of every taste and mind
Shall I tell *my* choice to thee?
Friendship is the ship for *me.*
Pittsfield, January 25, 1853
—Jno. G. Nicolay

This was the Nicolay who was to be private secretary to President Lincoln and coauthor of an immense biography of Lincoln.

Ollie Barrett's first big find as a collector had no connection with Lincoln, however. It was an envelope he discovered in the attic of his mother's house. Marked "Very Precious," it contained a letter in the handwriting of Robert Burns. A niece of Burns had given the letter to Oliver's father.

While they were up in the attic that day, Ollie and his mother opened a trunk. Inside it the boy saw something like 1,000,000 used postage stamps, collected by his father in the mistaken belief that the sheer number of them would bring a small fortune. Many of the individual stamps in the trunk were rare and brought good prices; Ollie managed to sell them, and with this income bought autographs and letters.

In Pittsfield and elsewhere, the boy sought and gathered Lincoln letters, tokens, handbills, newspapers and miscellany bearing on Lincoln and his times. But he did not concentrate on Lincoln by any means. At the local hotel he lay in wait and snared autographs from stars on the lyceum lecture course—Mary A. Livermore, organizer of battlefield hospitals and the Sanitary Fairs, John B. Gough, the sworn foe of alcohol, and other names of the hour.

The boy worked out a form letter:

Dear Sir or (Miss):
A youth am I of 14 years
Suppressing all my doubts and
fears
I take my pen in hand
To write this note as best I can
Asking you as a favor kind
Please, to return the enclosed with some
verses signed.
If not too much this asking be
Please send when convenient to me
Thanking you for so kindly reading this
And hoping nothing is amiss
I now will close and finish this in prose.
Very truly yours,
Ollie Barrett.

The persistence and pertinacity of young collector Barrett was first brought out publicly in The Diary and Letters of Rutherford B. Hayes, Vol. IV, p. 436, where this passage occurs, as written in 1889:

January 22, Tuesday.—All sorts of droll requests reach me. I have this morning a letter as follows, in a boyish handwriting:—

Pittsfield, Ill., Dec. 28
To the person to whom this letter is addressed:
Dear Sir, Madam, *(Continued on page 68)*

This article is taken from Carl Sandburg's forthcoming book, Lincoln Collector, to be published November 3d by Harcourt, Brace & Company

[illegible]

By GRADY JOHNSON

Cowboy Ben Johnson was happy just doubling for Hollywood heroes any time it was dangerous, but he was so photogenic they're starring him

BASHFUL, bucolic Ben Johnson is an understandably skeptical motion picture star. Fortune first touched him on the seat of the pants and he's never sure that the magic won't rub off when he isn't looking. He fell into fame from the back of a horse he was riding in a stunt.

The folks back home in Pawhuska, Oklahoma, say Ben's good luck "really should git his enjoys up" instead of causing him to fret. Hasn't he been called the most photogenic, natural actor in Hollywood, a youthful Gary Cooper, the world's finest horseman and the best thing to come out of Oklahoma since Will Rogers?

But the confused cow-poke, one-eighth Cherokee, views the whole thing with Indian distrust and a modesty unheard of in Hollywood. "Reckon I'll do all right long as they don't ask me to act," he says. "But Lordy he'p them if they do."

Fact is, "they" have asked him to act plenty but have more or less concealed this from him. In his first starring picture, which also marked his very first try at facemaking, he wasn't given the customary script to digest for fear he'd run off the reservation. Instead, he was shoved in front of the camera from time to time with the patronizing remark, "Now this is what you're supposed to say, Ben."

While he learned his lines an assistant tugged him around to the spots where he was supposed to be. This was for the recent ape fantasy, Mighty Joe Young, a $2,000,000 picture. And six-foot-two inch Bashful Ben Johnson did a better job of playing Bashful Ben Johnson than Alfred Lunt could have done. He even was given the name "Johnson" in the picture itself so there would be no mistaking the character he was expected to play.

In his next picture, 3 Godfathers, he was an actor named "Ben." For She Wore A Yellow Ribbon his bosses risked reality by tagging him "Tyree." Now, however, they're writing another starring picture for him in which he is "Ben" again.

This is a New Look version of an old Hollywood style and no discredit to the wearer. The town is full of handsome bodies whose roles are tailored to their personalities, their voices, their legs, their busts or the way they scratch themselves under stress. Ben's assignments are scissored to a soft Oklahoma drawl, guileless blue eyes and a prognathous profile that belies both; a physique that strong men envy and women sigh over, and a seat on a horse that conjures a composite vision of Sir Galahad and a captain of the Royal Canadian Mounted.

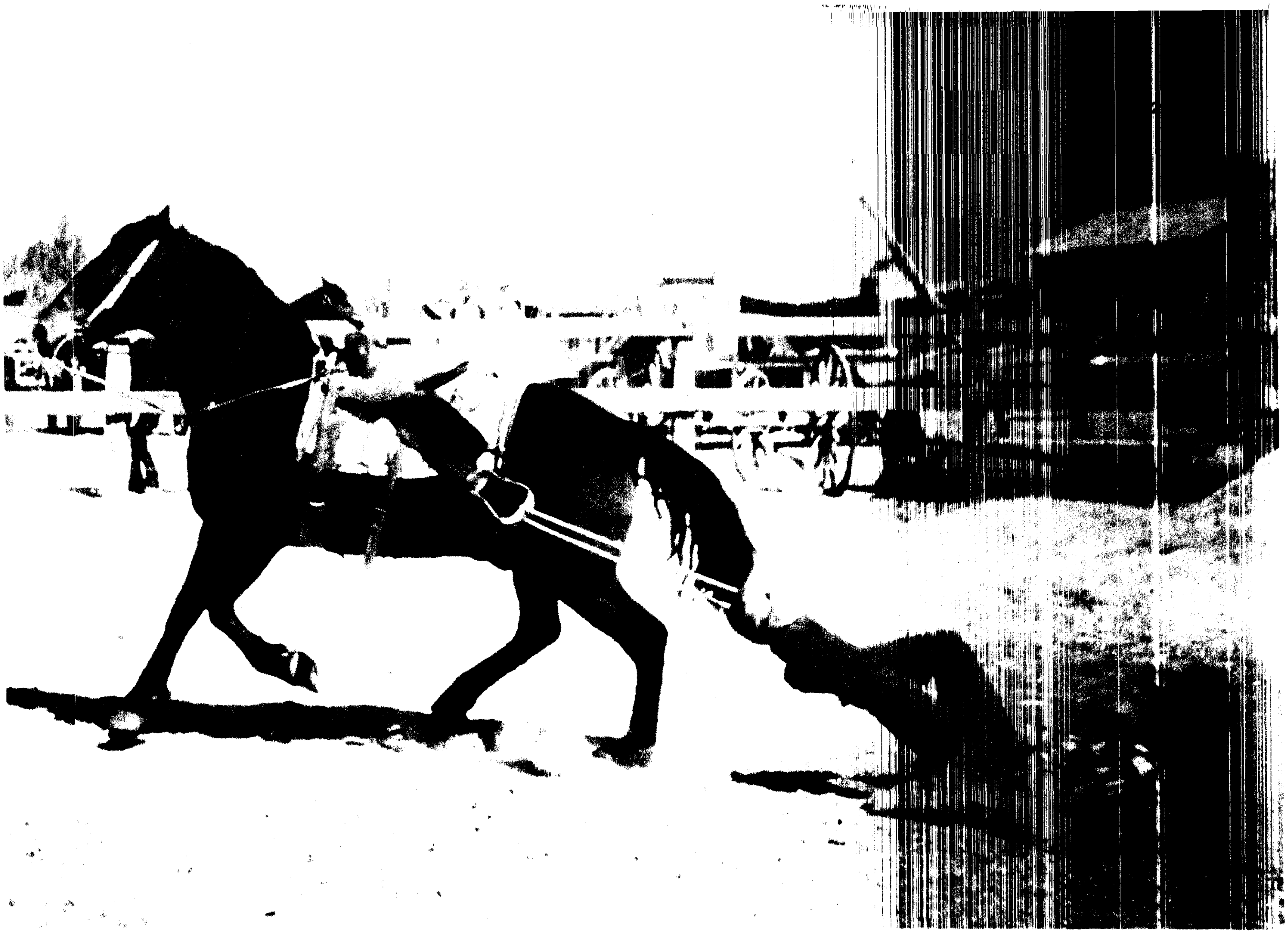
The man who first extolled these extravagant virtues was not, as might be expected, some paid publicity man, but a respected film director whose dyspeptic disrespect for the average ham is fabled. He is Oscar-heavy John Ford.

Ford says he thought the twenty-nine-year-old cow-poke looked like Gary Cooper, talked like John Wayne and, when he was not deliberately falling, sat his horse as serenely as a hump on a camel. What warmed the director's heart most, however, was Ben's calm reaction to the movie maker's initial blandishments.

These took place two years ago on a stretch of desert at Monument Valley, Utah, where Ford had taken his Fort Apache company on location. In the troupe was stunt rider Ben Johnson. He was to risk his neck, as had been his custom for eight years, to save the expensive bones of Hollywood's wind-swept heroes by doubling for them in dangerous equestrian sequences.

In this picture Johnson doubled for both John Wayne and Henry Fonda. As fast as he could change cavalry uniforms to match that of one or the other he rode hell-for-leather through various

Johnson demonstrates a trick he used to perform for high-salaried stars when he was a top stunt man. His new contract prohibits such stunts now



That's Ben doing a stirrup drag, one of the stunts he pioneered. This photograph clearly shows the control **wires the movie camera hides**

kidney-jolting routines while Wayne and Fonda cooled themselves with tall drinks under beach umbrellas.

One of these stunts called for Ben's specialty—falling with a horse he had trained to tumble on cue at full speed. Danger was his business, and this stunt was one of the most spectacular and profitable of a repertoire of risks which caused many directors to call on Ben whenever they wanted an actor "shot" off a horse with a suction-cup arrow in his heart or while clutching a tomato-catsup bullet hole. Ben looked better falling off a horse than most actors do staying aboard.

The fall that caught Ford's eye was sheer art on the part of both man and horse. Five minutes before the fall the hackamore had been removed from the horse's nose and a bit put in his mouth. This was the animal's "ready" signal. Ears which had drooped in the heat now were erect. At a wave from the director the horse knew he was to run full speed toward the camera.

As "quiet please" came over the loud-speakers the horse began to dance impatiently. From long experience he had learned the language of the movie makers. Hearing the word "camera," he reared and broke away a split second before "action" was ordered. In a cloud of dust he thundered toward the camera.

As Ben jerked the rein the animal crossed his legs gracefully as a ballet dancer and started down. Preparing for the fall, Johnson had taken his feet out of the stirrups and began doubling up his left leg unseen by the camera. As the horse's left shoulder touched the ground, the rider's left foot touched, too. Johnson's doubled leg straightened like a spring and he jackknifed away from the horse to safety as the animal rolled over and skidded.

Pleased with the scene, Ford walked over to where Johnson sat spitting out gravel.

"Young man," he asked, "are you an actor?"

"No, sir," Ben replied.

"Well," the director persisted, "can you act?"

"Don't know," 'lowed Johnson. "Ain't never tried."

"That's good," Ford observed enigmatically and walked away.

Johnson reasoned that the director's questions had been Hollywood's rhetorical equivalent of "Shore a nice day" back in Osage County. But fellow members of the stunting profession, a mite jealous, suspected what was brewing. On a subsequent picture for another studio they perpetrated an elaborate hoax designed to braise the ham they smelled in Johnson. They sent a script to him along with word that the director wanted him to learn one of the supporting roles.

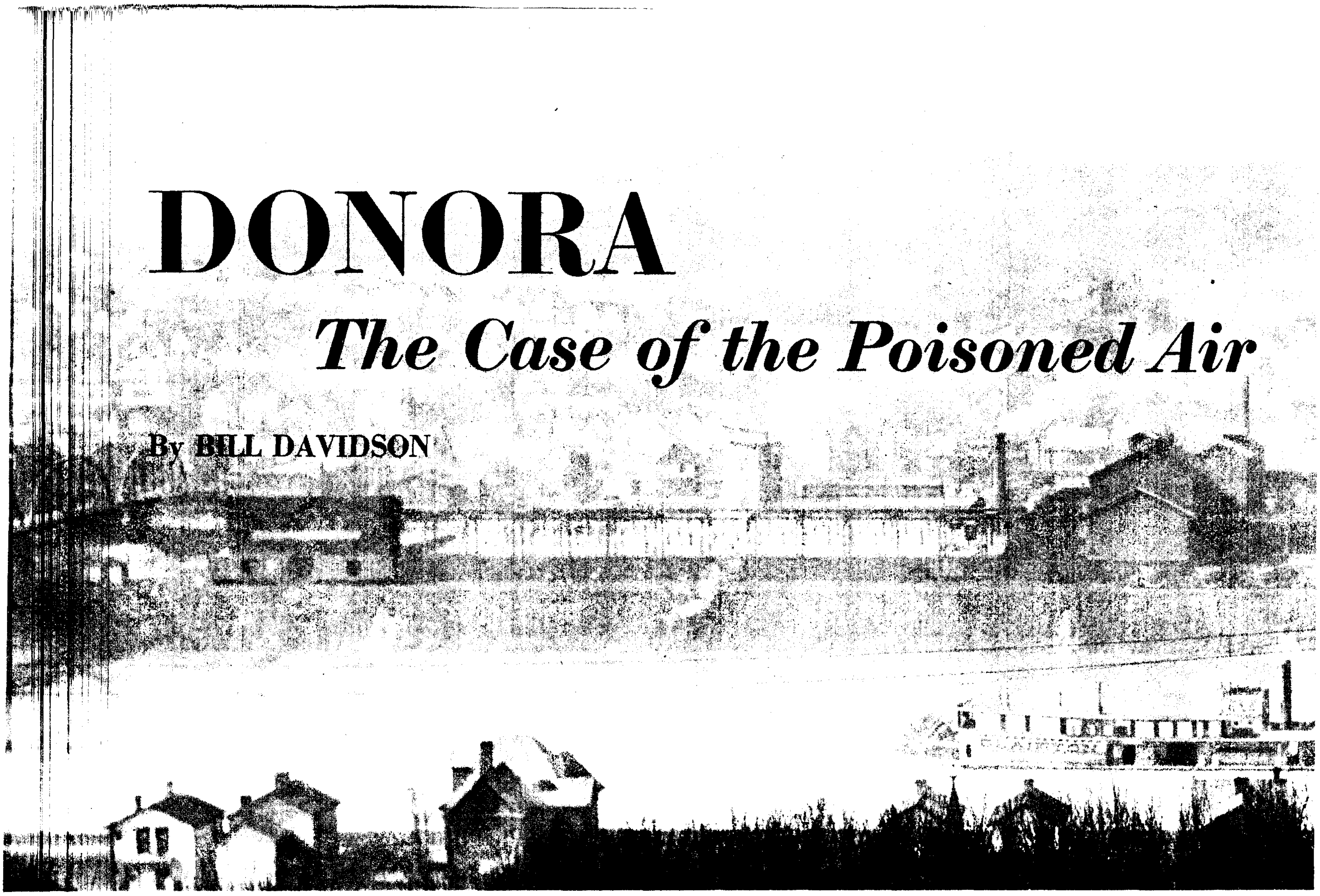
Ben painstakingly started learning his part, pathetically unaware that he was the victim of professional ribsters. The gag caught on and the rest of the company was let in on it. It was decided to let Ben go through his big scene without film in the camera. For fully 10 minutes the nervous, sweating cowboy read and reread his lines in every tonal inflection anybody could think of. Finally the director felt sorry for him and put a stop to it.

Ben, instead of showing anger, professed to be relieved. "My folks woulda laughed me out of the house," he said, and went on about his business of falling off horses.

When he wasn't doubling for a star he was picking up $500 to $1,000 a week in prizes for roping calves in West Coast rodeos. Horses were his life, and even Jane Russell, indirectly responsible for his going to Hollywood, *(Continued on page 66)*

Ben says he's done for if he ever has to act

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DON ORNITZ



DONORA

The Case of the Poisoned Air

By BILL DAVIDSON

U.S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

T 5:00 P.M. on October 29, 1948, in Donora, Pennsylvania, a perfectly healthy miner, John West, was walking home from the coal pits when he saw what he later described as a "big black cloud" sweeping toward him across the road. Terrified, West turned and ran. But the swirling mass engulfed him before he had gone ten steps. He gasped for breath as he staggered through the cloud. Its vapors were caustic. His head ached, his stomach knotted, his eyes watered, his throat burned. When he finally reached his house he collapsed, saying over and over to his wife, "The black cloud came after me and it's going to kill me."

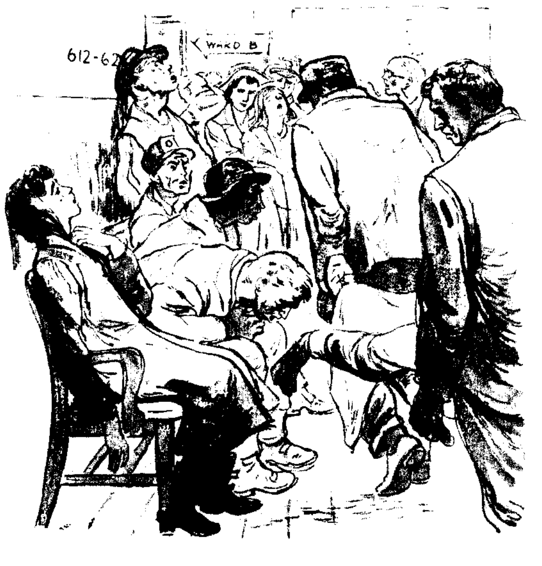
He was right. Two days later he was dead. Nineteen other residents of the Donora neighborhood—plus 250 chickens, 10 dogs, three cats, two rabbits and two canaries—died too, and 5,910 of the area's 13,839 human inhabitants became ill from breathing the "black cloud" during the four days of its unearthly pall. Of the casualties, 1,440 were listed officially as "severely ill"; some of them are still disabled a year later.

John West's "cloud" was the notorious Donora smog visitation—America's introduction to the death-dealing properties of air pollution. It also was a turning point in the health history of the nation. For, as U.S. Surgeon General Leonard A. Scheele put it, "Donora proved to us that smog no longer is just a nuisance—it is a menace to health."

Today, as a result of the Donora disaster, government and industry are spending millions to make sure that we do not have a recurrence—in Donora or in *your* town.

The chemical killers in the Donora smog were tracked down by brilliant scientific detective work. There were 25 in the band of sleuths dispatched to Donora by the U.S. Public Health Service when the state of Pennsylvania appealed to the federal government to investigate the catastrophe. This mystery-hunting task force, the first of its kind, spent six months trailing tens of thousands of clues; and it just recently arrived at conclusions which are to be announced this week.

The murderers?



Stricken hordes crammed every hospital facility

The evidence indicates that assassin number one was a combination of simple sulphur dioxide and other irritant gases which pour into the atmosphere from many stacks and chimneys in Donora and most other communities like it.

Assassin number two seems to have been minute, solid particles of iron oxide, zinc oxide, silicates and carbon—common substances in everyday factory smoke.

Assassin number three was the weather, which for five days pressed down with an "inversion roof" of impenetrable warm air on the circle of hills surrounding Donora, imprisoning the air pollution in the enclosed valley until it became concentrated enough to kill.

Curiously enough, the same assassins were held responsible for the deaths of 60 persons in the Meuse Valley smog disaster in Belgium in 1930.

How did these assassins team up for the kill in Donora? How can they be prevented from killing again in any one of the thousands of communities with similar weather, geography and poison-laden smokes? I learned the answers by working in Donora with the U.S. Public Health Service doctors, nurses and engineers.

When the government's scientists arrived in Donora and set up shop in the firemen's quarters of the Municipal Building, their first job was to reconstruct the crime. There was no clear picture of what had happened during the disaster, only newspaper accounts and hysterical pronouncements by an afflicted citizenry.

According to the official report, the Big Smog, as Donora residents now call it, began on Wednesday, October 27th. For 33 years before that Donora had almost constantly had Little Smogs. The

town is situated in a U-shaped bend of the Monongahela River and is surrounded on all four sides by hills rising to about 400 feet. These hills form a natural hollow which has been filled intermittently with smoke and fumes since 1901. In that year the city's two miles of water front were taken over by the American Steel and Wire Company for a steel mill. Later, the company added a zinc plant where wire is coated.

The people of Donora and of Webster, just across the river, had often complained about the soot and the fumes but, like others who live around Pittsburgh, they had reluctantly come to accept it as a necessary adjunct of prosperity. So the Big Smog made no particular impression until Friday, October 29th, when it had built up into a dirty gray billowing mass.

That Friday morning dawned bleak and dark. Half of Donora woke up coughing, but it was late fall, the season for head colds. Only a few people suspected that anything might be wrong. A group of miners going to work in the pits across the river were amazed to find that they were able to breathe more easily down in the depths of the mine than near the surface. Mrs. Betty Crafton and Mrs. Ross M. Ridgely found black phlegm running from their youngsters' noses.

A high-school physics instructor, P. G. Hayes, left his house and nearly choked. He was an acute asthmatic who, a few months earlier, had been told by his doctors that he had to move out of the area if he wanted to live. Instead, he had outfitted his house with an expensive electrostatic device that cleaned all the air coming into the building. As soon as he stumbled back into the protection of his home, he began to breathe normally again.

But the town as a whole noticed nothing unusual. Most of the folks turned out that Friday night to see the annual Halloween parade.

In the holiday excitement, little attention was paid to the fact that the town's eight doctors were not among the spectators. They were being swamped with calls—some from people who had collapsed at the parade.

The first fatality occurred early Saturday morning. The man who died was elderly and had been ill. His death did not appear particularly significant. Then the Big Smog really began to take its toll. Altogether, between 2:00 A.M. and 4:00 P.M. Saturday, 15 people died suddenly with pretty much the same symptoms. Ten died in five hours.

One of the victims was a jolly, 245-pound, well-to-do supervisor who never had been seriously ill in his sixty-seven years. On Thursday night he developed a dry cough and had difficulty in breathing. He woke up on Friday morning apparently relieved, but he began to gasp for air again late in the afternoon. His family sent for the doctor, who arrived at 6:00 P.M. and administered a hypodermic. It had no effect. At 7:00 P.M., as the Halloween parade was getting organized, the man became worse. His lips turned blue. His eyeballs protruded. His hands trembled. He complained of feeling bloated. His vision was blurred. He continued to gasp for air during the night. He could ease the pain in his chest only by sitting up in bed with three pillows behind him.

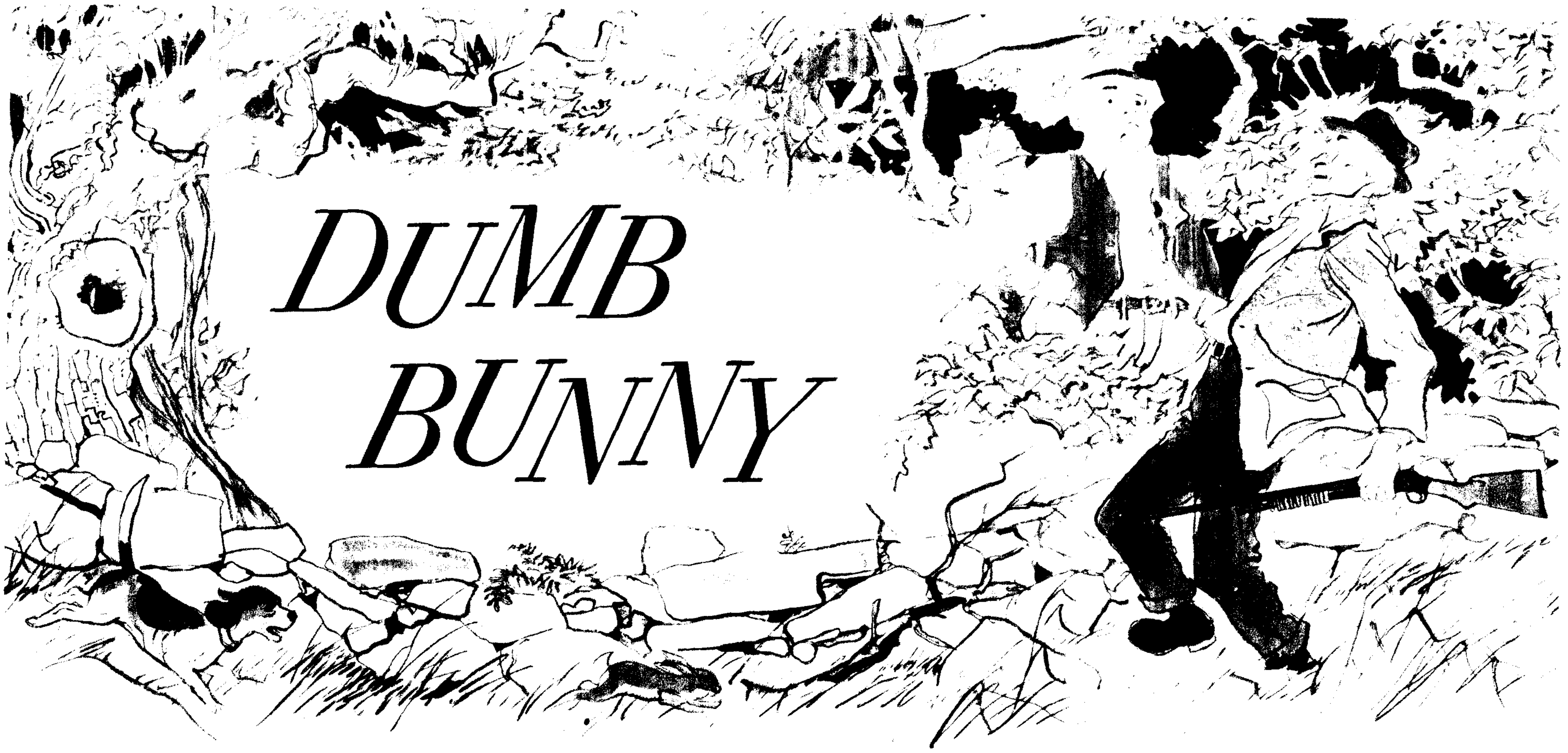
Early Saturday morning the man struggled from his bed and collapsed on the floor. At 9:00 A.M. he became delirious, babbling about things that had happened to him in Europe 50 years before. At 10:00 A.M. he said, "It's raining outside and I can see the zinc plant." (Actually, it didn't rain until the next day.)

ROBERT FRANKENBERG

The Donora smog took a toll of 19 lives

At 11:00 A.M. his mind cleared and he called for a priest. Then he asked for food. (He hadn't eaten since Thursday.) At 1:00 P.M. his breathing became rapid and shallow and he went back to bed. (All this time the man's family had been trying to get a doctor, but every doctor was overwhelmed with other cases and none could come.) At 3:00 P.M. the man's wife felt his hands. They were cold. He died at 3:45 P.M. with a thin, bloodlike fluid running from his mouth. *(Continued on page 60)*

DUMB BUNNY



"Out a little early, ain't you?" I said. "The rabbit season don't open for fifteen days yet"

Collier's SHORT SHORT

By B. M. ATKINSON, Jr.

IF YOU have to be cynical to be a big-town newspaperman, I guess I'll be on the Marion County Weekly News the rest of my life. I tried being cynical and was doing pretty good at it until Henry Johnson, the game warden, tangled with Dave Robertson, the richest and most conniving old buzzard in the county. And that case cured me.

It all started the afternoon Henry comes whooping into the News office and tells Lee Miles, my boss, that he's finally got Dave where he wants him.

"He can't get out of this one," he hollers. "I got him dead to rights. You can quote me on that too. Just caught him hunting rabbits out of season."

"I got to see the rabbit with Dave's fingerprints on him, first," Mr. Miles says. "Pinning something on him is about as easy as saddling a snake."

Henry's big, fat face breaks into a grin. "I haven't got any corpse," he says, "but I've got a good witness. Me and Ed caught him red-handed." Then he goes on to tell what happened, background and all.

"You know I been trying to catch that old devil jumping the gun on the season for about ten years now. He's a slick one though. He always does it right around his place and beats it back to his house when he spots me, or else he gives me the slip in the woods.

"Well, yesterday Eddie Pryor tells me he sees Dave cleaning rabbits on his back porch. That's good enough for me. This afternoon, me and my deputy, Ed, are laying out in the woods by his place waiting for him.

"We got the glasses on him from the minute he leaves the house with his shotgun and his beagles. He goes down the pasture kicking along the fence row while he waits for the dogs to pick something up. It ain't long before they jump a rabbit in a big pile of brush and take off around that big hill in back of the place. Well, Dave cuts across the hill figuring he'll get a shot when the rabbit circles. That's just what we want. It puts him a couple of hundred feet from us. Then we really got a break."

The thought of it tickles Henry so that he has to stop and whoop some more.

"The old fool," he says, "is going through some brambles when all of a sudden he throws up that old sixteen gauge of his and blasts away twice. Then he starts trampling all over the place looking for the rabbit he's shot at. When he looks up, Ed and me are right on top of him. Lee, you shoulda seen the look on that man's face. You'da thought me and Ed was ghosts and had leprosy to boot.

"He tries to say something but don't anything come out. I help him along by saying real sweet-like: 'Out a little early, ain't you, Mister Robertson? The season don't open for fifteen days yet.'

"Well, the old rascal finally gets his mouth to operating again and he starts stalling. 'What season you talking about?' he says.

" 'The rabbit season,' I tell him. He's got the guts to say: 'Who was hunting rabbits?'

"Just then his beagles chase the rabbit right around in front of us, and when Dave don't shoot you ought to have seen the look on those dogs' faces. Ed and me get to laughing so hard it's all I can do to tell him I'm citing him to appear in court next Tuesday morning."

Well, Mr. Miles starts whooping, too, and taking it all down. When Henry leaves I say to Mr. Miles, "You don't really think Dave Robertson is going to get what's coming to him, do you? Guys like him with plenty of money never do."

He squints at me and says, "You're awful cynical for a young fellow, Fred. Everybody gets what's coming to him sooner or later, one way or the other, don't you know that?"

I just laugh and walk off. . . .

The story Mr. Miles writes about the thing is awfully funny, I'll have to admit, and Tuesday morning the courtroom is packed with people wanting to see old Dave get what he's had coming to him for years. They figure the trial won't last over thirty seconds, but just seeing him squirm that long will be something to tell their grandchildren about.

They don't see him squirm, though. They see poor old Judge Evans squirm. Everybody's forgotten that the Judge owes his seat to some of Dave's politicking a few years back. The Judge isn't a dishonest man, but he feels that he owes it to Dave to give him every consideration in the book if possible.

Dave makes it possible. He says he wasn't hunting rabbits, he was just out to shuck some corn. The reason he had his gun along was that his place is overrun with rabid foxes, and he doesn't want to get bit or have his stock get bit either. As for the beagles, he just let them out for a run.

That knocks the joy out of everybody. It's just possible that he could have some rabid foxes on his place. It boils down to his word against Henry's, and everybody knows whose word the old judge will take. Dave goes on to say that he was just cleaning his boots by kicking along the fence row, and the reason he cut across the hill was that he thought the dogs had jumped a fox. He also thought it was a fox he shot at in the brambles.

The whole sorry thing is finally over when Judge Evans says that since there is no positive evidence that Mr. Robertson has been hunting rabbits—everything is just circumstantial—and since Mr. Robertson is one of the county's greatest sportsmen, he just can't believe he's guilty.

Henry starts to explode but doesn't. He knows he's licked. I'm the only one who has predicted old Dave will get off, but I don't feel too good about it. The only nice thing about the case is that Dave goes to bed sick with something. Overgloating, we figure.

THE more I think about the thing, the madder I get, and on our publishing day I'm really rubbing it in to Mr. Miles. "So everybody gets what's coming to him sooner or later," I say. "Well, Dave's doing an awful good job of postponing."

He doesn't say anything, just gets red. About a half hour later he gets a telephone call. I notice his face light up, but when he hangs up he doesn't say anything.

About fifteen minutes later he tells me to write a piece about how rabbit season will open in three more days.

That's kind of funny as we've never done it before. Everybody knows when the season opens. When I finish, he sends me down to Shady Dale, a little place about seven miles away, to try and collect some bad advertising accounts. I think that is kind of funny, too, because Thursday is the day I'm really needed around the office.

When I get back about four hours later he has already pulled page proofs. There's a front-page one lying on my desk. I don't pay much attention to it at first and then I start eating crow. My cynical days are over.

In the number-one spot there's my story about the rabbit season opening in three days. Then right under it there's a story headlined: DAVE ROBERTSON RULED NOT GUILTY OF JUMPING RABBIT SEASON CHARGE.

And right under that is this:

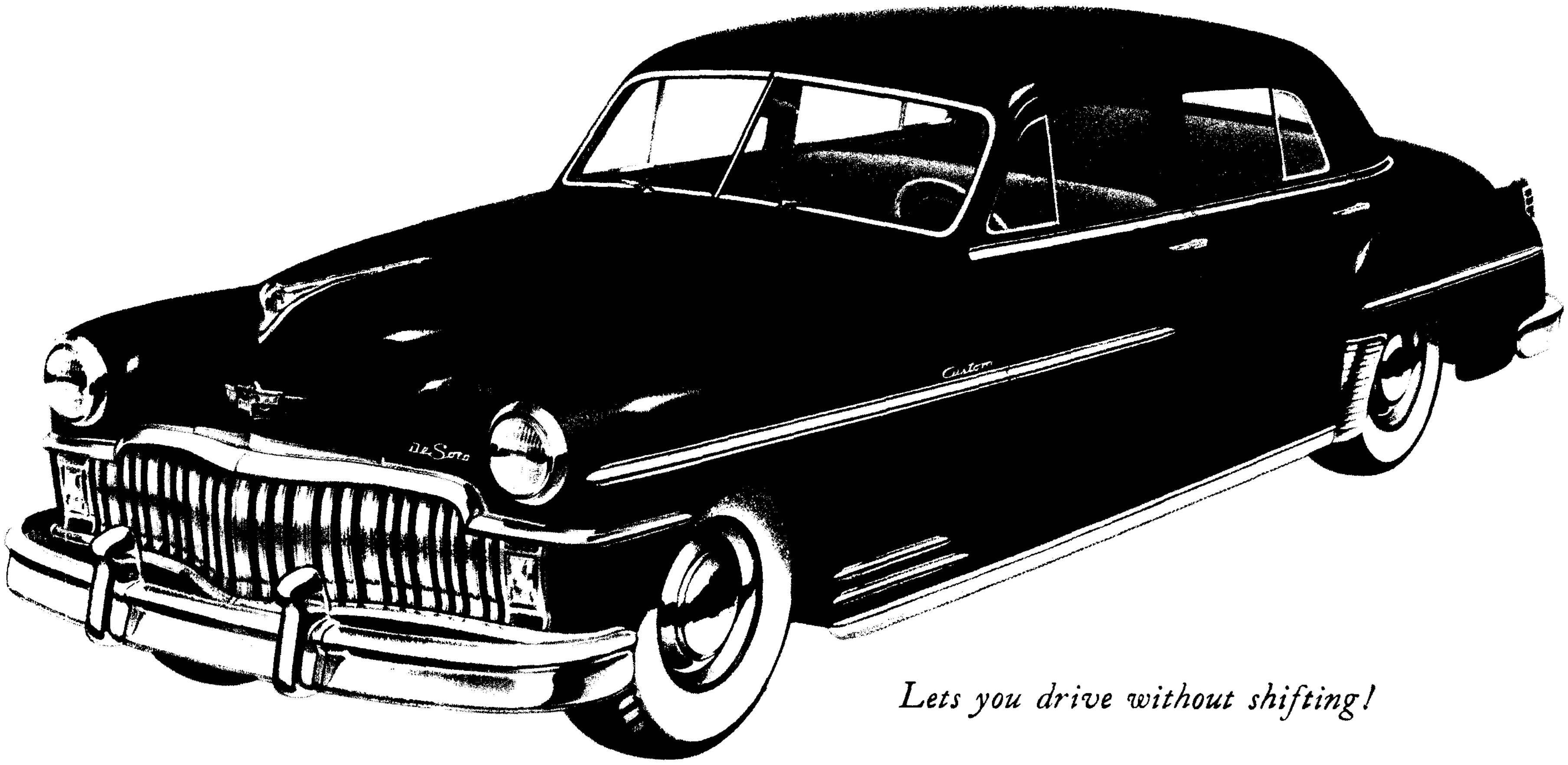
DAVE ROBERTSON ILL, SUFFERS TULAREMIA

"Dave Robertson, noted county sportsman, just cleared of a charge of hunting rabbits out of season is ill at his home with tularemia, a disease contracted in dressing rabbits. It causes violent headaches, fever and swelling of the glands. Mr. Robertson's many friends wish him a speedy recovery."

THE END

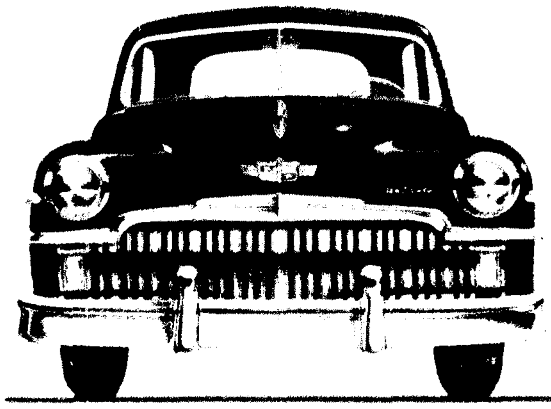
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DOWER

Compare the new DE SOTO not merely with other cars at the *same* price, but with *any* other car at *any* price!



Lets you drive without shifting!

"The car designed with *you* in mind" has changed the minds of thousands!



We say compare it with any other car at *any* price. Isn't that a daring challenge? You bet it is. And it's a good indication of how thousands of people feel about the new De Soto.

Compare it for roominess. You step into the new De Soto through big, wide doors. Not only is it wider inside. There's more head-and-hat-room, too.

Compare leg room. De Soto's instrument panel curves forward to give front-seat passengers more room. And back-seat riders enjoy full stretch-out leg room, even when the front seat is pushed back.

Compare *real* visibility. De Soto's windows and windshield are bigger. You see out of them properly because you're sitting on luxurious chair-high seats.

Compare the ride. De Soto's wheelbase is longer. All passengers have a smooth cradled ride. And its famous Tip-Toe Hydraulic Shift with gyrol Fluid Drive lets you drive without shifting, all day long.

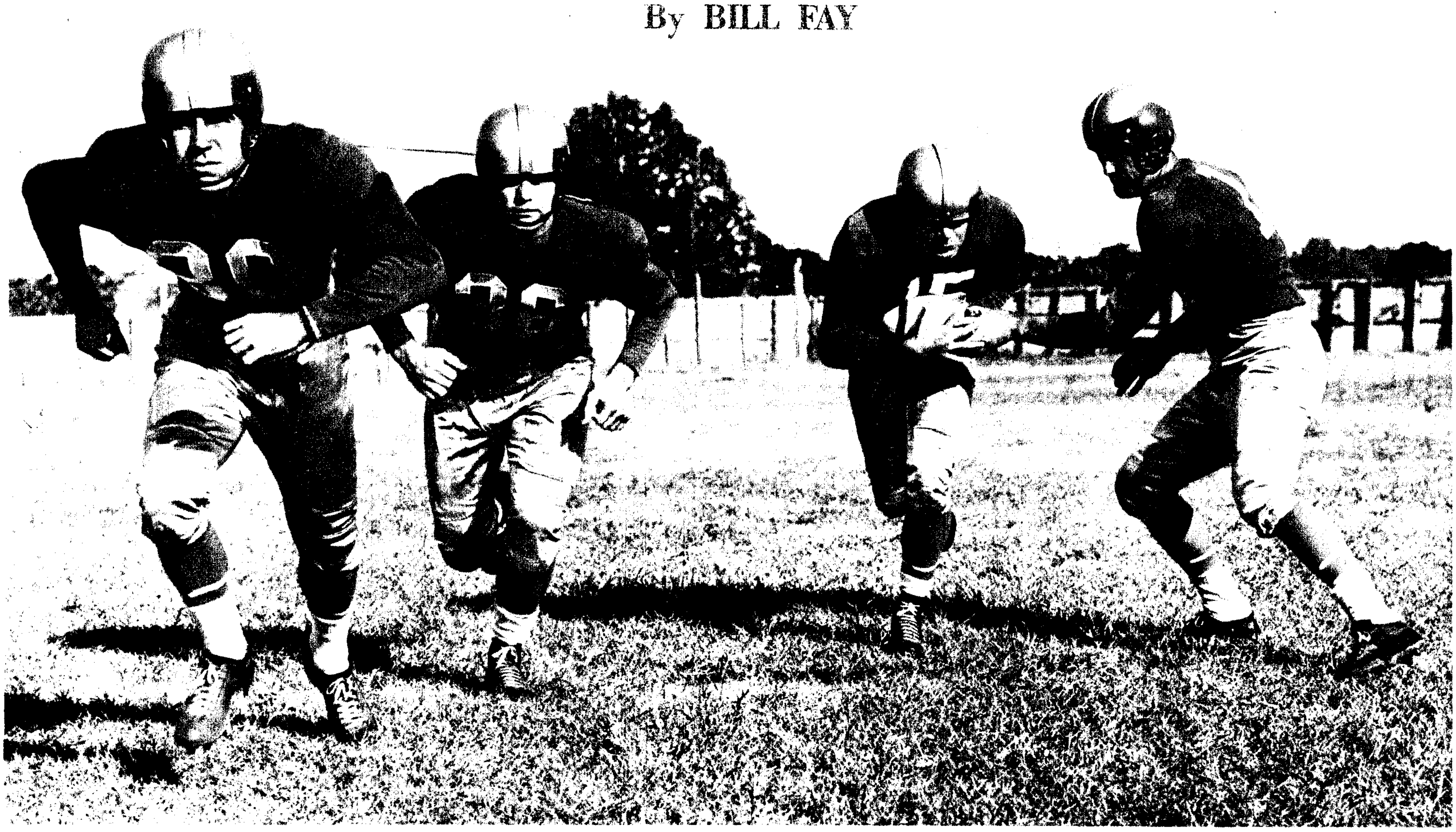
Above all, compare value. Compare the new DeSoto, feature by feature, with what you get for your money in any other car. Then decide.

Over 3,000 De Soto-Plymouth dealers coast to coast equipped to give you expert service.

De Soto Division, Chrysler Corp.

Suppose He Had TWO Eyes

By BILL FAY



Eagles' backfield: Thompson hands the ball off to Steve Van Buren (15) as Bosh Pritchard (30) and Joe Muha (36) run interference

Quarterback Tommy Thompson, one-eyed passing ace for the Philadelphia Eagles' powerful pro grid squad, hits them even when he can't see them

THE Philadelphia Eagles were driving hard against the New York Giants in Shibe Park last October when quarterback Tommy Thompson faked a short pass over center. Then—without even looking for a receiver—Thompson flipped a long, high floater diagonally into the far left corner of the end zone. Halfback Ernie Steele leaped—grabbed. Touchdown!

From the stands, Thompson's toss appeared to be a perfectly timed scoring maneuver, but Coach Earl (Greasy) Neale wasn't fooled. Greasy suspected something had gone wrong in a weird and wonderful way. Later when Thompson trotted over to the bench, Greasy asked, "What happened? You were supposed to hit Ferrante down the middle."

Thompson laughed. "Ferrante was covered. Everybody else I could see was covered and a couple of Giants were closing in to dump me for a loss, so I decided to get rid of the ball—quick. I meant to heave it clear over the end zone, but I guess I didn't throw hard enough and—"

"Just like I figured," Neale started to laugh, too. "Talk about luck—you *didn't* even see Steele."

"Didn't know he was in the park," Thompson admitted. "Heck, Greasy, you can't expect an old one-eyed guy like me to keep track of every pass chaser you pop into a ball game."

Before anybody gets the wrong idea, it should be pointed out that the dialogue attending Thompson's shot-in-the-dark pass to Steele was thoroughly misleading. True, it illustrates how Thompson (the only one-eyed quarterback in pro football) occasionally overlooks a potential receiver, but it doesn't even hint at his amazing aerial efficiency.

Last season, Thompson pin-pointed 25 touchdown passes and directed the Eagles to the National Football League championship. Tommy also usurped the number one position among N.F.L. passers (topping Sid Luckman, Johnny Lujack and Sammy Baugh) with 141 completions in 246 attempts for 1,965 yards gained. That's pretty fair shooting for a fellow whose left eye was blinded by a ricocheting stone when he was ten years old.

(Time out for a test. Close *your* left eye. Notice how much of your vision is blacked out. Now you can understand why Thompson couldn't find Steele in the left corner of the end zone.)

Thompson was born in Texas a good many years ago as football age is reckoned. Estimates vary between thirty and thirty-three, and while Tommy himself won't say exactly, the former figure appears in the record books. Any time the question comes up he switches the conversation to golf or chess, of which he is well qualified to speak.

The Shriners learned about Thompson's golfing artistry the hard way when they held their 1947 tournament at the LuLu Temple course near Philadelphia, Thompson's home club. As a matter of courtesy, LuLu's non-Shriner members were invited to compete also.

Thompson, who has worn virtually every variety of headgear except a red fez, captured the qualifying medal with a 72 gross, 69 net—under par.

And just last August while the Eagles were training at Grand Rapids, Minnesota, for their battle with the College All-Stars, Thompson hustled around Pokegama Country Club's nine holes in 34—one stroke better than the previous record set by Patty Berg. Tommy made this par-busting journey accompanied by his favorite pigeon, Coach Neale, who posted an expensive 43. It has been estimated that Thompson's contractual wages, plus earnings from his biweekly summer links matches with Neale, make him the highest-paid quarterback in the National League.

Thompson started to play chess in the Army, which accepted him for limited service inside the continental United States. But he got over to England by volunteering for duty as an athletic instructor, and eventually went ashore in Normandy as a sergeant attached to the headquarters company of the 29th Infantry Division.

During a furlough on the Riviera, Thompson met Victor Kahn, former Russian chessmaster now living in France, who was playing 10 opponents simultaneously in Red Cross canteen exhibitions. Thompson sneaked into the competition and beat Kahn three straight games.

"That sergeant," Kahn protested, "is too good to be played simultaneously. I will play him alone."

Kahn and Thompson dueled in two games. Kahn won the first. Thompson won the second.

Later, Tommy remarked, "My right eye worked harder then than it ever did at football or golf. Toward the end I was seeing three black queens."

Neale believes that nature has compensated

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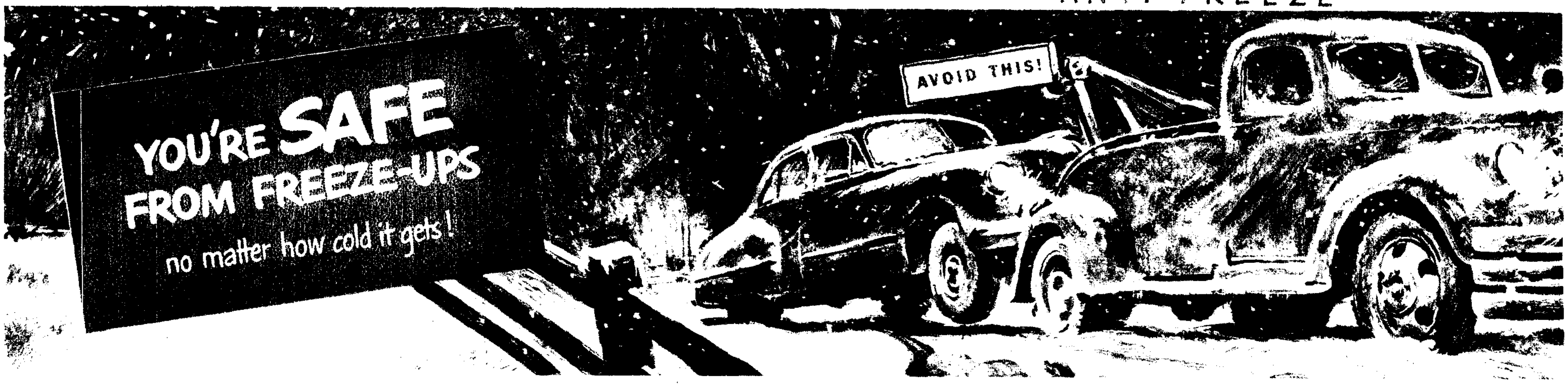
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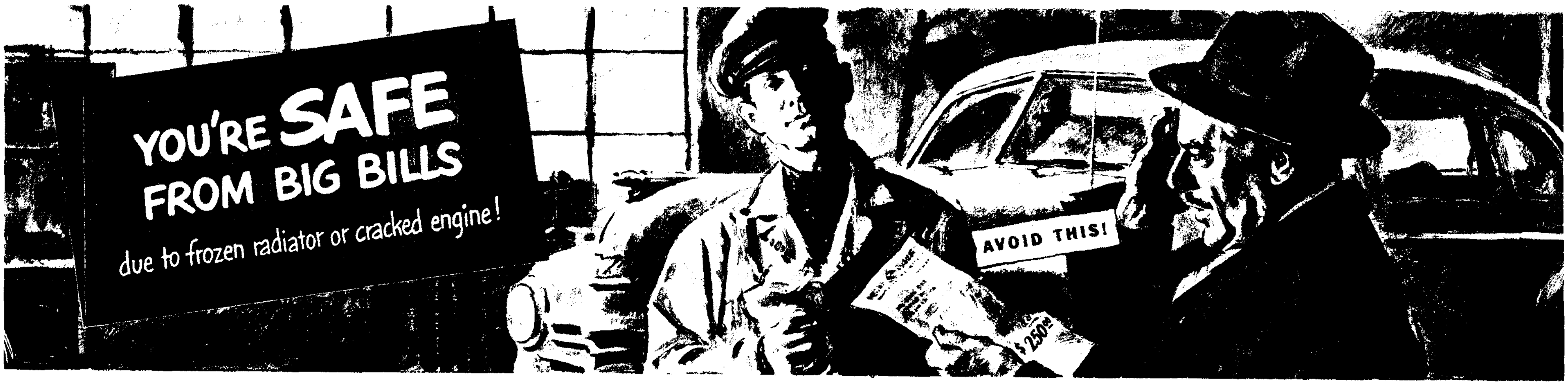
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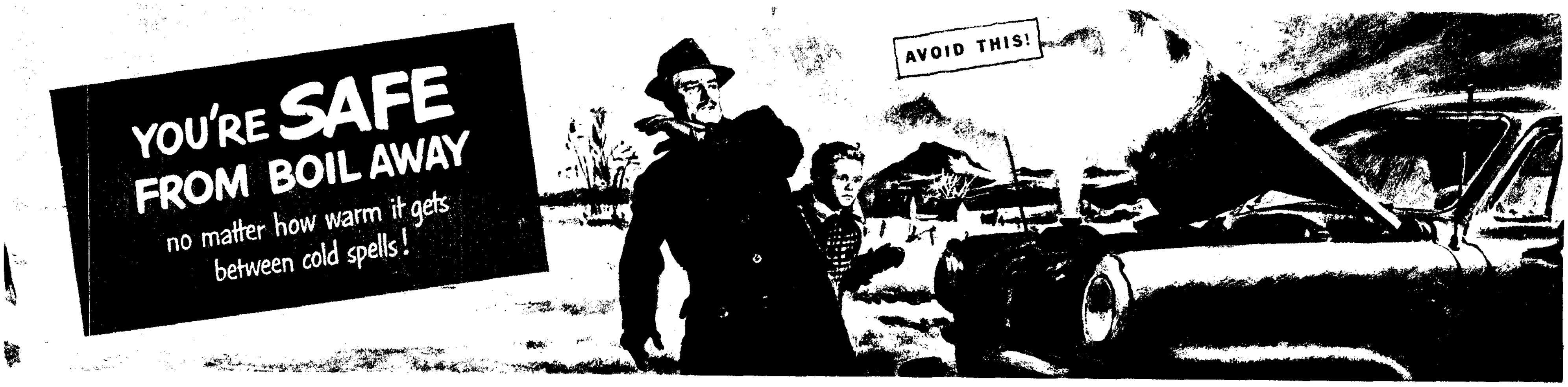
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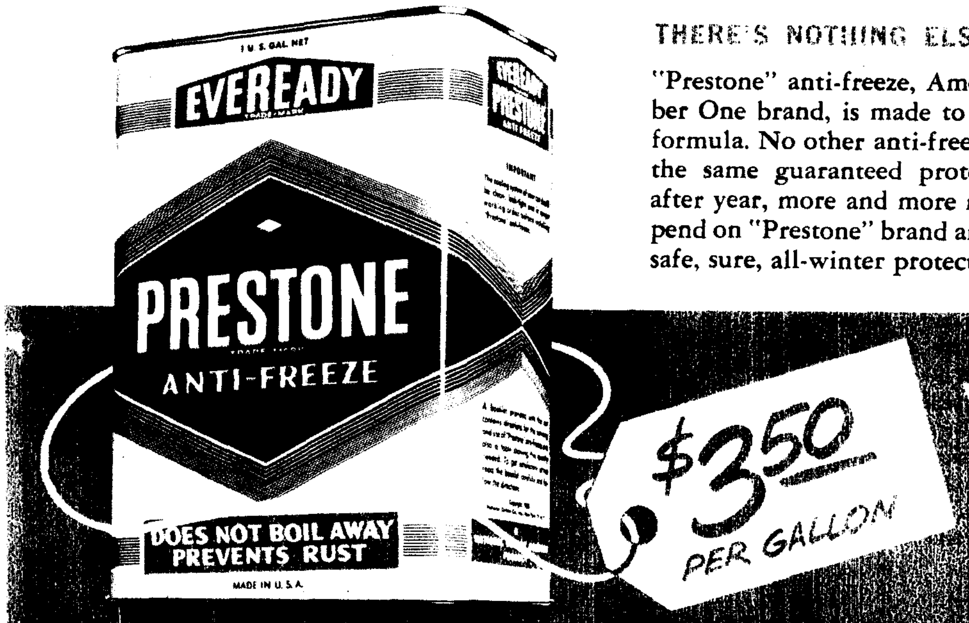
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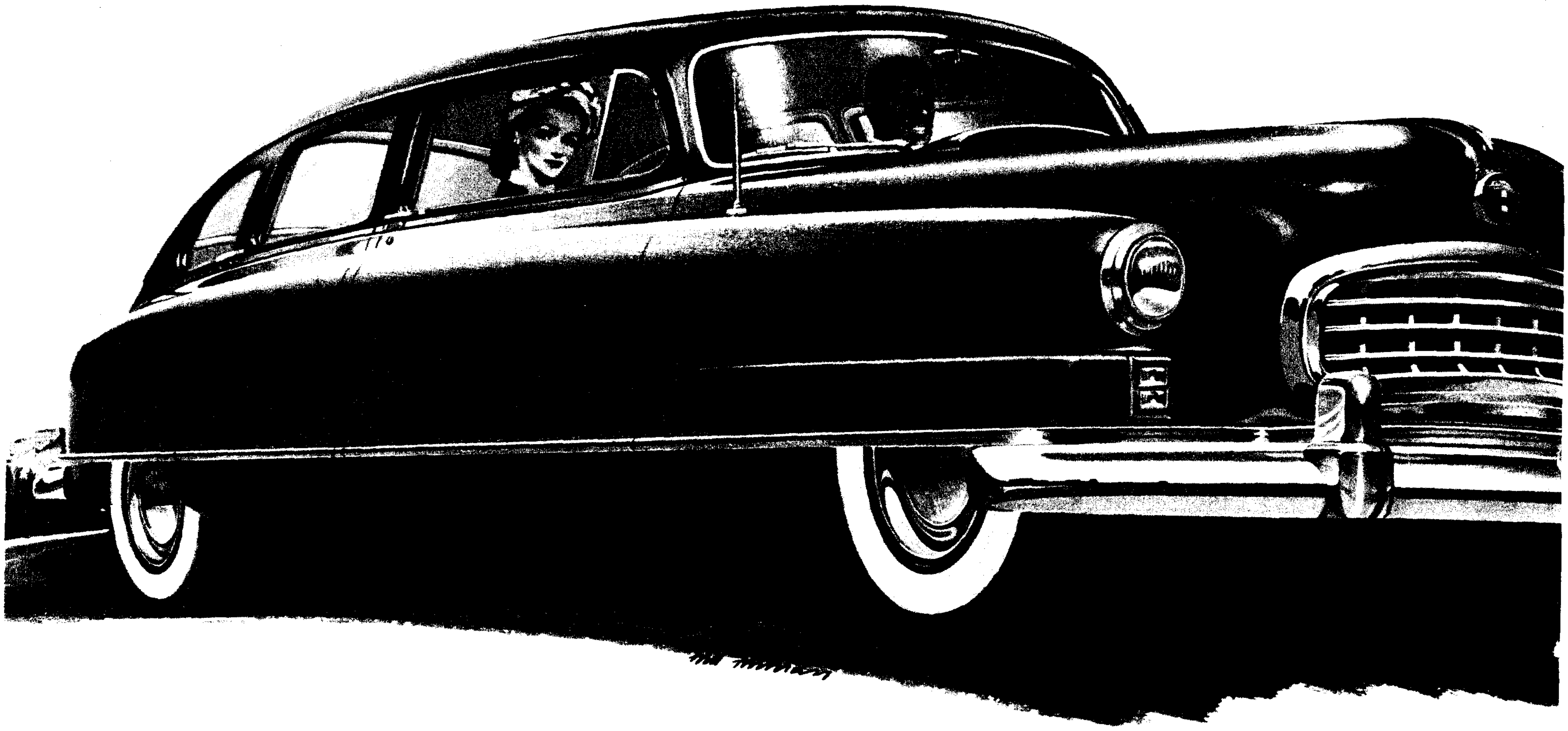

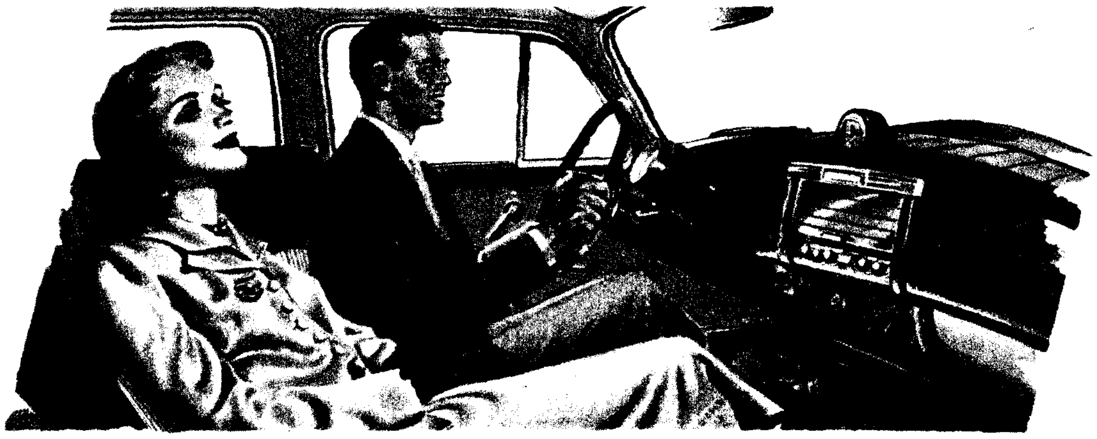

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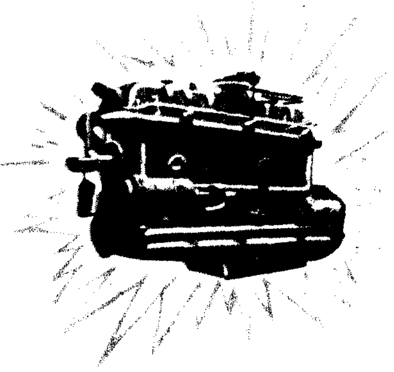

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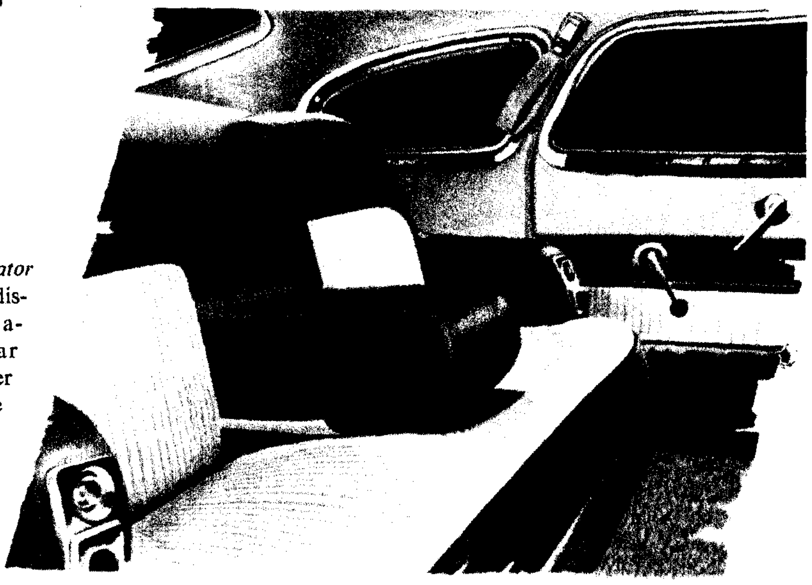

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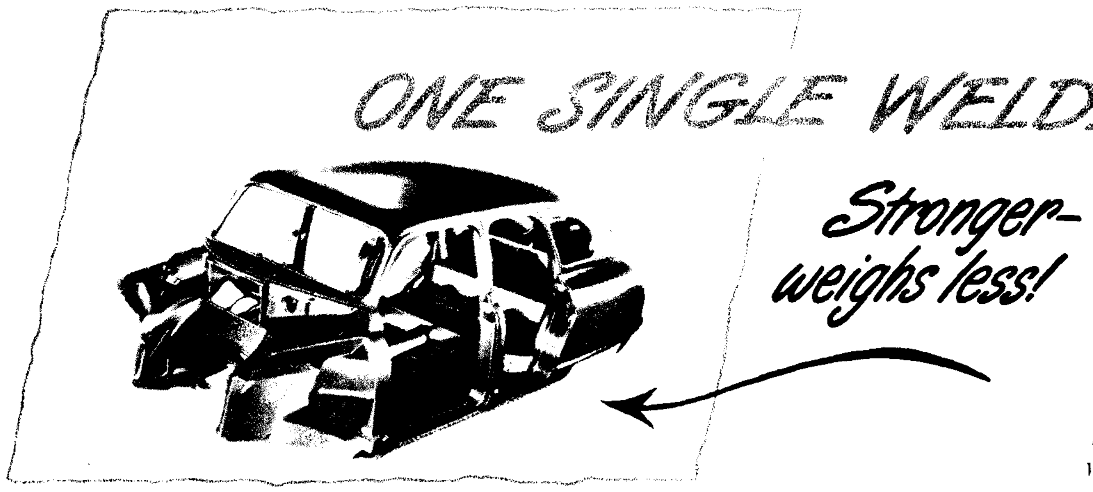
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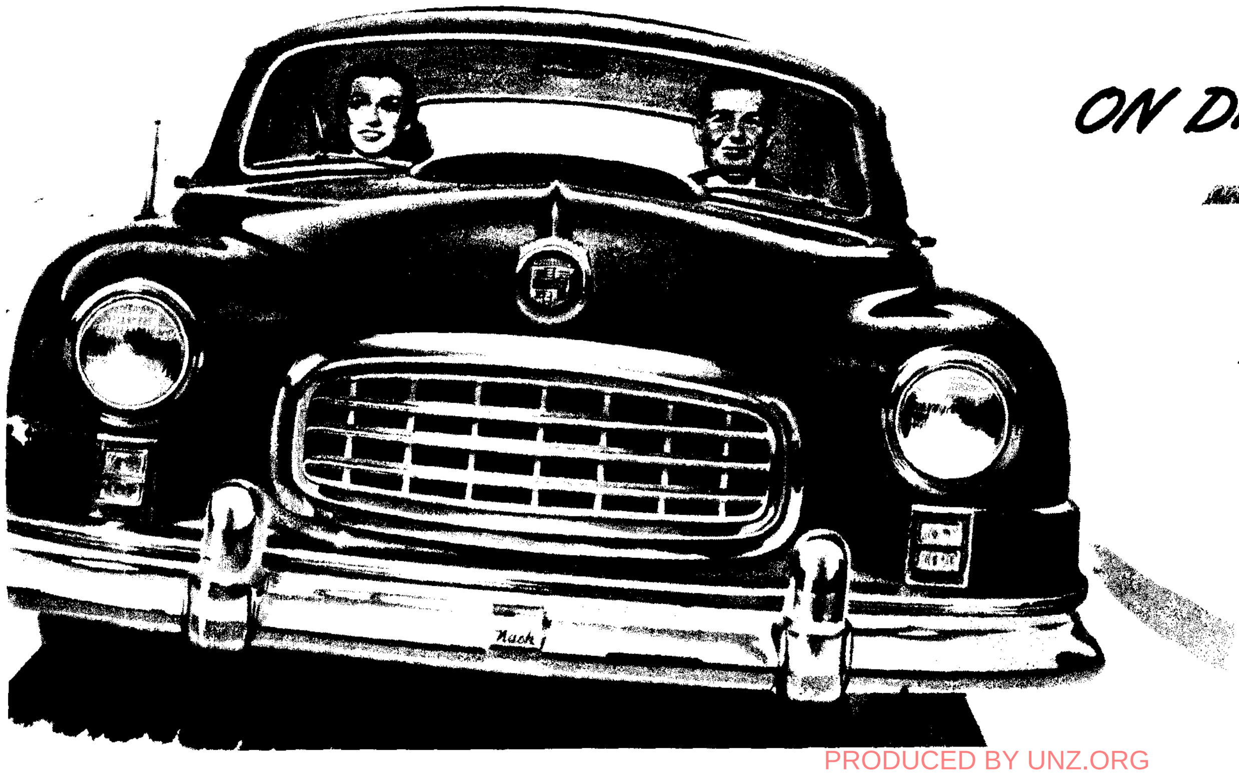

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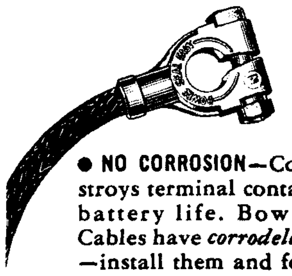

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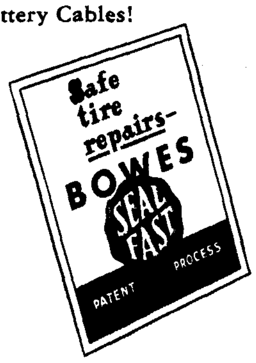

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Tommy Thompson for the loss of his left eye by giving him an extraordinary sense of touch. Tommy went 33 games during the 1947-'48 seasons without fumbling a pass from center.

"On offense," testifies center Vic Lindskog, who supports Neale's theory, "Tommy crouches directly behind me—so close I'm able to start each play by slapping the ball right into his hands. It's all done by feel, because while Tommy's calling signals he has to keep his eye on the opposition to detect changes in their defense. But no matter how slippery the ball gets on rainy days or how hard I slap it back, Tommy's hands just seem to absorb it."

Cliff Patton, the Eagles' ace kicker, who opened the '49 campaign with an unfinished run of 60 consecutive extra points (only 12 short of Jack Manders' record) contributes another testimonial: "Tommy held the ball on every one of the 50 conversions I made last season. Of course the kicker gets all the credit, but the ball holder ought to get half.

"All I do is swing my foot. Tommy grabs that fast, spinning snapback, spots and slants the ball and then gives me a seam—all in a fraction of a second.

"Maybe I'd better explain about the seam. A ball has four seams and travels better if you kick it right on one. Tommy always spots a seam perpendicular to my toe. It takes a mighty handy man to give you that seam every time."

When a T-formation tactician named Tommy Thompson starts tossing touchdowns, it's inevitable that somebody will come up with an alliterative nickname. Burly Steve Van Buren, the Eagles' league-leading ball carrier, finally suggested "Mister T." It was (Van Buren insisted, after the championship was in as evidence) an inspired choice.

"T stands for 'team player,' too," Van Buren pointed out. "We won the title by beating the Bears and Cardinals. Tommy didn't throw a touchdown pass in either game, but his guts and smartness kept the team fired up. Maybe we should have called him 'Mister G.' "

Kept in Game by Novocain

A painful shoulder separation kept Thompson on the bench during the first half against the Bears who had whipped the Eagles 10 straight. In the dressing room between halves, Thompson had to take a shot of novocain to ease the pain.

"I was in the Army," an Eagle veteran remarked, recalling the incident, "but I never saw anything like the shot Tommy took. I thought the Doc was going to lose the needle. We all stood around watching and you could see the sweat popping out on everybody's forehead. We didn't need a pep talk after that."

When Lujack's touchdown pass tied the score at 7-7, Thompson took over and maneuvered the Eagles to the Bears' 38. When the running attack stalled, Tommy knelt on one knee, rubbed his numb right shoulder, and gave Patton a seam. Cliff swung his foot—and the Eagles had their decisive field goal.

In the championship game against the Cardinals, a holding penalty pushed the Eagles back to their seven-yard line. Thompson couldn't pass because the ball was soggy. His backs couldn't run because the field was ankle-deep in snowy slush. He didn't want to punt because his team led, 7 to 0, with only ten minutes to play, and surrendering the ball meant giving the Cards an opportunity to score the tying touchdown.

So, bogged down on his own goal line, Thompson gambled. He shifted Van Buren to fullback. Then, while the overanxious Cardinals ganged up to stop Van Buren, Tommy grabbed the ball from Lindskog and sneaked through center for a first down on the 17.

Marshall Goldberg, the Cardinal safety, made the tackle, angling across from the left side. "Easiest tackle I ever made," he commented later. "Tommy seemed to run straight into me. Actually, he didn't even see me because I was in his blind spot."

Thompson's gamble on Thompson set off the Eagles' advance which carried to the Cardinal 39 and clinched the title. After the game, Philadelphia fans carried Neale and Thompson off the field.

Looking down from the press box, a reporter remarked, "Two years ago, if you'd seen that many people around Neale or Thompson, it would have been a lynching."

Which was very nearly correct. For Neale and his favorite quarterback were a boosome twosome when ex-Sergeant Tommy came back to the Eagles in the fall of 1945. Reason: Neale insisted upon alternating Thompson with flashy Roy Zimmerman, the fans' pet. Every time Thompson went in, the fans booed—long and loud. This Bronx treatment, plus the difficulty of readjusting after a three-year layoff, ruined Thompson's effectiveness. He fumbled 13 times, overshot his receivers repeatedly, and the Eagles experienced an unhappy season.

During the winter, Neale conferred with Alexis (no relation to Tommy) Thompson, then the Eagles' owner.

"We'll have to trade Zimmerman or Thompson," Greasy declared. "I'm trading Zimmerman."

"You can't," Alexis objected. "The fans will burn down the ball park."

"Let 'em," Greasy insisted. "Tomorrow, Zimmerman goes to Detroit."

After Neale completed the deal, owner Thompson kept the information from the newspapers for 10 days. Finally Greasy warned, "You better tell the local papers. If you don't, the news will leak out of Detroit—and the reaction will be twice as bad."

Reluctantly Thompson announced Zimmerman's departure. The press reaction couldn't have been worse. Philadelphia's most widely read sports columnist thundered: "Neale sold his ball club when he traded Zimmerman."

But player Thompson vindicated Neale's judgment by pitching the Eagles to the Eastern Division title in 1947. "If he hadn't come through," Neale admits, "the fans would have run me right out of Philadelphia. That's one reason I don't mind making an occasional contribution to the Thompson Welfare Fund on the golf course."

As a boy Thompson caddied at Ben Hogan's alma mater, Glen Garden Country Club in Fort Worth. The eye injury forced Tommy out of baseball ("My bad eye faced the pitcher and I couldn't follow a curve"); but he kept on playing golf ("To avoid looking up, some of the pros—Jim Ferrier for one—look at the ball with only one eye, anyway"); and he was a competent, though not sensational, halfback at Tulsa U ("I always could pass, but my running wasn't good enough to make me a real threat in Tulsa's single wing").

Ironically Thompson's worst enemies, the Chicago Bears, gave him his belated start toward football stardom by humiliating the Washington Redskins, 73 to 0, in the 1940 championship play-off. Spectator Neale, who viewed the avalanche of touchdowns, was tremendously impressed by the Bears' new, explosive T-formation attack. During the winter, Greasy bootlegged films of the Washington massacre, dissected the Bears' offense, and decided to junk the single wing and install the T at Philadelphia.

T-Formation Guinea Pig

Scanning his squad list for a passer who might develop into a sharpshooting quarterback—the indispensable man in any T-formation—Neale picked Tommy.

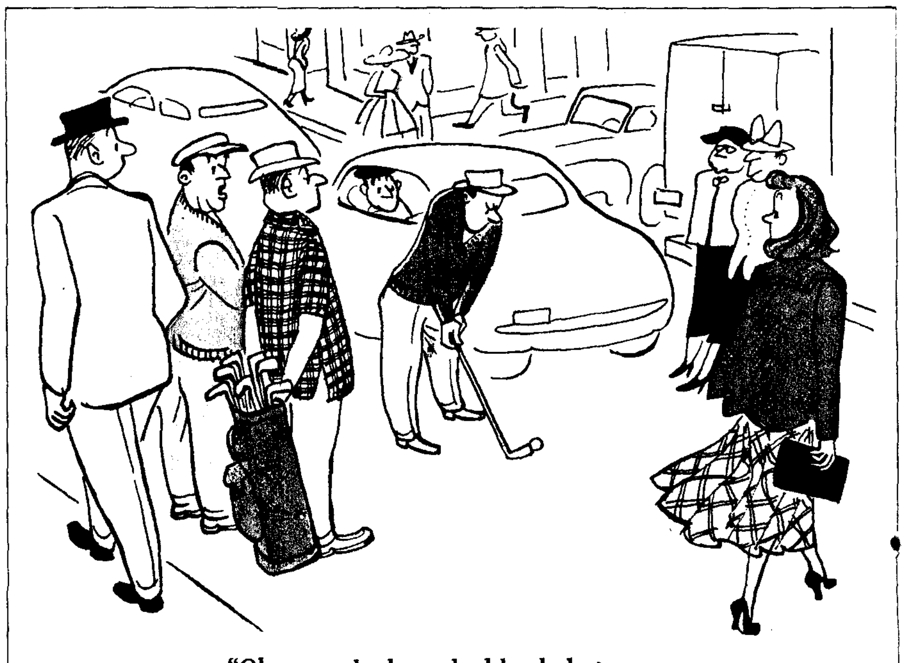
"He was my guinea pig," Greasy recalls. "Unfortunately, we made lots of mistakes learning the T and every mistake seemed to boomerang on Tommy.

"When our blockers missed assignments protecting the passer, Tommy was tackled for the loss—and the fans blamed him. When our back handled the ball awkwardly on a quick opener, the fumble was blamed on Tommy, too.

"But he learned quickly and was pretty close to being the best quarterback in the league when he went into the Army—although not many people realized it. That's why we were so patient when he came back—even though the fans wanted Zimmerman. We knew Tommy had the stuff. Besides, we owed him the chance: he had taken the blame for everybody's mistakes when none of us knew much about the T."

As might be expected, Thompson's wife, Doddie, is an excellent golfer. Doddie shoots in the middle eighties, although she started playing only four years ago. Last summer the Thompsons reached the finals in Philadelphia's Boyle cup, a Scotch foursome tournament for couples. The match went into extra holes. On the 19th, Doddie drove 180 yards down the middle, leaving Tommy a medium iron to the green (in Scotch foursomes, partners play alternate shots).

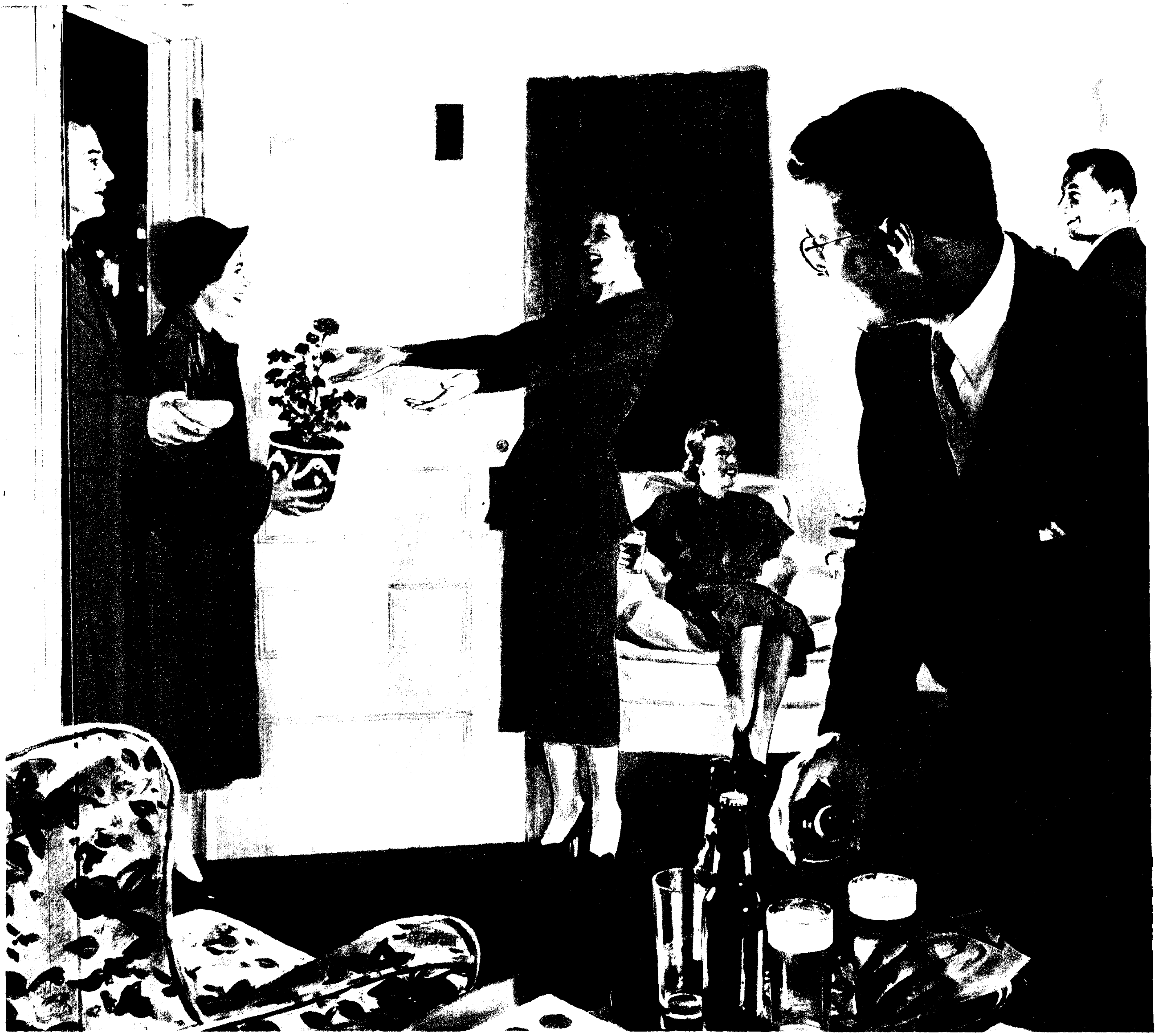
Tommy topped the approach. "Knocked it into a trap and lost the match," complains Mrs. T. "Imagine! He looked up! Wouldn't you think he'd *be the one man in the world who'd keep* his eye on the ball?" THE END



COLLIER'S

"Okay—so he has a bad hook, but you got to admit he can hit 'em a mile!"

JON CORNIN



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The Case of the Negligent Nymph

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

"And what happened?"

"The elevator came to a stop, the defendant got in and closed the door. I ran back upstairs to the lobby and noticed the indicator hand on the elevator. It went to the fourth floor and stopped."

"And the defendant's apartment is on the fourth floor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, had you any means of knowing whether or not the defendant was in her apartment between the hours of seven o'clock in the evening and ten o'clock in the evening of that day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Explain, please."

"Well, I have to make an inventory every three months of things in the apartments the tenants had to sign for. I'd been wanting to get up to the defendant's apartment, so when I saw her go out I rang the night housekeeper and said now was the time to check on the apartment."

"Do you know whether the housekeeper did or not?"

"Sure. She told me—"

"Well, never mind. We'll prove that by the housekeeper," Gloster said. "Now, there is one more question. How was the defendant dressed when she went out?"

"She wore a light plaid skirt with jacket to match. I noticed that much about the way she was dressed when she went out, but I didn't see her until after she'd left the elevator and was walking toward the door, so I was looking at her back. I don't know what color blouse she had on. But I do know she'd changed her clothes while she was out. She went out wearing a skirt and returned in a sweater and dungarees."

"Would you recognize the skirt she was wearing if you saw it again?"

"I would, yes, sir."

GLOSTER'S tone was triumphant. "Now, then," he said, "I refer you to the people's Exhibit D, the skirt and jacket which the sheriff has testified were found on board the yacht owned by the defendant, the Kathy-Kay, and ask you if you have ever seen these garments before."

"Yes, sir, those are the things that Dorothy Fenner, the defendant, wore when she left the apartment."

"And when she came back she wasn't wearing those things?"

"No, sir, she was wearing her yachting clothes, a white turtle-necked knit sweater and yachting slacks and tennis shoes."

"Now, did you notice anything about whether she was carrying a purse when she left the apartment?"

"Yes, sir, she was carrying her purse with her when she left the apartment house that night."

"And did she carry a purse when she returned and had the elevator brought down to the trunk room?"

"No, sir, she did not."

Gloster turned to Perry Mason with something of a smirk. "Now, then, Mr. Mason, go ahead and cross-examine."

Mason said casually, as though the testimony of the witness had not surprised him with a series of body blows, "Oh, I have just a few questions."

Mason, smiling affably, arose from his chair. His eyes were amused and tolerant as he said, "As I understand it from your testimony, it was against the rules to permit Mr. Alder to go up to the apartment unannounced?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you did it?"

"Yes, sir."

"For five dollars?"

"Well, if you want to put it that way, yes," Dixon admitted.

"A violation of the rules for five dollars," Mason said, smiling.

The witness said defiantly, "All right."

"Now, then," Mason said, "when the defendant came in on the afternoon of the third, you had some conversation with her?"

"Yes, sir."

"About how long did that conversation take?" Mason asked. "How long was she standing there chatting with you?"

"About five minutes altogether," the witness replied.

"And then she took the elevator and went up in the elevator?"

"That's right."

"That was an automatic elevator?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how long was this before this gentleman came in—the gentleman who gave you the five dollars for violating the rules?"

Dixon flushed.

"How long was it?"

"Oh, I'would say it was about an hour or an hour and a half."

"And how long before you saw the defendant going out?"

"Well, she went out about forty minutes after the man who had been to see her left—I guess."

"Now, then," Mason said, "just tell the jury exactly what you and the defendant talked about during this five-minute conversation, exactly what you said to her."

"Your Honor," Gloster protested, jumping to his feet, "that is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial; it's not proper cross-examination."

"Unless counsel can show that it has some specific bearing on the case—" Judge Garey said.

Mason smiled and said, "I believe, Your Honor, it is a rule of law that, when a witness on direct examination is asked as to a part of a conversation, the cross-examiner has the right to bring out the entire conversation."

"That's right," Judge Garey agreed. "That is the general rule."

"Give all the conversation as nearly as you can," Mason said to the witness, "what you said to her, and what she said to you."

"Well," Dixon said, "I congratulated her on having been released, and she told me that Mr. Alder had gone all to pieces under Mr. Mason's cross-examination, and that the charge he had made that she had stolen some jewelry from him couldn't be substantiated, and that *he couldn't even describe what the jewelry was*; that it was quite a triumph for her, and that she had an idea Mr. Alder would be trying to squirm out of a very embarrassing situation."

Gloster, now thoroughly angry, said, "Your Honor, I want an instruction to the jury that this testimony is merely as to a conversation between the defendant and this witness, that the fact the defendant may have made a certain self-serving declaration is no proof of the truth of the facts therein mentioned."

Mason said quite affably, "I take it that the district attorney is merely stating his contentions?"

"I'm pointing out what the law is!" Gloster shouted.

"Well, you don't need to educate *me* on the law," Mason said, smiling. "So far, the shoe has been on the other foot, and I'm quite certain that the court knows more law than you do."

A GALE of laughter swept the courtroom. Judge Garey smiled, but perfunctorily pounded for order.

"I want the jury instructed, however, that this conversation is only a conversation," Gloster said.

"A moment ago the district attorney was contending that it was not a conversation," Mason said.

Before the confused district attorney could get his mental feet in under him, Mason went on, "Furthermore, Your Honor, on behalf of the defense I want certain bits of evidence produced for our inspection. If the prosecution is holding papers that were taken from the desk of the decedent, we want an opportunity to inspect those papers."

Judge Garey looked questioningly at Gloster.

"I do not know what counsel is referring to," Gloster said, "and I'm going to state here and now that we are only holding matters which we intend to introduce in evidence, and we are certainly under no obligation to show such evidence to the defense."

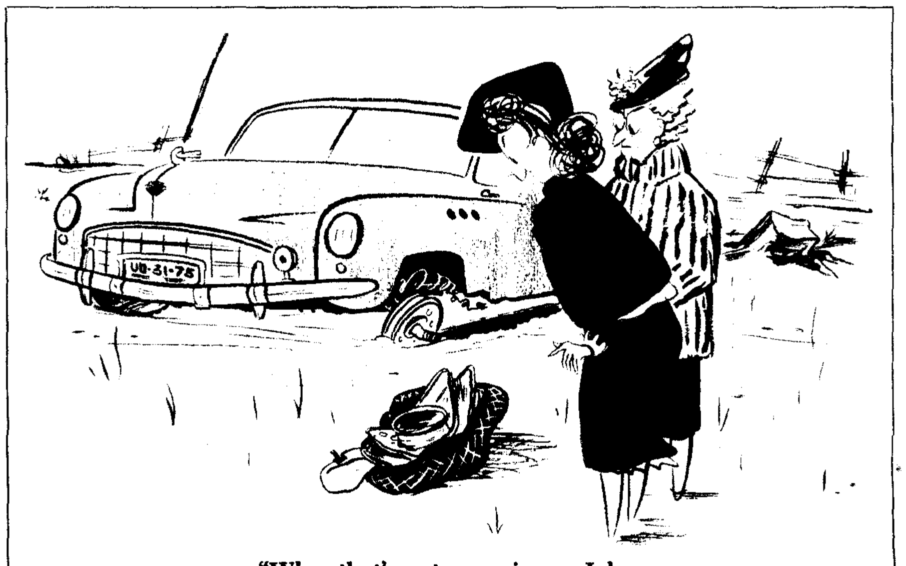
"Provided it is evidence, and provided you introduce it," Mason said.

Gloster, starting to present his position at length, was interrupted by Mason saying suavely to the court, "And, of course, Your Honor, the court itself will notice the tactics of the prosecution in trying to suppress evidence."

"What do you mean by making charges like that!" Gloster stormed. "We haven't suppressed anything. We—"

"Tut, tut," Mason interrupted chidingly, "you remember that the court instructed you to tell us where the dog was, *and you haven't done so.*"

Gloster yelled, "I told you I didn't know. I told you that the sheriff—"



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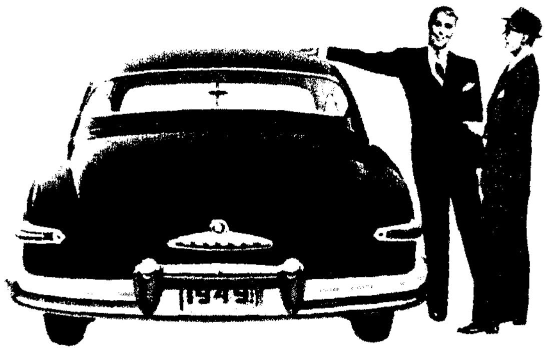

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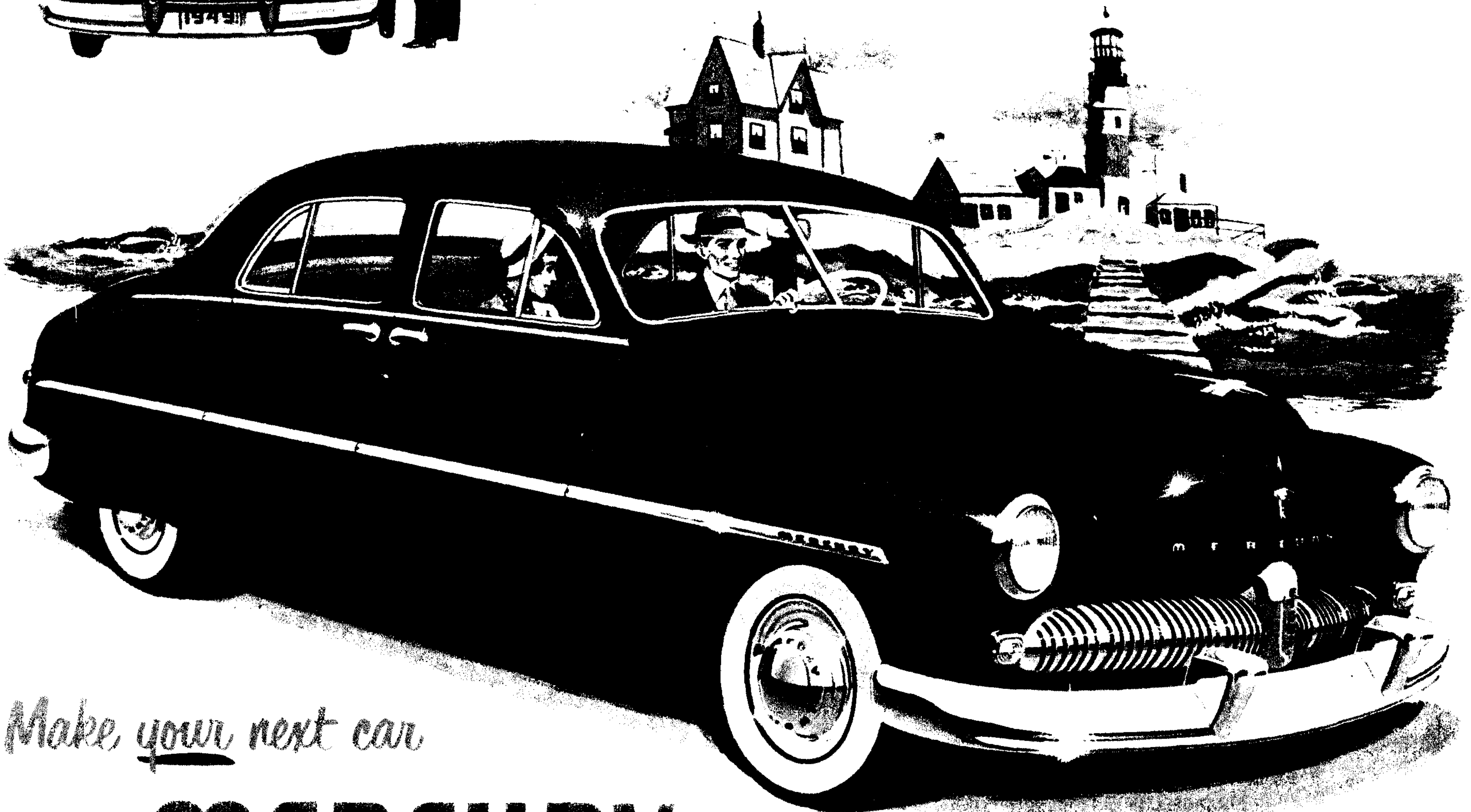

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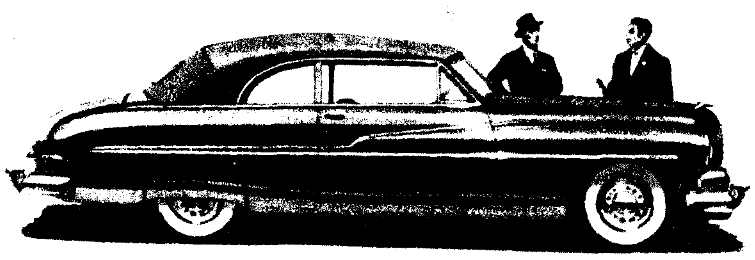

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"Just a moment," Judge Garey interrupted. "Counsel for the defense is quite correct on that. The order of the court was that you were to communicate to the defense where the dog was being held."

"I didn't so understand it," Gloster said, suddenly embarrassed.

"Well, where *is* the dog?" Mason asked.

"I— Well, I can't tell you where he *is* now. I can tell you where he was."

"Why can't you tell me where he is now?" Mason asked.

"Because," Gloster said, angrily, "I'm not going to hand our entire case to you on a silver platter so that you can start picking it to pieces. The dog was taken to the Acme Boarding Kennels, but one of our witnesses wanted to take the dog and did so. And the dog is staying with her. I can't give you the address of the dog without giving the address of the witness, and I don't care to have you tampering with our witnesses."

"What are you afraid of?" Mason asked. "Do you think I'd get her to tell a lie? Would she perjure herself at my request?"

"Of course not."

"Then," Mason said, smiling at the jury, "you must be afraid that I'd get her to tell the truth."

"I'm not afraid of any such thing. You—"

POUNDING with his gavel, Judge Garey said, "Gentlemen, let's cease having these interchanges between counsel. Let's refrain from all personalities, and from now on, counsel can each address the court and not address opposing counsel."

"Very well," Mason said quickly, before Gloster could interpose any comment. "One other thing that the defense wants is an order permitting the defense and the defense experts to inspect the scene of the crime. If the court please, we have been barred from these premises and have been refused permission even to inspect them in order to prepare our defense."

Judge Garey frowned. "The defense certainly is entitled to inspect the premises. The court will make an order that you and your experts may have a right to inspect the premises. The court will adjourn at twelve o'clock noon until Monday morning at ten o'clock. During the afternoon, and during tomorrow, which is Saturday, the court will make an order that the defense may be admitted to the premises at all reasonable times, subject, of course, to the right of the prosecution to have officers there to maintain supervision. Now, then, gentlemen, are you finished with this witness, and, if so, are there any other witnesses?"

Mason smiled at the discomfited man on the stand, and said, "Oh, I guess as far as I'm concerned I have no further cross-examination. I think the jury understands the situation."

Ronald Dixon stood down.

Gloster, on his feet, jaw thrust forward, said belligerently, "My next witness is Oscar Linden. Oscar Linden, take the stand."

Linden, a tall, loose-jointed, middle-aged man with a tattooed star plainly visible on the back of his left hand, took the witness stand, and after the usual preliminaries Gloster started a barrage of quick, pounding questions.

"What's your occupation, Mr. Linden?"

"I operate the boathouse at the yacht club."

"And were you doing that on the first of August of this year? That was a Saturday, you'll remember."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you have occasion on that date, or very shortly afterward, to look over the canoes you had rented during the evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many canoes had you rented that night?"

"Twelve."

"How many of them were back at the hour of ten o'clock?"

"Eight."

"That left four out at that time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, of those canoes, those four canoes, was there anything distinctive about any one of them?"

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"As a special de luxe service I have carpets which I put on the bottom of the canoes."

"Did you notice anything peculiar about any of these canoes when it was returned?"

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"There was considerable water on the top of the carpet and in the bottom of one of the canoes. It was one numbered 0961. The number was painted on it in green paint."

"What did you do with reference to that?"

"Nothing at the time, but shortly after George Alder's murder I was in touch with the authorities. They wanted to go over my stock of canoes."

"Now then, within the next two or three days did you make any further investigation?"

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"I turned this canoe over to a fingerprint expert at the request of the sheriff."

"And do you keep a name list of the people who rent the canoes?"

"No, sir. I do not. There are numbers on the canoes and I keep a record of the numbers on those canoes. We charge either by the hour, by the evening, or by the half day."

"How was this particular canoe in question rented?"

"By the evening. The person who rented it was entitled to stay out until one thirty in the morning."

"After you rented that canoe when did you next see it?"

"When I found it tied up to my dock next morning."

"Up to the time that you turned that canoe over to the fingerprint expert and after it had been rented that evening, had anyone else been in the canoe?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Had it been rented?"

"No."

"Now then, would you know the person who rented that canoe from you again, if you saw him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you see that person?"

THE boatman promptly pointed his finger at Perry Mason, and said, "Mr. Mason, the attorney there."

"Cross-examine," Gloster said.

"No questions," Mason said, smiling affably, to the puzzlement of the jury and spectators. "There can be no question but that I rented *a* canoe from this gentleman."

Gloster said, "Call Sam Durham to the stand."

Sam Durham took the stand and qualified himself as an expert on fingerprints.

"Now then," Gloster said, "did you have occasion sometime after the third of August to examine a canoe marked with the numerals 0961 in green paint on the bow and stern for fingerprints?"

"I did, yes, sir."

"What did you find?"

"I found numerous latent fingerprints which I photographed."

"Subsequently did you identify any of those fingerprints?"

"I did, yes, sir."

"What ones did you identify?"

"I identified certain latents which I have here in photographs numbered one, four, six and eight."

"Whose fingerprints were they?"

"The fingerprints of the defendant."

"Did you subsequently identify any of the other fingerprints?"

"At the time I was unable to do so, but later I identified fingerprints two, three, five and seven as shown in these photographs."

"And when did you make that identification?"

"Yesterday night."

"And whose fingerprints are they?"

AS THE witness turned to face Perry Mason, there was a dramatic silence in the courtroom. "Those are the fingerprints of Perry Mason, the attorney for the defendant."

Judge Garey pounded with his gavel, to subdue the clamor in the courtroom.

Gloster said, "No more questions."

"Cross-examine," Judge Garey said.

Mason said, with a quiet smile, "You examined this canoe for fingerprints at what time, Mr. Durham?"

"Well, it was the evening of the third. Very late in the evening. Nearly midnight, and the examination continued over until the morning of the fourth."

"Now the third was the night of the murder."

"Yes, sir."

"And you understand that the first was the night the canoe had been rented?"

"Yes, sir," Durham said.

"Now how long, in your opinion, would a fingerprint, that is, a latent fingerprint, last on a surface of that nature?"

"Well, it would depend somewhat on atmospheric conditions and various circumstances, but I would say that one could expect to find fingerprints over a four-day period."

"So that sometime within four days before the hour of midnight of the third of August you would say that I had handled that canoe," Mason asked.

"Yes, sir."

"It could have been any time up to four days before you examined the canoe for fingerprints?"

"Yes, sir."

"It could have been before that?"

"Conceivably it could have been, but I would say that around four days would be the extreme time that fingerprints would be preserved under those circumstances."

"And sometime within four days of the time you made the examination around midnight of the third, the defendant had also left her fingerprints on that canoe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now my fingerprints could have been made at any time during that four-day period?"

"Yes, sir."

"As recently as ten minutes before you arrived to test the latents?"

"Well—I'm not prepared to say."

"Why not?"

"Well, I suppose that could have been the case."

"And the fingerprints of the defendant could have been made at any time within the four-day period?"

"Yes, sir."

"As much as four full days before you made your test?"

"Yes."

"So," Mason said, triumphantly, "according to your own testimony the fingerprints of the defendant *could* have been made four days before you made your tests, and mine could have been made when I was looking the canoe over for evidence not more than ten minutes prior to the time you made your tests."

"Your Honor, I object to that line of questioning. I object to that as assuming a fact not in evidence!" Gloster shouted. "I object because there is no evidence and there can be no evidence indicating that Mr. Perry Mason was looking that canoe over for evidence. Why, I can prove—"

"Don't get excited," Mason said. "My questions of this witness relate merely to the time element. I'm trying to find the margin of time. You would like to be very dramatic and make it appear that because my fingerprints and the fingerprints of the defendant are on the same object, they must have been made at the same time. All that I'm trying to show on cross-examination is that they could have been made at any time over a ninety-six-hour period and could have been made ninety-six hours apart. So if you want to put me in that canoe at the same time the defendant was in it, Mr. District Attorney, you are going to have to do a lot more than that."

Gloster's face showed that that phase of the case had dawned on him for the first time.

"And now, Your Honor," Mason said smiling, "we're quite willing to adjourn until Monday morning."

Judge Garey smiled. "The court will take a recess until Monday morning at ten o'clock."

SHERIFF KEDDIE, stiff with official anger, took the key from his pocket, unlocked the gate in the stone wall which enclosed the land side of the big house and said, "Now, I'm a busy man. I haven't got all day. The court said to let you inspect the premises and—"

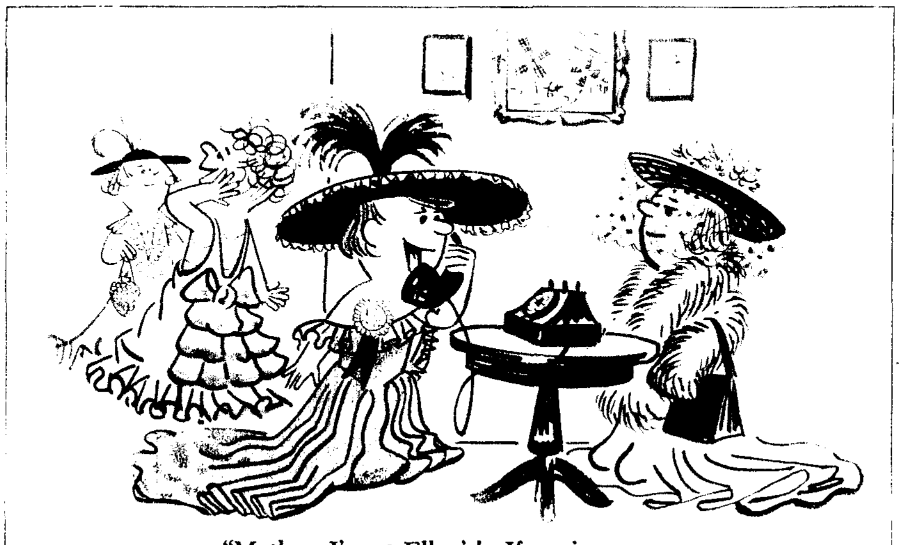
"And we'll want to inspect them," Perry Mason interrupted.

"Well, I don't think you need to be very long here," the sheriff said.

"That's your interpretation," Mason told him. "The court gave us all this afternoon and all day tomorrow."

A second car drew up and men carrying mine detectors debouched from the car.

"What's all this?" the sheriff asked.



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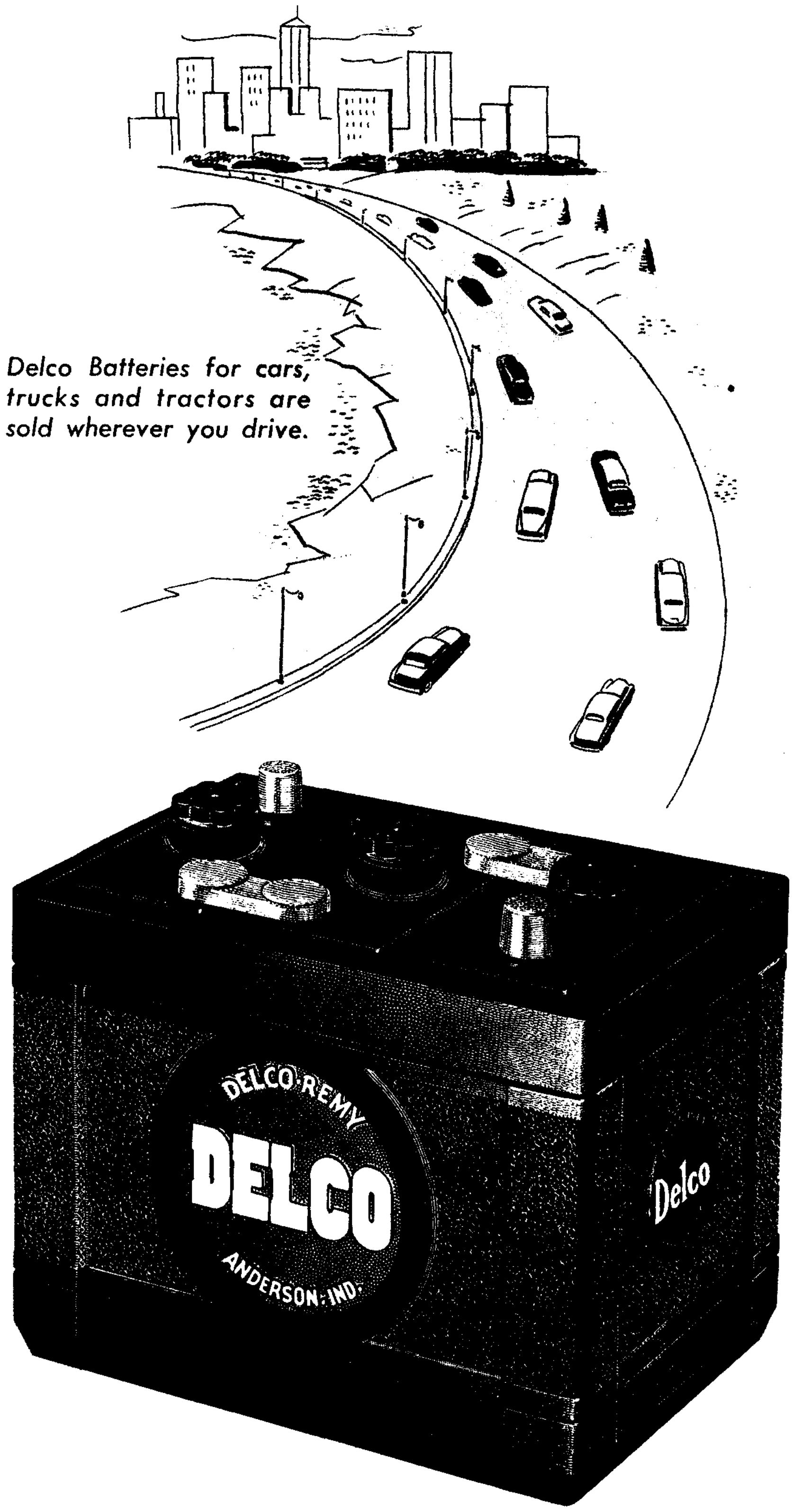
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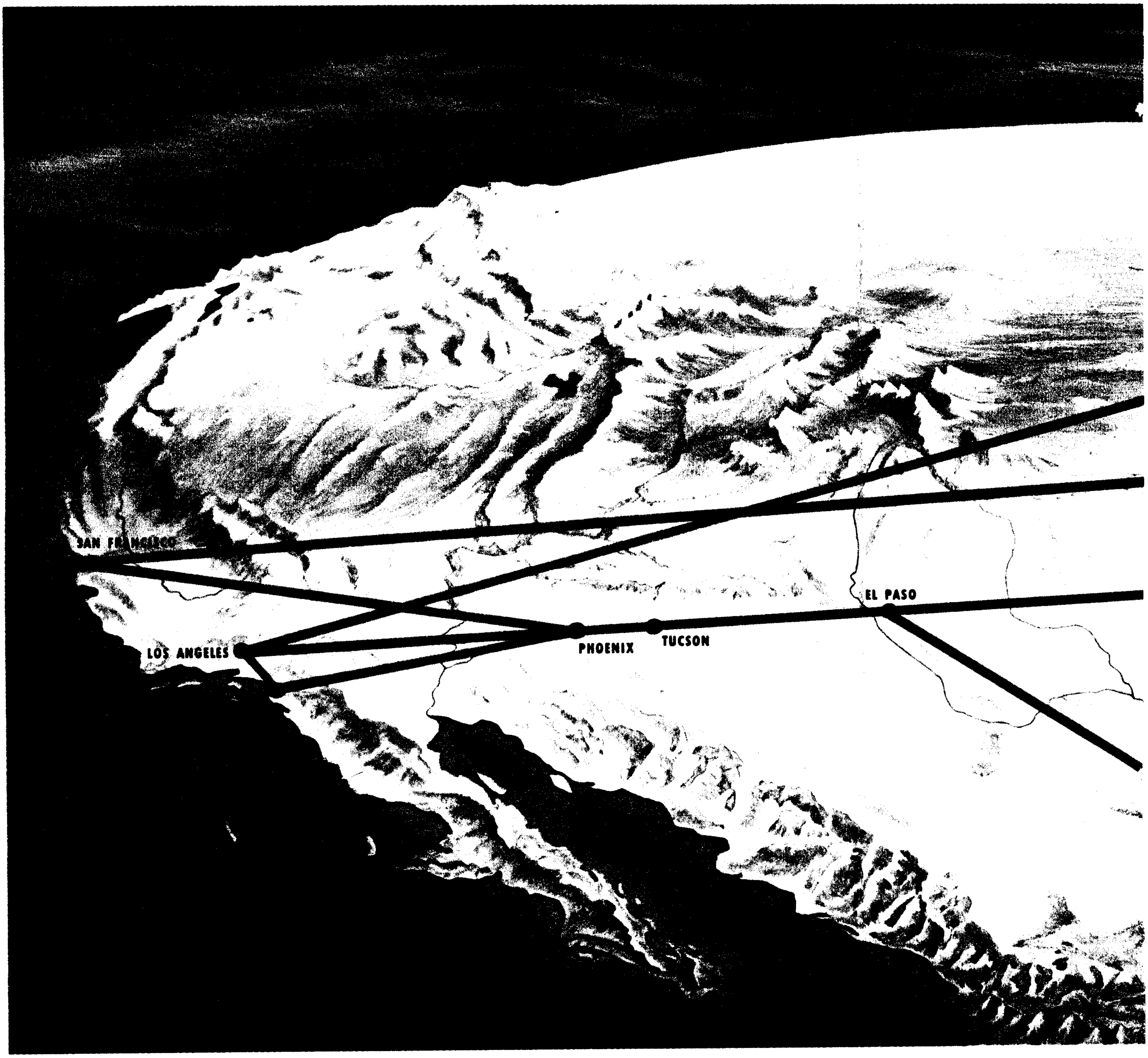
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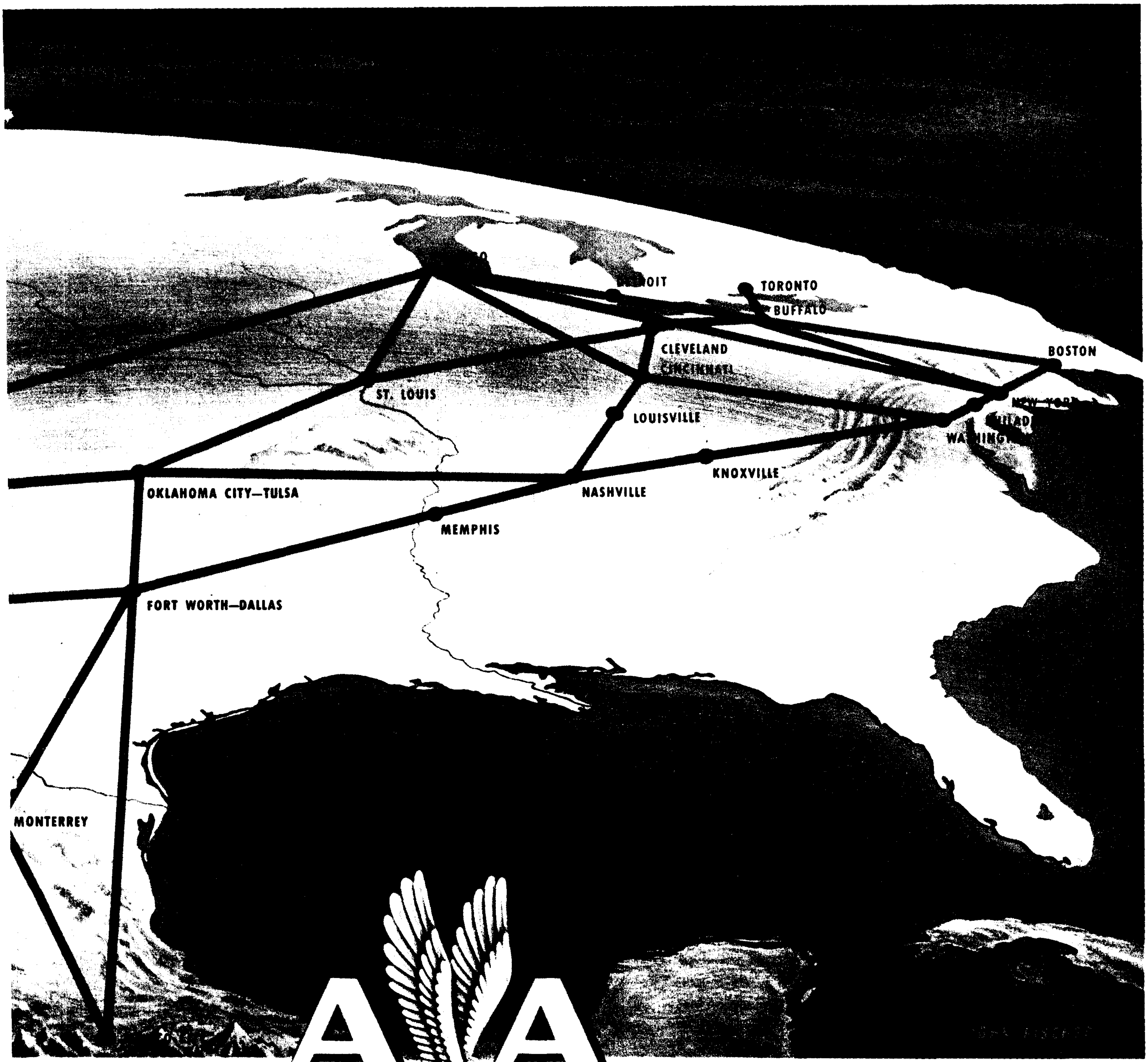
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"The experts who are going to help me inspect the premises," Mason said.

"What are they going to look for with those things?"

"We're searching for metal," Mason said; "metal which may have been buried a foot or so under the surface of the soil."

"What sort of metal?"

"Any metal."

The sheriff thought things over. "Oh, go ahead," he said finally. "But after the way you treated me, I don't aim to go out of my way to do anything for you. I'll do what the judge said, and that's all."

"That's all we expect you to do," Mason told him.

THEY trooped in through the gate which the sheriff locked behind him. Mason said to the men who carried the mine detectors, "Over there in that sandy patch, boys. You can begin over there, and then work around the yard over toward the lawn, and then make a swing around by the landing pier over there. Paul, you and Della stay with me."

Mason, Della Street, Paul Drake and the sheriff entered the house, walking through the echoing rooms which somehow were still impressed with the silence of death.

"Now in here's the room where it happened," the sheriff said. "The bloodstain's still on the floor. They wiped up the blood, but the stain itself will have to be sanded out."

"Where's the room where the dog was kept?" Mason asked.

"Over here."

The sheriff opened the door.

Mason regarded the scratches on the inside of the door and said, "It's your understanding he'd been using this room for the dog for some time?"

"That's right. Whenever he had people coming in, he'd put the dog in that room."

Mason studied the scratches on the door again. "As you have so aptly pointed out," he said, "those scratches are all fresh."

"That's right. The dog heard a quarrel. He knew his master was in danger, and then he heard the shot. Naturally he wanted to get out to protect his master."

"Sounds reasonable," Mason admitted. "The bullet went clean through the body?"

"Clean through," the sheriff said, "and out those French doors."

"That," Mason said, "is something that interests me. You can't be certain that—"

"Well, you're not going to make a red herring out of that, not with *this* jury," the sheriff said. "I know the people in this county pretty well. I know six of the people on that jury so well I call them by their first names. I know how they react to things in this county."

"I'm quite certain you do, Sheriff."

They walked back into the main room.

Mason looked the place over with careful scrutiny, then said, "Do you remember whether there was a stepladder around here, Sheriff—a good, tall stepladder?"

"Good Lord!" the sheriff groaned. "What do you want with a stepladder?"

Mason pointed to the peaked roof. "I want to examine that little place right up there in the ridgepole."

"What place?"

"Up there where the beam runs into it. It's a little difficult to see but it—"

"Sure enough, there *is* something up there," the sheriff said, "but I don't know what difference it could make."

"It might make a great deal."

"What do you think is up there?"

"It could be a bullet," Mason said.

The sheriff regarded him with frowning suspicion, then looked up once more at the all but invisible hole on the right-hand side of the ridgepole at a point where the beams had been cut on an angle to join into the two-by-six which served as a ridgepole and to which the heavy rafters had been attached.

"What would a bullet be doing up there?" the sheriff asked.

"Just resting," Mason said.

The sheriff seemed uneasy as he looked up at the hole. "I don't think that thing was there when we found the body," he said.

"Why not?" Mason asked.

"If it had been, we'd have seen it. We looked the room over for bullet holes."

"Sure," Mason said, "you looked the walls over. You didn't look at the ceiling."

"Well, I don't think it's a bullet hole anyway. I think there's a ladder down in the basement."

"Let's go get it."

The sheriff led the way down to the basement. They found a long stepladder and, after some maneuvering, managed to get it up the stairs and into the big spacious study.

They put the stepladder up, and the sheriff insisted on his official prerogative of being the first up the ladder.

"Looks like it might be—well, something," he said, and took a pocketknife from his pocket and opened the blade.

"Just a minute," Mason said. "I want to warn you, Sheriff, that if that's a bullet, the markings on it may be of the greatest importance. You go digging around and scratching it with a knife and you may destroy evidence that would be vitally important to the defendant in this case."

"Say, how did *you* know that bullet was up here?" the sheriff asked.

"I didn't," Mason said. "I only surmised that it might be up there."

There was a shout from the ground outside the window. Through the open window, a man could be seen running toward the house.

"Now what?" the sheriff asked angrily, getting down off the stepladder.

"We found it!" the man shouted, as Mason went to the window. "We found a gun."

The sheriff strode to the door, opened it and ran down the steps. Mason, Paul Drake and Della Street followed behind.

The men were grouped around a little hole in the sand.

"There she is," one of the men said. "We didn't touch it. When we got a squeal out of the doodlebug, we just dug down easy-like to see what was down here and as soon as we saw what it was we left it alone."

BENDING over, the sheriff scratched around in the sand, then reached down, picked up a sand-covered revolver, held it up in front of him and blew the sand off of it.

"You may want to look on it for fingerprints," Mason said, "although it probably won't do you any good. Even when a gun hasn't been buried, there's only small chances of finding any fingerprints on it."

"I know, I know," the sheriff said. "But I've got to see what this is. It looks to me as though this had been planted."

"Oh, it does, does it?" Mason said.

"That's right, it does," the sheriff announced grimly, swinging the cylinder out to the side. "One exploded cartridge," he said, ".44 caliber."

"Now then," Mason told him, "you've botched up this case so far. Here's some significant evidence. Let's see what you do with it."

Mason moved his men over toward the section of beach opposite the French doors. The men put up a rather small-mesh, tilted screen. Mason, studying the house, mapped out an area. "Just sift the sand here, boys."

"Say, what the hell are you looking for now?" the sheriff asked.

"The fatal bullet," Mason said.

"Well, now, that's different. You boys

go right ahead, only remember I'm here now and you can't plant a thing."

The men carefully dug up the light sandy soil, let it sift through the screen.

"Say, there may be something to this," the sheriff said. "We could have done this, I s'pose. Only it didn't seem there'd be any need of— Hey, wait! There it is! There's the bullet!"

The sheriff scrambled forward, retrieved a somewhat battered lead bullet which had faint, reddish discolorations on its point.

"Okay, boys," Mason said cheerfully. "We can knock off now."

"Say, what caliber is this?" the sheriff asked.

"I have an idea it's a bullet from this .44," Mason said.

"Look here, if you think I'm going to fall for all this hocus-pocus, you're crazy," the sheriff stormed. "I'm not going to monkey with all this red-herring mess of planted clues!"

"Come on, boys," Mason said, smiling amiably at the sheriff. "Let's go."

SEATED in his office, Mason gleefully read the morning newspapers. Headlines announced: SECOND MURDER WEAPON IN ALDER CASE FOUND, and down below: UNEXPLAINED BULLET LODGED IN RIDGEPOLE!

"Well," Della Street said, "are you going to read it aloud?"

Mason nodded, said, "I'll give you a few of the high lights here and there. Listen to this one:

" 'Sheriff Leonard C. Keddie disagreed sharply with ballistics experts. The bullet which was found in the ridgepole was, he insisted, one which had been planted there after the murder.

" 'On the other hand, Hartley Essex, the ballistics expert employed by the district attorney's office, is equally positive that it is a bullet fired from Alder's gun. Moreover, he now feels positive the .44 bullet found by searchers is probably the fatal bullet. A small fragment of dried human tissue was still adhering to the bullet when it was found.

" 'It has been established that the .44 bullet was fired from the gun found buried in the sand. This poses a most embarrassing series of questions for the prosecution. Which bullet killed Alder? If the one in the roof, Alder must have been leaning forward, bent over when the shot was fired.

" 'On the other hand, if the .44 bullet was the fatal one, the whole theory of the prosecution needs revising. Even if someone stood in front of George S. Alder and fired the fatal bullet with the .44, how did the bullet from Alder's own gun, found under his body, get into the ridgepole?

" 'It is also to be remembered that medical testimony already introduced by the prosecution is to the effect that the fatal bullet was a .38 caliber. It is understood a host of experts are available to the defense, anxious to testify that the hole of an entrance wound made by a bullet is almost always smaller than the caliber of the bullet, due to the elasticity of the human skin, which is pushed far inward before the bullet actually penetrates.

" 'The .38-caliber double action unquestionably belonged to George S. Alder in his lifetime. Not only had Alder secured a permit to carry a gun and mentioned the numbers of this gun in his application for such a permit, but records show that the weapon was sold to George S. Alder some two years ago, and Alder's signature appears on the record of firearms sold.

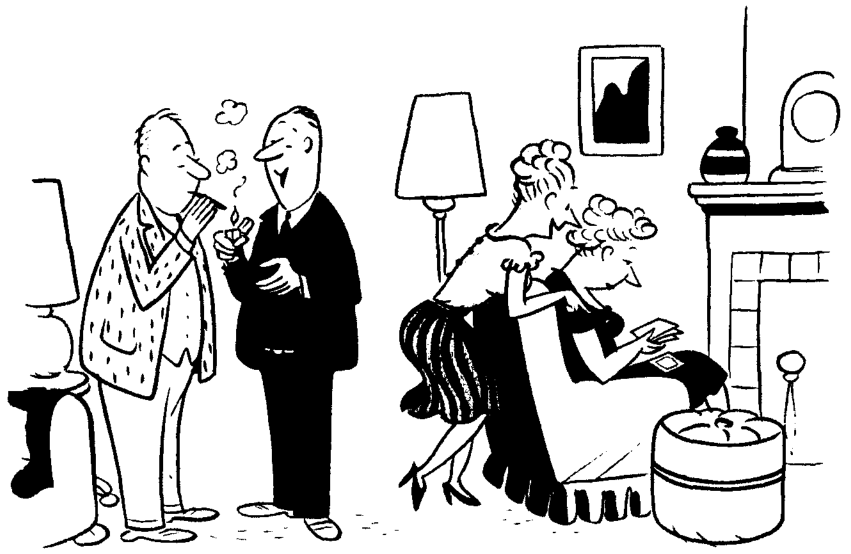
" 'Hartley Essex, the ballistics expert, explained that bullets in going through a human body are quite frequently deflected by bones and will do extraordinary things; but obviously he is not too happy about the position of the bullet in the Alder case, or about the prospect of facing further cross-examination by Perry Mason when the case reopens Monday morning.

" 'Dr. Jackson B. Hilt, the autopsy surgeon who performed the post-mortem on the body of the deceased, insists that the course of the bullet, while ranging slightly upward, showed no evidence that the bullet had been deflected by bony structures of the body. Assuming that the man was standing in an approximately upright position at the time the fatal shot was fired, the course of the bullet was such that the point of exit was approximately two inches higher than the wound of entrance. Yet a plumb line suspended from the place where the bullet was found shows that it points almost directly to the center of the bloodstain which indicates the position where the body was lying.

" 'It is assumed that Perry Mason may now attempt to show that George S. Alder must have committed suicide, or was the victim of an accidental discharge of his own gun.

" 'It is assumed by courtroom experts

VIEWPOINT



"I think every salesman in the office had tried to crack that Goodman account. Then E.J. put me on it and zingo! I've got it in my pocket!"

"You remember me speaking of her. We were like sisters! Lo and behold she lives right here in town! She married that wealthy Mark Goodman!"

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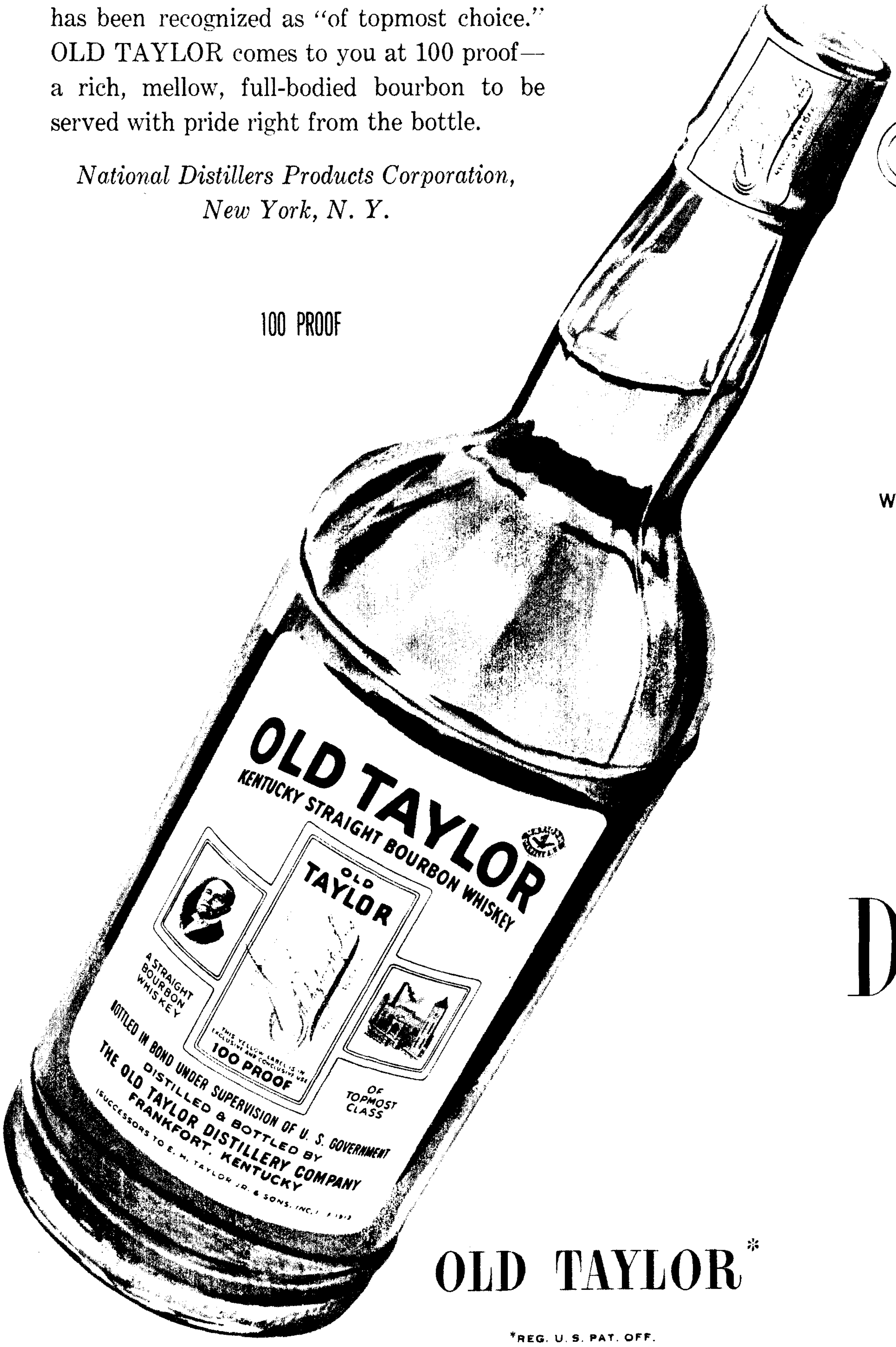
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who have been following the trial that it will be necessary at some stage of the proceedings for Mason to put his client on the stand, and at that time it is almost certain that she will be forced to change her statement that she was not at the beach city on the night of the murder.

"'While outwardly everything remains serene, there is courthouse gossip to the effect that Claud Gloster, who felt positive he could achieve the triumph of adding Perry Mason's scalp to his belt, is quite obviously unhappy about the failure of the authorities to make a sufficiently careful search of the premises to reveal the bullet hole in the ridgepole, and there are persistent rumors that a strained feeling has come to exist between the district attorney's office and that of the sheriff."

Mason folded the newspaper and grinned at Della Street.

"Chief," she asked, "what were you looking for when you found that bullet hole?"

"The hole made by a bullet," Mason said.

"How did you know it was there, Chief?" she asked.

Mason grinned, "I'm not sticking my neck out, Della, but you'll want to be in court Monday morning. I think I now know what happened."

WHEN court convened on Monday morning even standing space was at a premium. As Perry Mason entered the courtroom, Dorothy Fenner tried in vain to catch his eye, then, managing to attract Della Street's attention, she made a little gesture, a plea for understanding.

Della Street moved over to stand by the defendant as a deputy sheriff moved closer to keep a watchful eye on what was going on. Mason, preparing for the battle which was to follow, opened his brief case and spread out papers on the polished mahogany counsel table.

"Miss Street, can't you make him understand?" Dorothy Fenner asked tearfully. "I thought that what I was doing was for the best. I thought I could trap George Alder into making some admission that would help us."

Della Street patted her shoulder reassuringly. "Of course he does, honey. He understands now. But you must understand what it meant to Mr. Mason to have his whole plan of defense suddenly blow up in his face."

"But please speak to him. Please intercede for me. He's so magnificent, so perfectly marvelous, and—"

Abruptly there was the sound of motion as the entire courtroom rose to its feet and Judge Garey made his entrance from chambers. The bailiff intoned the formula which convened court, and Judge Garey motioned for everyone to be seated.

Della Street leaned close to Dorothy Fenner's ear to whisper, "I'll tell him, Dorothy. Good luck."

Judge Garey cast a somewhat disapproving eye over the morbid crowd of thrill seekers that had jammed the courtroom to capacity. Then he announced dryly, and in a voice which indicated he had no intention of permitting his courtroom to be turned into a circus side show for the benefit of curious spectators, "Case of People versus Dorothy Fenner. The defendant is in court and the jurors are all present. So stipulated, gentlemen?"

"So stipulated."

"So stipulated, Your Honor," Claud Gloster announced, getting to his feet. "I now have a statement which I wish to make to court and counsel."

"Very well, go ahead."

"There have been certain developments in this case," Gloster said, "with which Your Honor is doubtless familiar, inasmuch as they have been featured in a thoroughly deplorable way in the press.

"In view of the manner in which these developments took place I cannot help but believe that this was a carefully stage-managed procedure on the part of the defense, and I—"

"Your Honor, I object," Mason said, jumping to his feet. "I demand that the district attorney withdraw that statement."

"And I am prepared to meet that challenge!" Claud Gloster shouted. "I am going to prove that this so-called new evidence was planted—by someone. It is apparent in the very nature of things that all of this so-called new evidence simply can't be accounted for on any possible theory of what happened there the night of the shooting."

"Well, gentlemen," Judge Garey said, "so far as the court is concerned, we can't predicate a lot of discussion on so-called new evidence which has been disclosed only in the press. If there's any new evidence to be disclosed, let's have it."

"Well, if the court please," Gloster said, "circumstances have developed which are going to make it necessary to make certain corrections in the testimony given by witnesses for the prosecution. It is not a question of inaccuracies—merely a question of certain corrections."

Mason let the jury see his broad smile. Members of the jury smiled back. "If the court please," said Mason, "at this time I once more wish to renew my request that we be told where the dog is. The court has repeatedly made an order that we are to be told where that dog is and—"

"Do I understand that you have not as yet been advised by the prosecution where that dog is?" Judge Garey asked.

"Exactly," Mason said.

"Mr. District Attorney," the judge said ominously, "I have repeatedly advised you that the defense is to be told where this dog is to be located."

GLOSTER remained silent, and Mason went on, "Now then, every time that I have tried to find out about this dog, every time I've come reasonably close to finding out, I have been met with some subterfuge."

Judge Garey said, "Well, we are going to find out where that dog is now before there is any other move made in this case."

"Where is he?" Mason asked.

Gloster said, "If the court please, he is with a witness named Carmen Monterrey and I submit that it would be improper to disclose the address of that witness."

"I want to find out about that dog," Mason said. "I either want to know where the dog is, or I'll call Carmen Monterrey and ask her a question about the dog."

"What's the address? Where's the dog?" Judge Garey asked Gloster.

"Frankly, Your Honor, I don't know. I only know that Carmen Monterrey has been subpoenaed and she is waiting in the anteroom of my office."

"Let's get Carmen Monterrey here, then," Mason said.

"I submit, Your Honor—"

"I'm inclined to agree with counsel for the defense," Judge Garey said. "Let's get her in here. Let's put an end once and for all to this business of having the court make an order that the defense is to be given certain information only to have it appear day after day that that information has been withheld."

Gloster thought that over for a moment, then said, "Very well, I'll call Carmen Monterrey. I'll admit recent events caused me to forget about the dog."

There was an intermission of two or three minutes during which a bailiff was sent to the district attorney's office to bring Carmen Monterrey into the courtroom. Then she came forward and was sworn.

Gloster said, "Your name is Carmen Monterrey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you acquainted with a dog named Prince, a dog that was held by George S. Alder for the last few months of his life?"

"Very well. Corinne Lansing got that dog after he had been discharged from a course of Army training. He was still young and a little green, but I carefully trained him so that he became a steady, dependable dog."

"And you are very much attached to him?"

"Yes."

"So that when you heard of the death of George S. Alder you wanted the dog back?"

"That is right."

"Purely for sentimental reasons, and not because you wanted to conceal the dog?"

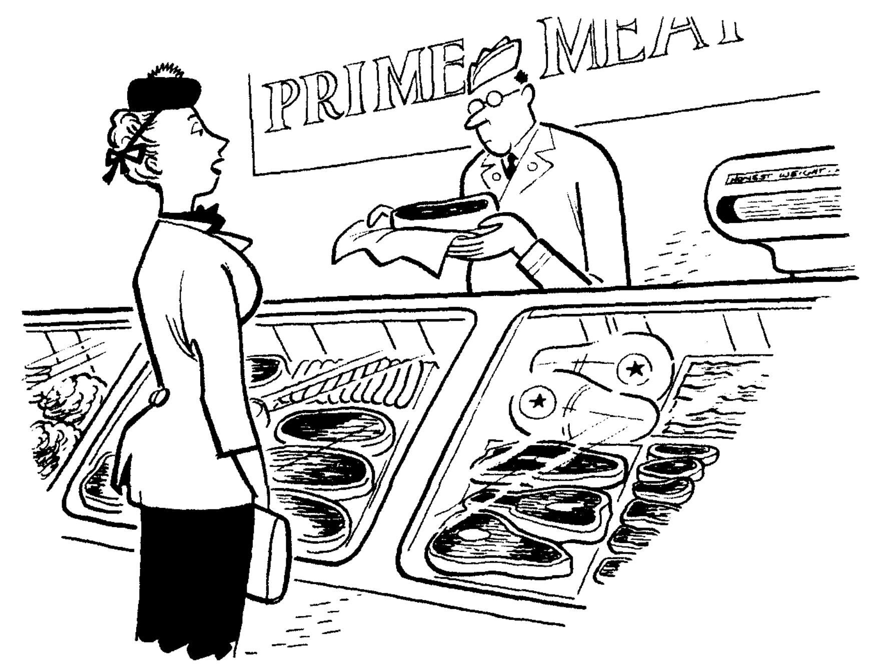
"That's quite leading, Your Honor," Mason said.

"It certainly is," Judge Garey snapped.

"Well, those are the facts. Let's get at them. Let's not waste all our time arguing about this dog," Gloster said.

"That is right," Carmen Monterrey said. "Only because of affection for the dog."

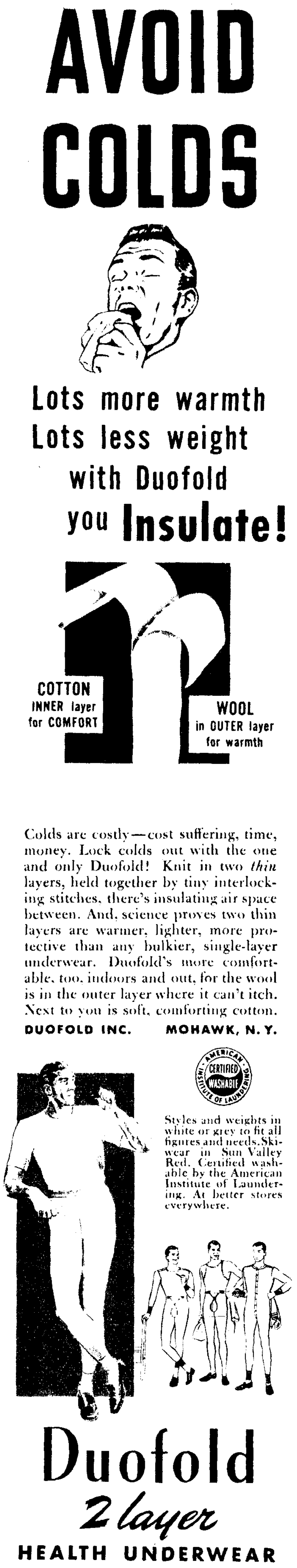
"And where is the dog now?" Gloster asked.



COLLIER'S

"It doesn't have to be good. My husband's going to barbecue it"

DON TOBIN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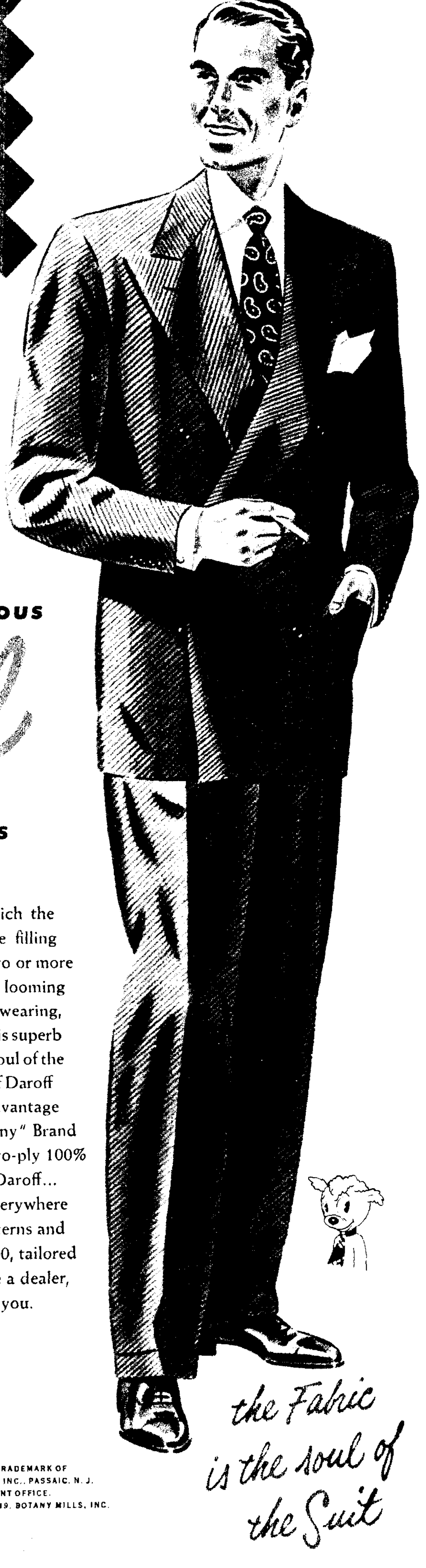

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"I have him in the house where I am living."

"And where is that?"

"It is a house that is owned by my aunt at 724½ North Verillion."

"And the dog is there now?"

"Yes, sir. I shut the dog up when I came to court. He will be happy to follow my orders to wait there. When I get home he will be glad to see me."

"Now, then," Gloster said, "I take it that disposes of the question of the dog. You may step aside, Miss Monterrey."

"Just a minute," Mason said. "I want to cross-examine."

THE judge nodded his assent. Mason turned to the witness and said, "Did the dog have a broken toenail, Miss Monterrey? A broken claw?"

"A broken claw? I don't think so."

"Was the dog limping?"

"No."

"Was the dog's foot bleeding?"

"Oh, I remember now what you mean. Yes, in the closet the dog scratched so that his foot began bleeding, but it stopped very soon."

"You're quite fond of the dog?"

"Oh, yes."

"And the dog is quite fond of you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And you were very much attached to Corinne Lansing, were you not?" said Mason.

"She was my friend—my mistress. I worked for her for years," Carmen Monterrey answered.

"Now, then," Mason said, "when you returned to this city you saw an ad in the paper inserted by George S. Alder, did you not?"

"Your Honor, I object to that," Gloster said. "That's not proper cross-examination."

"I am now showing the bias of the witness," Mason said. "The whole question in this case is whether the dog has a broken or torn claw, and this witness has given testimony which is vital on that point."

"What do you mean, that's the *only* question in this case?" Gloster said.

"Just pay attention to what's going to happen," Mason said, "and you'll see how it's important. If the court please, I think this question is very vital, and I want to show the bias of the witness."

"Go ahead," Judge Garey ruled, leaning forward so he could listen to better advantage.

"Did you see such an ad?" Mason asked.

"Yes," she said.

"And you communicated with the person who had inserted that ad and found out it was George S. Alder, did you not?"

"Yes."

"And," Mason said, "George S. Alder told you that it would be very much to your advantage to come and see him, did he not?"

"Well—yes."

"And you did go to see him, did you not?"

She avoided Mason's eyes.

"Remember," Mason said as she hesitated, "there are certain things which can be proved."

"Yes, I went to see him."

"When you went to see George S. Alder you asked him about a letter which had purportedly been written by Minera Danby and thrown overboard from Alder's yacht, did you not?"

She was silent for a long time, then finally said, "Yes."

"And," Mason said, pointing his finger at her, "you went to see George S. Alder on the evening of the third at about the hour of nine o'clock didn't you? Now, just a minute before you answer, Carmen. Remember that your movements can be traced on that night."

"Yes," she said.

"And," Mason said, "the dog was very glad to see you, wasn't he?"

"Oh, Prince was overjoyed," she announced, her eyes and voice softening affectionately.

"Exactly," Mason said. "And there was no need for Prince to be shut up in the closet. In fact, it was when he heard your voice that he went crazy in the closet and started scratching the door so that Mr. Alder had to let him out. Isn't that right?"

"That is right."

"And the dog almost ate you up in his affection."

"Yes, indeed."

"So," Mason said, "when you accused George S. Alder of having murdered Corinne Lansing, and an argument followed during the course of which George S. Alder drew a gun, Prince protected you against Alder because he had much more affection for you than he had for Alder. He jumped at Alder's gun arm and clamped his teeth around the wrist of Alder's coat, didn't he, Carmen?"

"Your Honor," Gloster said, "I—"

"You sit down and shut up," Judge Garey said, without taking his eyes from Carmen Monterrey. "Look at the witness. You can see the answer to the question in her face."

"And," Mason went on, "that accounted for the triangular tear in George Alder's left coat sleeve, didn't it, Carmen? That's where the dog's teeth caught when he jerked Alder's hand and that's when Alder discharged the gun with the barrel pointed up in the air so that the bullet struck in the ceiling. And then's when you shot him with a .44 revolver which you were carrying in your handbag, isn't it, Miss Monterrey?"

"I—I—yes," she said. "I had to. He tried to kill me."

Mason turned with a smile toward Gloster and said, "Perhaps the district attorney has some questions on redirect examination. I think the court will now see the importance of that torn claw."

"I'm frank to confess I don't," Judge Garey said, "but I want to find out what this is all about."

MASON explained: "The answer is very simple. The dog hadn't torn a claw loose. The scratches on the inside of the door were not made when the murder was being committed. They were made when he heard the voice of the one person in the world whom he really loved, the voice of the woman who had been his real mistress for years, Carmen Monterrey.

"Alder let him out. The dog was there and the dog sprang to hold the wrist of George Alder when he tried to kill Carmen Monterrey. She shot him, and I'm satisfied that she shot him in self-defense. George Alder fell forward on his face and Carmen Monterrey was in a panic.

"She realized that the presence of the dog would be the most incriminating fact against her, so she put the dog back in the closet. *She was the only person on earth who could have put that dog back in the closet after George Alder was dead.* But the dog had stepped in the pool of Alder's blood and enough blood adhered to the hairs on the inside of his feet so that when he heard her leaving and scratched again to get out, there were blood smears on the door. That's how the blood got on the door.

"I think Carmen Monterrey will presently tell us that she took her gun out and buried it, and then she searched the desk until she found the letter which was contained in the bottle, and then she left the premises.

"Some time later, the defendant came down to see George Alder, and walked in just as Alder had instructed her to do. I think there, Your Honor, you have your murder case."

Judge Garey looked at the crestfallen district attorney. "I think so too, Mr.

Mason," he said. "Court is going to take a thirty-minute adjournment while we investigate this matter outside of the presence of the jury. Then they will return and the district attorney can take such action as he sees fit."

DELLA STREET and Paul Drake were with Mason in the lawyer's office. A container held a bottle of champagne and three champagne glasses were filled to the brim on Mason's desk.

"Here's to crime!" Mason said.

"And the greatest lawyer of them all!" Drake amended. "Boy, the way you managed to keep Gloster all tied up in knots, even when he had you on the run so far as the facts were concerned, is one of the greatest pieces of courtroom technique I've ever seen."

Mason grinned and said, "I kept prodding him about telling me about the location of the dog and then I'd let him change the subject or I'd change the subject myself so he'd forget all about it—until Judge Garey really thought there was something sinister about the whole business."

"How did you know that—well, how did you know what had happened?" Drake asked.

"Believe it or not," Mason said, "I'm actually kicking myself that I didn't know a lot sooner. First let's take the fundamental facts into consideration. George Alder had been carrying on a ruthless enterprise. His half sister, Corinne, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, disagreed with him. He had some papers for her to sign and he flew to South America.

"She didn't sign the papers. He reported that she refused to sign them, refused to see him after that, and disappeared, presumably a suicide in a fit of despondency. But who knows? Her body was never recovered. She simply vanished.

"With the disappearance of Corinne Lansing, George's hands were tied for seven years unless he could find some pretty good circumstantial evidence that Corinne Lansing had actually died, and prove the time and the place when she died and show that there had been a dead body which presumably was hers.

"At this point that mysterious letter from Minerva Danby enters the picture. It had been written by a woman. It accused George Alder of murder. It put Alder in a very embarrassing position. Obviously if he'd murdered Minerva Danby he must have done it to prevent Corinne Lansing from officially coming to life.

"He made the mistake of confiding in Dorley H. Alder. He may not have shown Dorley the letter, but he told him enough about what was in it so that Dorley realized the implications and the possibilities.

"If there was no trace whatever of Corinne, then Alder's hands were tied for seven years. If they could introduce evidence, even circumstantial evidence which indicated she had been killed, then the situation would be entirely different—and if she had been confined to that institution and had been burned to death in the fire, the whole legal situation would have been simplified for both George Alder and Dorley Alder. The trouble was that the letter which gave the evidence that would simplify the case for George Alder also virtually accused him of murder, which tied his hands. But Dorley Alder was under no such moral restraint. Naturally he wanted to see the letter made public.

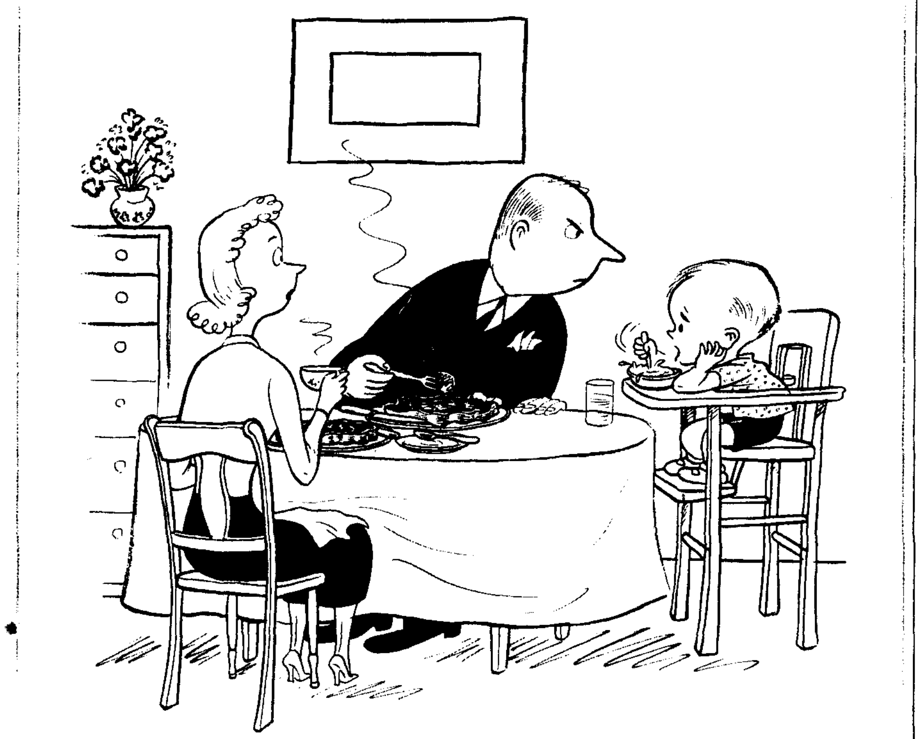
"So it was entirely natural that he would talk to Dorothy Fenner about it to see if she had any inkling about the contents of the letter or the facts mentioned in it, and it's quite possible that he wanted to use her as a cat's-paw in making the letter public.

"George Alder was in a predicament. He didn't dare destroy the letter because that would have been tantamount to an admission of guilt—and then of course Pete Cadiz knew about the letter and Dorley Alder knew about the letter."

AFTER a brief pause, Mason resumed: "Then after Dorothy Fenner sneaked into his house, she knew what was in the letter. You can see how the coils of circumstantial evidence began to tighten around George Alder—and when I began to realize how he was trapped by circumstances, I began to study the letter more carefully. I saw how cunningly it had been constructed for the purpose of putting him in just such a situation, and I began to wonder just who had written that letter and why."

"What do you think of it?" Drake asked.

"I think it's a forgery," Mason said. "If you look at the composition carefully you'll realize that the writing is that of a person trying to achieve a dramatic effect, not the terror-stricken outpouring of a person who is locked in a cabin on a wild ocean and thinks she is about to be murdered. The whole tone of the



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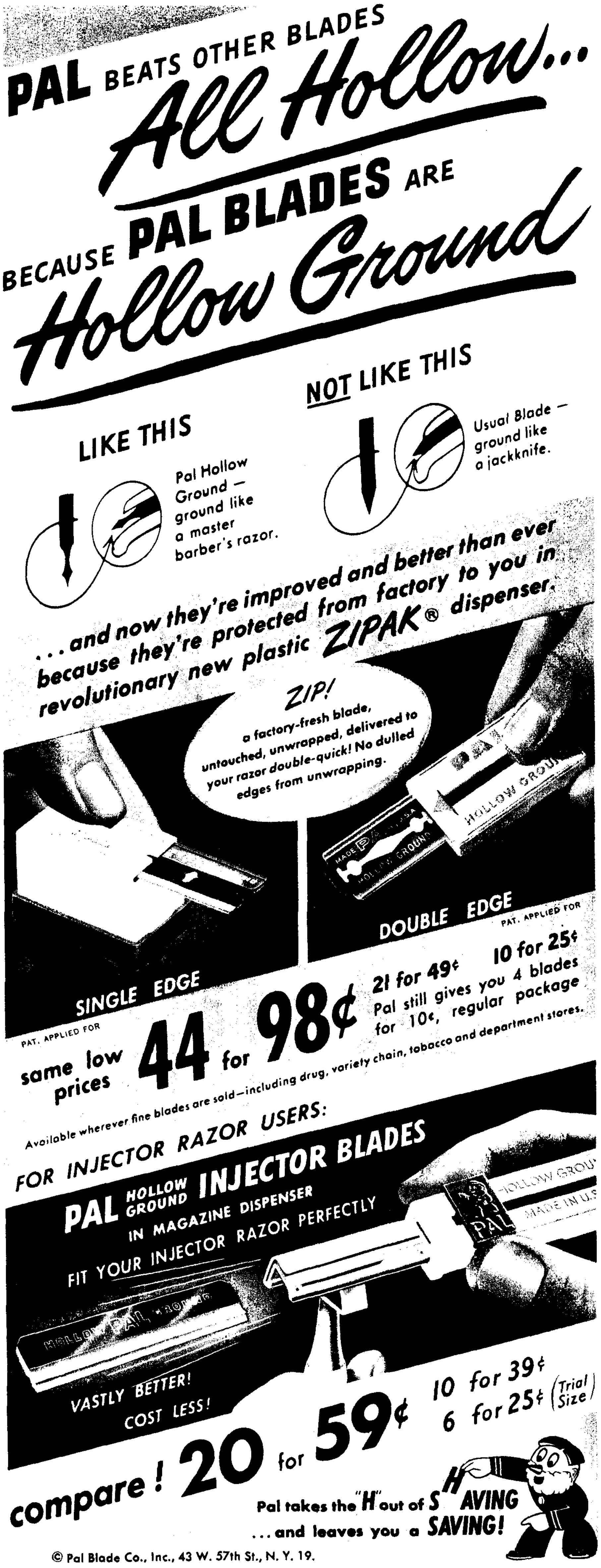

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thing is far too leisurely. It's a reasonably good specimen of carefully prepared dramatic writing, of building to a climax. It's not the type of letter a woman would have written while she was in fear of her life.

"Moreover, when we consider the manner in which it was found, we are forced to a realization that it *must* have been planted. Pete Cadiz had been searching along that high tideline for several days. Then he suddenly found this bottle right where he had been looking all of the time. It's hardly conceivable that he could have overlooked the bottle—"

"But suppose it had drifted ashore only the night before," Drake said.

"Not a chance," Mason pointed out. "Remember that Cadiz said he couldn't get into this little bay except when the water was very smooth, and that it was only during periods of high tide and storm that the waves lashed driftwood way up above the normal high tideline on the beach. Yet on this trip he'd been in there for a week combing the high tideline."

DRAKE nodded, and Mason went on, "So we start figuring from there. George Alder would hardly have planted a letter branding himself as a murderer. Who would have done so? It was in the handwriting of a woman. It may even be a good forgery, for all I know, but a woman probably did it. Who?

"The evidence points to one person. Someone who was trying to force George Alder into a defensive position. It *might* have been Corinne; it might have been Dorothy Fenner—but there was a good chance it was Carmen Monterrey, who felt George Alder had murdered Corinne, of whom Carmen was very fond. That last thought opened up possibilities.

"Then I began to think about the dog in the closet, and the blood streaks, just two or three smear tracks on the inside of the closet door, and a couple of blood smudges on the closet floor.

"A bleeding foot would have left a whole lot of smudges and smears. Something was wrong with the picture. At first my mind merely registered a vague uneasiness. Then I began to think about it, and it suddenly dawned on me that if the dog had stepped in a pool of blood and *then* been put back in the closet, those bloody smears would be in keeping with the picture—otherwise they simply *didn't* fit into the pattern of events.

"So then I started thinking about what must have happened in case the dog really had been loose when the shooting took place and been put back in the closet afterward. Then things began to fit into a logical pattern."

"But why didn't that track show?" Drake asked.

"It did," Mason said, "but when the dog got out there was a wild scramble, and the dog splashed through the pool of blood again and the officers simply didn't appreciate the significance of that one track, in view of the fact that other tracks made by the dog in the blood were all over the place.

"Just as soon as you admit that the dog had stepped in that blood, then the deadly significance of the thing becomes apparent. Conceding that Alder was dead, and the dog was out, then *there was only one person on earth who could put that dog back in the closet.*

"Remember that George Alder was left-handed: that there was a triangular tear on the left sleeve of his coat; that his gun had been fired almost straight up in the air, and that he had been killed almost at the same moment he fired his gun, because he had pitched forward and his own gun was found underneath his body. You put all those things together and there's only one answer.

"For sometime I had been toying with the thought that Alder might have actually murdered Corinne there in South America. He flew to South America. He wanted her to agree to certain matters of policy and she refused. He suddenly realized that not only was she balking him, but that she stood between him and a fortune. Perhaps there was a choked cry in the night, a splash and that was the end. But whether he murdered her or not, Carmen had learned to believe he had.

"She remained in South America for weeks, trying to find Corinne's body, trying to get some clue. At the end of that time she was convinced Corinne was dead and that George Alder had committed the murder.

"So Carmen comes back, still running down clues. She goes to the mental hospital at Los Merritos, running down a clue that a person is there who answers Corinne's description and suffering from amnesia.

"It wasn't Corinne, but the woman attracted Carmen's sympathy. She sent money to the hospital for this woman—and then the hospital burned.

"A few weeks after that the great idea hit Carmen's mind. At the time of Minerva's death, officials had dumped whitewash on George Alder. But suppose that case could be made to look like a murder. What was more, suppose it could be tied into Corinne's affairs in some way. Then Alder would be on the defensive and the truth might come out.

"Carmen determined to try it. She managed to get a bottle that had been drifting for months. She forged that letter and looked around for Pete Cadiz. Then she planted the bottle where he'd be certain to see it. Then she sat tight to await developments.

"When she saw that ad in the paper, communicated with Box 123J and learned the man at the other end of the line was Alder, she knew she was ready to strike. She was ready to accuse him of Corinne's murder."

LOOKING at Della, Drake sighed and said, "Well, it sounds reasonable enough now, but thank Heaven I wasn't the one that was in there trying that case, with a two-timing client and a district attorney who was looking for my scalp, and me with my fingerprints on the canoe."

"That goes double for me," Della Street said. "It should teach Mr. Mason not to go around picking up nymphs who make passes at his canoe."

Mason laughed. "It would have been all right if only she hadn't left her bath towel with the laundry mark on it."

"And thereby got caught," Drake said.

"A mere slip in her plans, a case of negligence on her part," Mason explained.

Della Street reached for her pencil. "A good title for the filing jacket, The Case of the Negligent Nymph."

Mason laughed aloud. "And incidentally, Della, as Corinne's heir, that nymph is going to come into something of a fortune."

"How come?" Paul Drake asked. "I thought the money was tied up in a trust and that on Corinne's death the property vested in—"

"It's against the policy of the law," Mason said, "to permit a murderer to profit by his crime. So George Alder couldn't have acquired anything through Corinne's death. And while the point so far as Dorley Alder is concerned might be debatable, he has agreed to a compromise which will give Dorothy Fenner a very comfortable fortune—although I think I should give her a spanking along with it."

Paul Drake raised his glass, caught Della Street's eye. "And here, Della, is a toast to the greatest courtroom strategist of them all."

Della Street got up and touched her glass to Drake's. They solemnly drank the toast.

THE END

Floodwater

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

One family, however, was more concerned about the floods than any other: the Mundys. The Mundys' house, last on the street, sat on the bottom lands side, where the ground fell sharply away into the cornfields. From the front it looked like a tiny one-story shack, but from the rear you could see it was a three-story house, tallest on the street. And because the Mundys—the seven kids and lean, nervous Mr. Mundy and roly-poly Mrs. Mundy—lived in this ridiculous triangular house, they were more conditioned to disaster than anyone else on Gorker Street. Disaster had become their yearly dish, as a matter of fact. They waited for it every winter and they did what had to be done without complaint.

Mr. Mundy was by profession a railroad brakeman, but because he was raising a big family he had to engage in other work too. He always put in a large garden, for instance, and his back yard contained an enormous chicken run to supply his family with eggs and poultry. There were often rabbits, too; and, for the past several years, a goat. When winter began to break and the Mundys saw the brown water rising out of the bottom land, they all went down to rescue the livestock.

Mr. Mundy would fence off his napkin-size front lawn and put the chickens and the rabbits and the goat, and whatever else was alive and had to be rescued, into this pen. The chickens always seemed to be happy enough with their new home, and scratched around vigorously in the dirt; and the rabbits ate the grass and lived a normal life disturbed only by the dogs that made special trips down the street to bark at them.

This January the same thing happened. People saw the Mundys carrying their livestock up to the pen on the front lawn and thought nothing of it. The bottoms were going to have their flood again, that was all; and in a week the water would retreat, leaving the rich topsoil that made the corn grow tall in July. The Mundys themselves, stacking their living-room furniture on the front porch, were resigned. They knew that the water would stay in their back yard and kitchen and living room for a week and then go away, leaving the usual collection of logs and mud and old shoes and dead chickens behind.

But this was a different kind of year, and not until the calamity was upon them did people stop to think that the weeks that had led up to the flood were different from other years.

December had been ice-locked and even the Ohio had frozen solid. Then January brought a quick thaw, with days of gray rain.

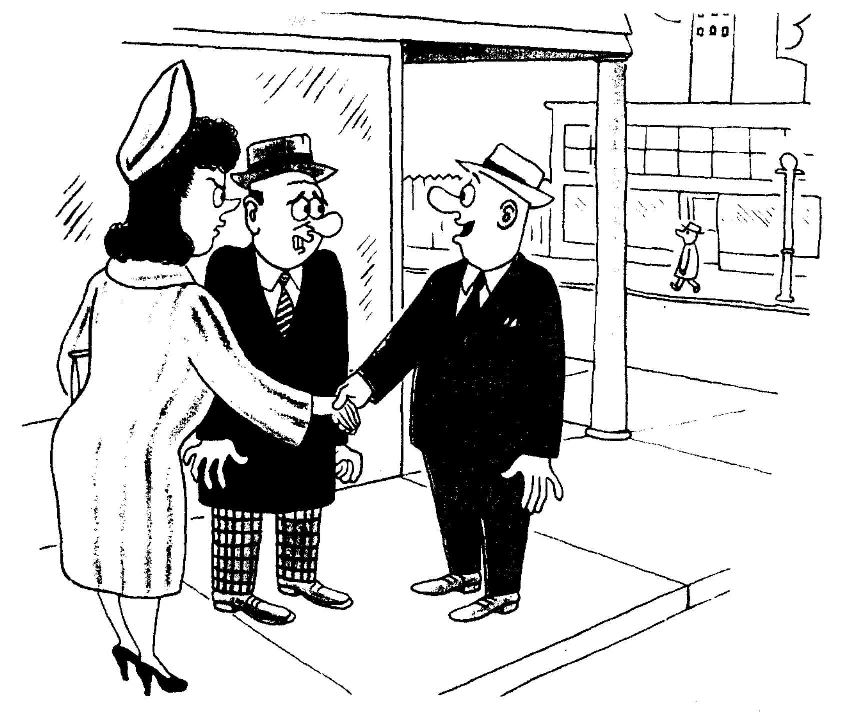
Looking out of their windows every morning when they woke up, people saw the rain still beating down relentlessly, pouring off the roofs in miniature waterfalls, rushing along the street in small tidal waves. Would it never stop raining? It seemed too early for the yearly flood, yet already the bottoms were filling up; already when you walked down to the end of the street and stood by Mundy's house, looking out across the bottoms, you could see only the branches of trees sticking out, beaded with birds, and the lopsided roof of a barn which had floated down from some farm lost under water.

ANDY MALFITCH, who made his home on the mud path that Gorker Street became after it passed Mundy's house, had been smart this year. The voting booth in which he lived—one of those old red wooden shacks on wheels that used to be towed to the various precincts of the city on Election Day—had almost always been caught in the flood in other years.

Andy would make plans to move it, but then at the last minute he'd be too drunk, or too busy, or not in the mood, and so in the spring he'd always have to go wandering out through the bottoms looking for it, and have it dragged, or carried by some of his friends, up to the rent-free spot he'd staked out for himself ten years before.

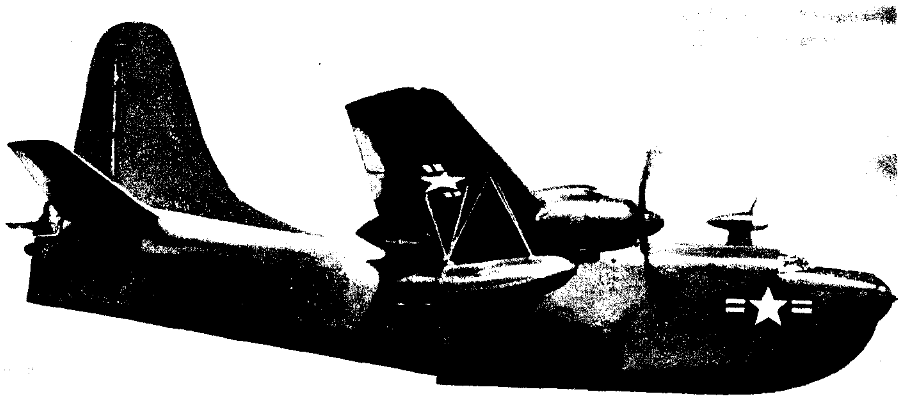
This year, though, was different. This year he had used a chain and George Foltz's car and towed his booth up to the end of the street proper; this year he wasn't going to have to go gallivanting all over creation looking for his home after the damn' flood had had its day.

So that now, during these first days of the rising water, he walked in and out of his house just as though he were a regular citizen of the community, used to dry



"Yes sir, I knew the minute I saw you that you must be Joe's missus. Anyone who's ever seen those imitations of you that Joe does at our lodge smokers . . ."

COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE



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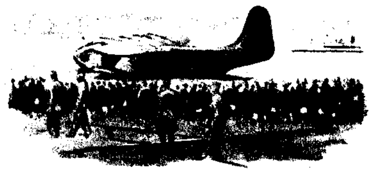

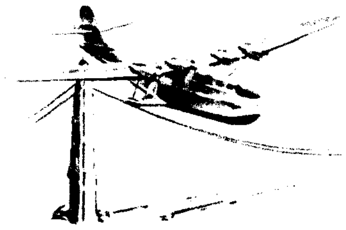

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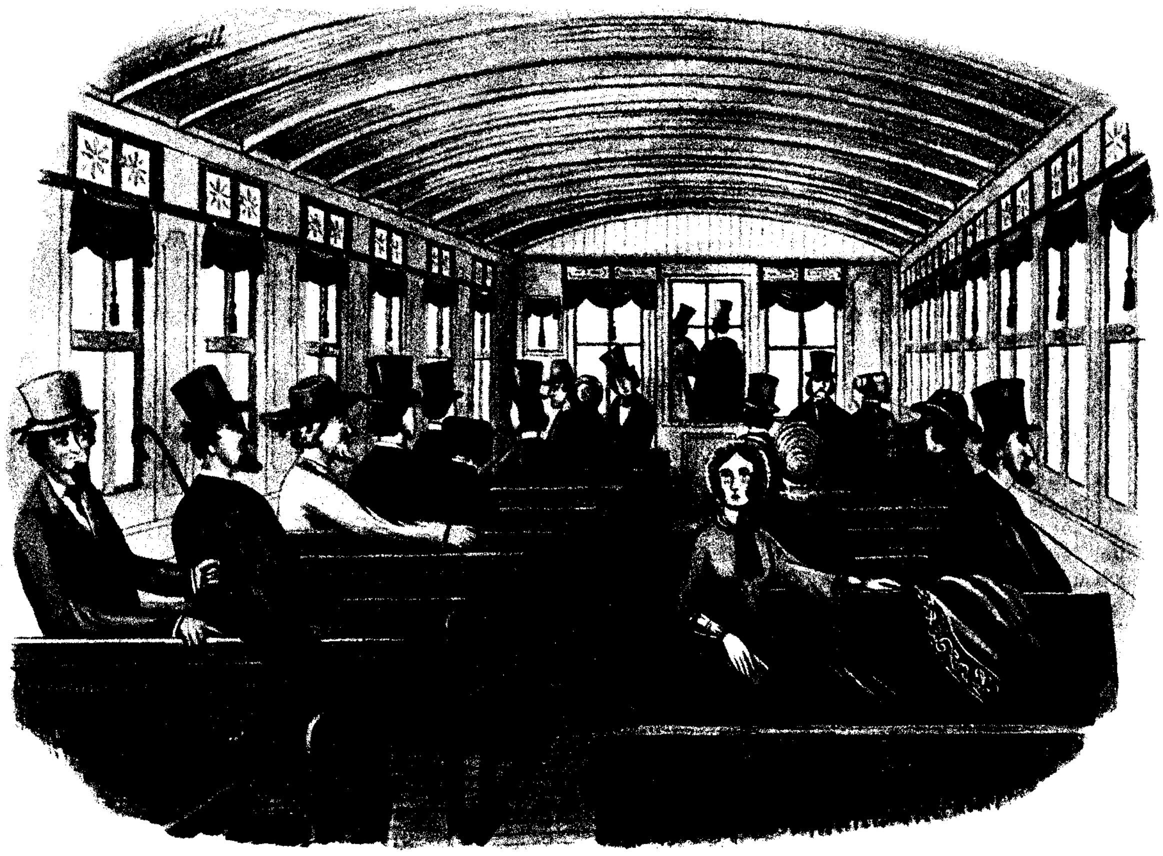

GONE are the "good old days" when just a chance to sit or stand on the rear platform was all an "observation" car had to offer. Gone are the cinders showering from the engine up ahead that almost invariably got into grandpa's eye so he couldn't see much anyway. Gone, too, the smoke and steam that soiled lovely clothes.

* * *

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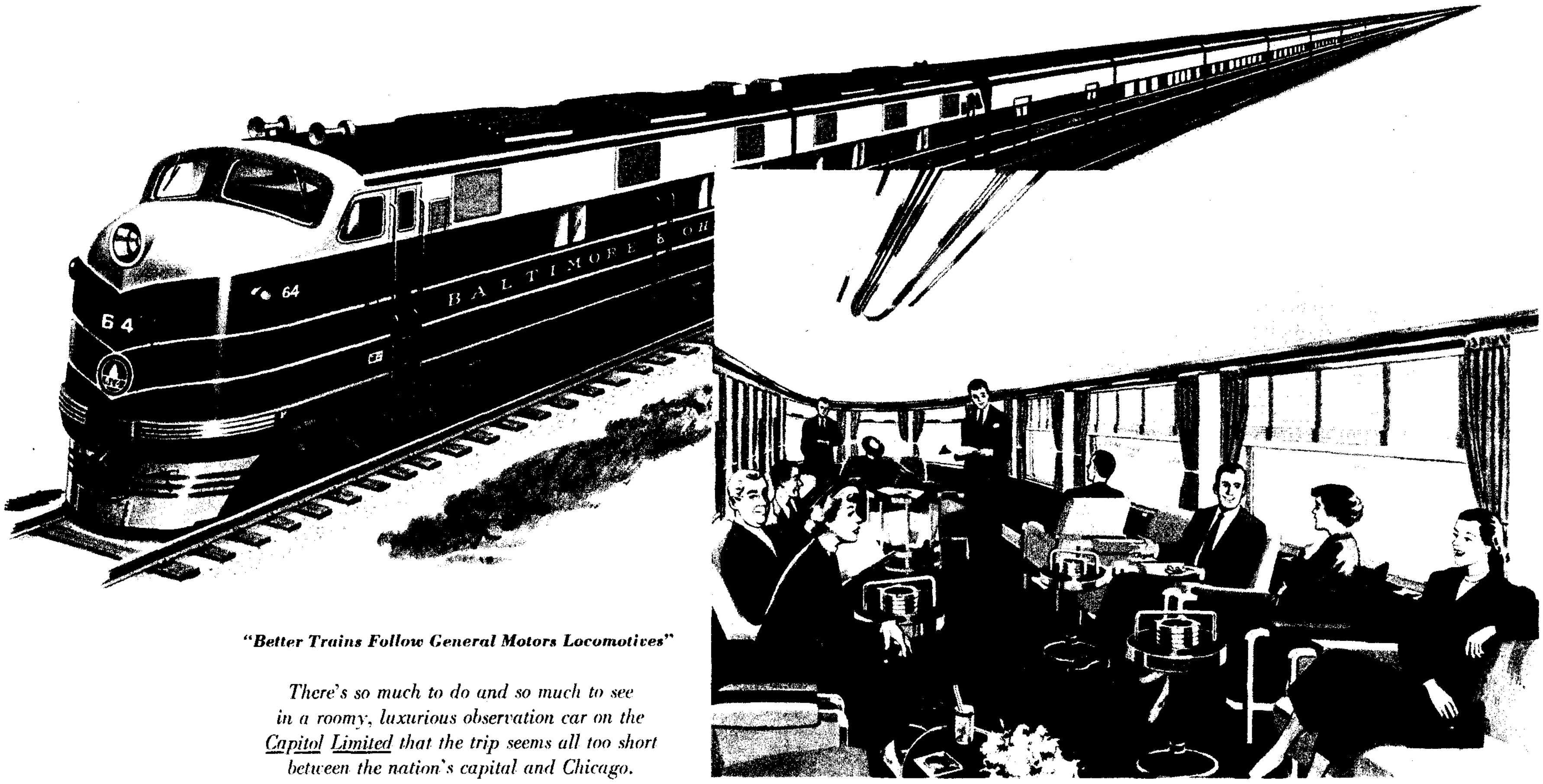

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land twelve months out of the year. He went on doing his little odd jobs, cooking dinner on his coal stove, and getting plastered every night. And even Mrs. Makin, next to whose house he had suddenly camped, couldn't object to his being there, since it was obvious he didn't have gills with which to survive down in the cornfield like some of the carp that had recently taken up residence there.

SEVERAL days later something happened that sent a real shiver of fright up Gorker Street. Around ten in the evening the Mundy family, our trusty, high-water gauge, shocked everybody by beginning to move out of their house completely. They toted some of their things—tables and chairs and barrels and boxes and lamps and footstools—up the street to our house and stored them in the garage. Then a nephew arrived with a half-ton truck and started carting the rest of the furniture away to some other part of the city. People stood in a little wet group in the street, watching this and wondering.

But as the minutes ticked away, fewer and fewer of them found any time to wonder, and more and more of them had to start working frantically, carrying stuff up from their basements. One house after another along Gorker Street came to life with electric lights and scampering about as the water at last reached it, backing up from the sewers and drains, running through the cellar windows off the saturated lawns.

Rain-soaked, I stood down there at the end of the street with a funny kind of excitement buzzing inside me as I looked at the water already standing several inches deep in the Mundy front yard and heard the bustle going on in all those houses. People's voices sounded strident and curiously awe-stricken as they called across the street to one another: "Has it got you yet? We're getting the stuff out of the cellar—I don't know what's happening, we never had it before!"

Going back up to my house, I heard the radio, which my sister Judy had turned up loud, telling of the water rising faster and faster every hour. My mom was getting worried, but my dad, who, like Mr. Mundy, worked on the railroad, shoved a handful of kitchen matches into his work pants and said he thought it would level off pretty soon.

"It can't raise very much now," he said. "The more territory that's covered, the more water it'll take to raise it even a foot." He'd hardly been gone an hour when I started struggling up the cellar stairs with whatever junk down there was portable—ironing board, sled, wash boilers and tools. The water was rushing up through the drain, rising by the minute. When I reached the top of the stairs from my final trip, I heard my mom say something. She was standing on the front porch with the light on. I went out and saw that she'd called across the street to Harvey Buddman. "What are *you* doing back here, Harvey?" my mom was saying. "I thought you were a Hyde Park aristocrat now!"

Harvey, who'd gotten a promotion in the Gas and Electric Company and moved away from Gorker Street several years before, sloshed across the street toward us in his new hip boots. His red, meaty face was all smiles above his shiny black raincoat. "Are you people all right?" he asked. "I heard the news and came back to give you a hand."

When he learned that the heavy stuff was still in the cellar, he said wait a minute, and hurried off down the street. Ten minutes later he arrived with his brother Tony, who still lived on Gorker Street, and Ned Daugherty. The four of us had everything up and out of the cellar in twenty minutes—the washing machine, the long bench that my dad had once used to line up his hundred home-brew bottles for filling, and even the ashes, though why the ashes had to be saved I didn't know.

And after that we were a team. We went to other houses; we were joined by other men. We did what the owners of the furniture wanted us to do. Carry it up to the attic? Into the attic it would go—whole floors of furniture disappearing in the blinking of an eye. Up the street to a neighbor's house? Heave-ho, boys.

Cokie Myers had joined us by now, and so had Mr. Hedderley. But the loudest of our crew was Mr. Tellmacher, the butcher from across the street. The flood had been a good excuse for him to put down a pint of bourbon in celebration, and now instead of the quiet, soft-spoken little man with the accent who came home from work smelling of blood every night he suddenly bloomed out as a Leader of Men.

His voice was like a loud-speaker blaring at us as he Took Charge in a big way all over the place. "Watch it, Dick—okay, Ned, a little more on your end and we'll have it around the corner—get set, men, we're all going to heave together now!" He wasn't heaving himself; he was standing a few feet behind us, viewing the situation with detachment as we struggled up the stairs with a china closet or a buffet. "Don't tilt it, Pop! Easy does it there, Cokie!"

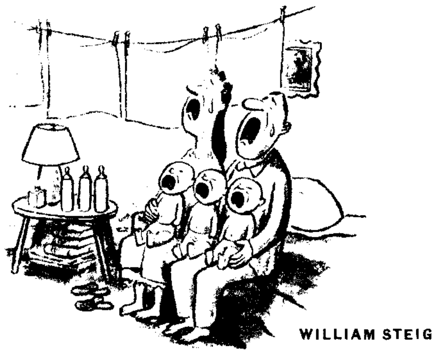
From house to house we went, with Mr. Tellmacher calling the plays; and nobody said anything to him or even minded. It was somehow taken for granted that we'd all assume new roles in the face of this disaster, and if Mr. Tellmacher was metamorphosing into a section-gang boss, that was all right with us.

WHEN I woke up the next morning after only a few hours' sleep, I looked outside to see that the worst was happening. It was still raining; the water had already covered the sidewalk in front of Aimsley's house next door.

My dad came home from work, and with the help of a couple of the neighbors—but not Mr. Tellmacher, who'd drunk too much the night before and was still asleep—we went through the back-breaking work of moving our own furniture, and what the Mundys had left in the garage, up to the attic. Whatever wouldn't fit in the attic we put on the second floor. And whatever couldn't be lugged to the second floor, we built rough wooden platforms for and left—a few inches might make a lot of difference. The piano was scaffolded smack up against the ceiling on its back.

My mom and sister deserted Gorker Street—went up to Dave Barker's house to stay. But I kept on working away with the gang, this self-styled Gorker Street Salvage Squad that at last had gotten its hands on some flatboats and skiffs and could whip around the neighborhood easily, rescuing people and animals from second-story windows, ferrying furniture up to dry land, doing its heroic bit at this critical moment. Gorker Street was in a sad state for sure. Now that the flood had covered Summer Street, there was no way out of the place by automo-

THIS FASCINATING WORLD


WILLIAM STEIG

LOCALE	FASCINATING OCCURRENCE
MEMPHIS	Triplets were born to a couple living in a one-room apartment.
MACON	Boxes containing 50 crickets each were sold to be hung up in bedrooms as a cure for insomnia.
ST. LOUIS	A drugstore featured a 10-scoop ice-cream sundae under the listing, Forever Ample.
SAN FRANCISCO	A captured counterfeiter explained he had only wanted "to make enough money to go straight."
WASHINGTON	The superintendent of a dog cemetery announced that dogs belonging to colored people would be barred from burial in that cemetery.
LA JUNTA, CALIFORNIA	A restaurateur offered his customers free help with their income-tax returns after their dinners.
HOLYPORT, ENGLAND	When a postmaster received 13 congratulatory telegrams to deliver to a newly wedded couple, he sent them a 14th at his own expense, to ward off bad luck.
ATLANTA	A Mr. and Mrs. Music named their new baby girl Pertie.
SALT LAKE CITY	The county clerk received a letter from a woman who wanted to know if she could remarry in Utah without divorcing her Michigan husband first.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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bile, for the new footbridge over the railroad track blocked the old way out to Eastern Avenue.

People felt like rejected applicants for berths on Noah's Ark as they watched the muddy water coming closer hour by hour. A good many of them grew stubborn and wouldn't leave their houses, even after the first floor was completely submerged. Mrs. Makin, who lived at the corner of Lark Street and Gorker, refused absolutely to budge, though her house looked like a boat, only the top floor and the roof showing.

"You don't think I'm leaving all this stuff here where somebody can take it, do you?" she demanded when we came by with a skiff to help her out. Nothing to do but leave her be. And of course by evening she was screaming and hollering down there, wanting help fast.

Our squad went down and took her aboard; and when she finally set foot on the tiny island of dry land still left up near the railroad track, she became very self-assertive again, refused to leave the street, and demanded that we go back and bring up her furniture. The next morning we did. We went down with boats and brought out whatever was still worth saving, and as we neared dry land with the stuff loaded five feet high, almost sinking us, she began to dance up and down the shore, screaming: "What's the idea, leaving that stuff uncovered? You'll get it all scratched up! You scratch that fifty-nine-dollar vanity, you'll have to pay!"

That night on our little island we built a bonfire, and when we weren't making special-mission trips down dark Gorker Street, we sat around the fire talking. That was me there with the rest of these Turkey Bottoms men—the husky paleface, who for two years had been hurrying home from school every day and closeting himself in his room with books and dreams and the love of his life. Only the biggest flood Cincinnati had ever known was potent enough to rout me out of my hideaway, send me back into the clutter and clamor of reality.

"Somebody's coming," Cokie Myers said. "We got to keep people out of here while there's an emergency on."

I SAW three people coming across the footbridge. When they got to the bottom of the steps, I knew that one of them was a girl because she stepped into a foot of water and squealed. One of the men picked her up and carried her over to our island. The other man came forward, and the fire let us see his face sharp and ill-humored behind glasses that seemed slightly too big for it. All I could make out of the man and girl behind him were the white Red Cross bands around their arms. Mr. Timpkins, wearing his cop's uniform, got up from our circle and said, "Sorry, no sightseers down here."

"I'm not a sight-seer," the man with the glasses said curtly. "I'm from the Red Cross." He cast a disapproving eye over our grubby circle. "My name," he said, "is Libby."

"My name is Timpkins," Mr. Timpkins said. "Are those people with you?"

Mr. Libby looked over his shoulder. "These are two volunteer workers from Hyde Park—Miss Gelden and Mr. Hollister."

Somebody might have built a quick hot fire under me, the way I sat up straight and peered at Virginia Gelden's face as she and her boy friend came forward. She looked different—older; maybe it was the kerchief she wore around her head. And she looked cleaner than anything I'd seen in forty-eight hours. Jack Hollister looked clean too—tall and thin and clean, with that kind of vacant, gape-mouthed expression on his face which, combined with regularity of features, makes teen-age girls tremble with adoration.

Mr. Timpkins had a well-trained eye for pretty girls. "Well, what do you think of our flood?" he asked Virginia Gelden.

And I heard that rich low laugh—the same one that had been driving me out of my mind for the last couple of years. "I've never had so much fun!" she laughed.

I looked at her with such disappointment that her eye fell on me, and she raised her brows in a well-look-who's-here way, but didn't say a word.

"I heard you men were working independently down here," Mr. Libby piped, "and I've come to see about bringing you all under the jurisdiction of the Red Cross."

"I don't think I understand you," Mr. Timpkins said.

"I mean simply that the Red Cross will direct all rescue and salvage work," Mr. Libby said impatiently. "My associate, Mr. Boyd, will be here in the morning to take charge of this crew. You'll work in shifts, of course, and though I'd *prefer* that you find your own places to sleep, you could *try* to make room for yourselves at the rescue station we've set up at the school. You'll have to sleep on the floor, I'm afraid—there aren't even enough cots for the women and children. Now—"

"Hold on a minute." Mr. Timpkins was pulling at his lumpy, pock-marked nose. "We've got this area pretty well taken care of as it is, without any directors giving orders. Where were all you Red Cross people when we could of used you to carry some of this furniture out?"

The little man got very flustered at finding himself talked to like that. "Need I remind you that Turkey Bottoms isn't the *only* area in the city under water? At any rate, I'm sure you won't object to having a little organization brought into your efforts *now*. We'll be able to put every man here to work. Arm bands will be issued, and instructions—"

"You can just stop right there with the arm bands," Mr. Timpkins said. "We don't want any arm bands and we don't want any directors nosing around down here. All these men are experienced river men"—I noticed a slight movement as each tried to feel like an experienced river man—"and we'll take charge of this side of the railroad tracks if you take care of the women and children up there on the avenue. Is that fair enough?"

The Red Cross man didn't really think it was fair enough, that was obvious, but being confronted down here at midnight by this silent crew of men wasn't conducive to argument. "Well, we'll see," he said. "At any rate I'll send some sandwiches down for you, and we'll see about all this tomorrow."

As they turned to go, I looked at Virginia Gelden, but she was too busy saying something to Jack Hollister to notice me. Her laugh came out of the darkness as her boy friend picked her up and carried her back through the water to the bridge. And her voice slapped at me like a mean little wave. "I've never had so much fun!"

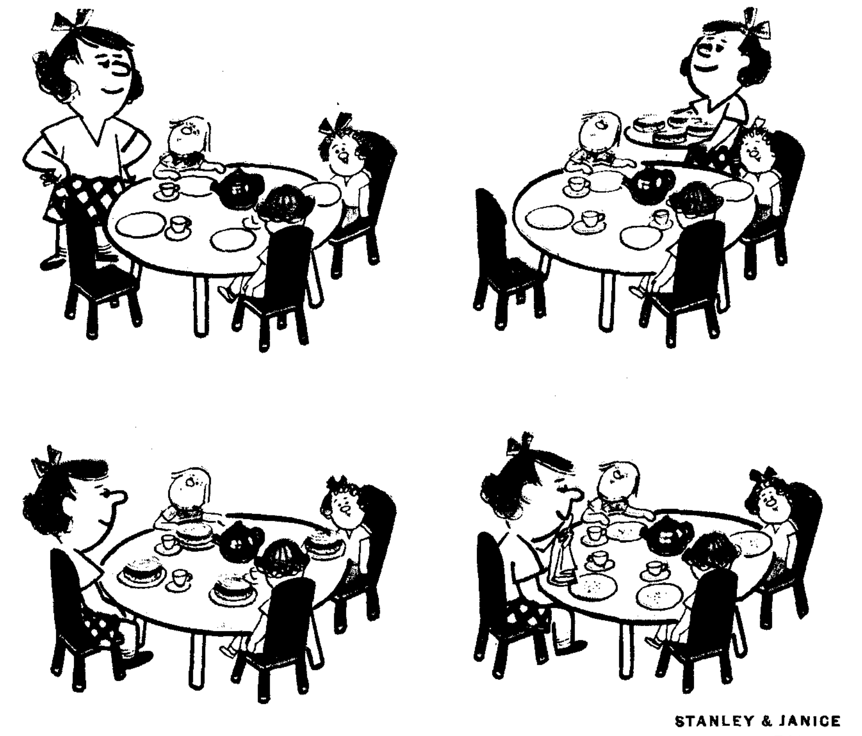
NONE of us slept that night. We kept the fire going, talked, stomped around when our feet went to sleep, and did patrol duty to see that no looting was going on. At nine the next morning a box of rather stale peanut-butter sandwiches arrived, and that was the last we ever heard from Mr. Libby or volunteers Gelden and Hollister.

A few of our crew had to go off to their jobs, but the rest of us went ahead doing whatever could be done. A boat with a newsreel cameraman in it came rowing up Gorker Street around noontime, and our crew did a little posing for the movies by pretending to rescue Ella Jean Mundy from her attic window. Everybody was pretty well relaxed now; too tired to feel heroic any more. I went up to the Barkers' house for supper, and around eight o'clock I came back to hear that the flood seemed to be leveling off—we might not have to desert our island and take to the hills after all.

What people would remember as Black Sunday for the rest of their lives came and went, and two days later, about a week after its initial threat, the water reached its eighty-foot crest and began to fall slightly—only an inch or two during the first hours, then faster, more noticeably. Everybody immediately got busy cutting notches into houses and telephone poles to record this mighty event for posterity. And afterward we all just stood around staring dumbly at the soaked, bloated earth which the water left behind.

It left other things behind too, as it receded down Gorker Street, exposing one sad wet house after another. Oil drums, crates, a wooden wagon and a dead hog came slowly into view—items that nobody in the neighborhood could claim. And Mrs. Makin got the most

SISTER



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

curious present of all—a little single-seater outhouse was left standing in her side yard with the door ajar. The Gorker Street Salvage Squad stanchly converted itself into the Gorker Street Cleanup Squad. With buckets and hoses and brooms we got busy and scrubbed out the houses as best we could.

But there were only a few of us faithful to the muddy end—a good many men had gone back to work—and we weren't in the same adventurous humor any more. No newsreel photographers came around now to add a touch of glory to the business, and no crowds of people journeyed out to Gorker Street to watch us as before. One thing was certain, though: if this Ohio River mud were ever allowed to dry in the houses, it would harden like concrete; nobody'd ever be able to get it off. So we went ahead, sloshing and scrubbing and panting and shouting orders at one another.

A few days later my mom and dad and sister Judy came down to Gorker Street to look at our house. Their faces were very grave and perhaps for the first time in their lives words failed them as they tried to pull open swollen cupboard doors or identify some twisted flood-soaked piece of furniture. The wallpaper hung in long sheets from the walls, the floor boards were sprung up like fixtures in a Fun House, some windows were broken. And, worst of all, the mud continued to seep out of the cracks in the wood and even out of the plaster itself; scrubbing did no good.

Sales Talk

The lamb is consistently woolly with wool
As the rabbit is wobbly with dithers;
The onion has savor not found in the beet,
The permanent habit of sugar is sweet,
And walking is always the function of feet,
Except in the serpent, which slithers.

The heartbeat is properly found in the heart,
The stamp of the breed in the breeder.
But confusion, chimera, delusion and pap,
Illusion and passion for changing the map
Are strictly peculiar to Homo the Sap—
Exclusive of me, and the reader.

—SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

"It smells in here," my dad said. "Smells like catfish. It'll take a year to get the stink and damp out of this house."

"Well, we just won't move back!" my mom said. "At least we live in rent and don't have to move back."

But my dad wasn't in a hurry to decide; he said it would be better to wait and see. So we went on living upstairs at the Barkers', and waiting and not "seeing" very much one way or the other. But then, leaving a house you have lived in for fifteen years is a big step.

DURING the next month, however, things began to brighten up on Gorker Street; things began to look more like themselves. Though the mud continued to seep out of the walls even after the houses had been cleaned and painted, people stayed; they had nowhere else to go. Mud-caked upright pianos were a common sight in back yards that month; many weeks passed before they were all chopped up or hauled away. Mrs. Powell cleaned out the concrete fishpond in her yard and put the goldfish back. The Mundys went out into the bottoms and towed in their chicken coop, and when the flood had finally forsaken the bottoms, fixed their chickens up in the same old place.

Andy Malfitch, who hadn't been so smart after all, located his voting booth about a mile south of Eastern Avenue, and he brought it back with a team of mules and set up his bachelor life again. So that before a month had gone by, it was clear that Gorker Street had survived the flood; spring was coming and life was moving on.

Red Cross workers arrived, went from door to door asking questions about losses, and gave a few people requisition orders for items that had disappeared or been ruined. Mrs. Fitz received a new cedar chest for an old chest of drawers that had floated away, and she immediately sold this to Mrs. Aimsley. Pop Mundy's position as the flood's worst victim was recognized when his house was painted free of charge—the first paint job it had had in ten years.

BUT perhaps the strangest thing to come out of the flood was my dad's action. He came home to the Barkers' house one evening and said, "Well, I told Timpkins I'd buy the house off him."

"What house?" my mom asked.

"*Our* house," my dad said.

"But we decided we weren't even going to move back into it! Even on a month-to-month basis!"

My dad's face had that very set look it took on when he'd made a big decision and was standing on pretty soggy ground. "I can't help what we decided; we've got to live somewhere. Anyhow, I got it cheap and I'm going to borrow the money and pay him cash for it."

"Borrowing money," my mom said to nobody in particular. "He talks about borrowing money when we've just lost half our belongings. And how are you going to fix up the place? That'll cost hundreds—maybe thousands!"

"It'll cost about five hundred dollars," my dad said, "and I'm going to borrow that too. I'll see the Building and Loan tomorrow."

So that was how we moved back to Gorker Street, and that was how, for the first time in his life, my dad became the owner of a house—the one house in all the world we didn't want to live in any more. It turned out, though, that he wasn't wrong after all. The waters never rose so high again, and with the years even the memory of that grim January faded into something vague and far away, like the first World War or the tornado of 1917—merely a historical division in time by which personal events could be calendared.

I never found out whether the flood changed anyone else on Gorker Street. But it changed me. It made a slight crack in the terrible shell of isolation I'd been building so carefully around myself for years; it threw me for a few days into the rough-and-ready world of action, and I'd amazed myself by being capable of living in that world.

More than anything else, though, it freed me from Virginia Gelden. When I went back to high school after a two weeks' absence, I saw her again and I didn't love her any more. It wasn't only her ridiculous remark that alienated me. For a little while I'd found a real world which needed and accepted me, and I'd seen, in one stark moment at midnight on Gorker Street, that Virginia Gelden belonged to another world, a more frivolous one that no longer attracted me.

She had become only a pretty, empty-headed little girl to me now, but even so my foolish love left echoes of pain, like some prized possession that had been lost forever in those hectic, water-soaked days. Sometimes I studied her with the old intensity, but not with passion in my look—only with regret, and bewilderment at how she could once have seemed so important. THE END

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Donora: The Case of the Poisoned Air

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

This scene was repeated in other homes through Friday night and Saturday. About 4,000 people fell ill between the hours of 6:00 A.M. and midnight on Friday. In the language of the official government report, "Only in degree of severity and outcome were the fatal cases different clinically from the severely ill cases who did not die."

Oddly enough the community still did not know it was suffering a catastrophe. On Saturday afternoon a sellout crowd watched the traditional Smog Bowl football game between Donora and Monongahela high schools. Donora was heavily favored to win the game, but its stars—Mitchell, Walton, Puglisi and Romancino—played with shocking listlessness, and Donora lost, 26 to 7.

A Grim Series of Tragedies

During the game several spectators collapsed and were carried away, but the cases were too scattered to attract much attention. The public-address system kept announcing the names of persons who were wanted at home "because of an emergency." This didn't register either.

The emergencies grew in number and intensity. Three seamen became seriously ill on boats passing by on the river. One man came home from work and found his fifty-five-year-old wife sitting on the edge of her bed gasping for breath, with her head between her knees. The man dozed off later that night. When he awoke at 4:00 A.M. his wife was dead, still sitting in the same position.

Another woman, feeling perfectly well after doing her housework, sat down to chat on the telephone with her daughter. The call lasted 30 minutes. Toward the end of the conversation the woman's voice began to rasp and she said, "The fog's got the best of me. I can't breathe." Her doctor tried whisky, injections and sleeping tablets. Fifteen hours later she was dead.

One woman may have saved her mother's life by making her breathe into a vacuum cleaner. Filters in the vacuum apparently removed some of the impurities from the air.

Cats came down with the same symptoms as humans, and dogs acted as if they had distemper. Chickens "drooped" and cattle coughed. Canaries stopped singing and huddled in the bottoms of their cages. Pregnant animals had miscarriages.

All day and all night people rushed about looking for doctors. The town's eight physicians worked without sleep for 36 hours, but they could handle only a fraction of the cases. People who couldn't find doctors swarmed to the drugstores, where pharmacists technically broke the law by giving out Adrenalin and Benadryl.

By this time the doctors and the pharmacists knew they were dealing with a disaster. So did the undertakers, who noted that the blood of the victims was unusually blue.

There were two hospitals in the area with about 30 available beds. These became filled long before the disaster reached its peak on Saturday. However, stretcher cases kept pouring into the Charleroi-Monessen Hospital six miles away and soon its corridors were overflowing with gasping, coughing victims.

Late Saturday the Red Cross sent out an emergency call and every available oxygen tent for miles around was rushed into Donora. Some were flown from as far away as Cleveland. Newspaper reporters followed the Red Cross equipment into town and the story finally reached the outside world.

Until this point the majority of the people of Donora still knew only about the casualties in their individual neighborhoods. They had no idea what the town as a whole had suffered. Most of them learned about the catastrophe for the first time when they tuned in to the radio news broadcasts on Saturday night.

Panic developed then. Many rushed out of town; some fled as far as Florida. The next morning, however, heavy rains fell and the Big Smog was washed into the river. The rainfall ended the panic.

The horrified steel and wire company shut down its zinc plant, but nearly 3,000 illnesses continued and there were two more deaths. On Monday the zinc plant remained closed and, as Mrs. Leo Liwak put it, "Every housewife who wasn't sick in bed rushed to get her washing done that day—while the air was clean."

That was the story of the disaster confronting the scientists of the U.S. Public Health Service when their vanguard arrived in Donora on November 4, 1948. But in the period that intervened, before they were called in officially by Pennsylvania's Governor James H. Duff and State Industrial Hygiene Director Dr. Joseph Shilen, Donora suffered another kind of visitation. Almost every day some uninvited "expert" would descend on the town, spend a few hours doing research and then make an announcement to the press that such and such positively had caused the disaster.

COLLIER'S "Gee, your father was good-looking, wasn't he?" HANK KETCHAM

One chemist took a few blood samples in the town and proclaimed, "It was fluorine. It shows up in the blood." This received such a play in the newspapers that Pennsylvania's Dr. Shilen had to reply in the press, "There are traces of fluorine in *everyone's* blood."

All this "expert opinion" complicated the job of the U.S. Public Health Service task force. As the commander of the group, engineer George Clayton, said, "In addition to finding out what caused the disaster and learning how to prevent another in the future, we also had to prove that several other things did *not* cause it."

Every day for four months a group of six nurses under Miss Emily Smith (her U.S. Public Health Service rank is the equivalent of a major in the army) fanned out through the town and visited homes in the area.

They filled out a questionnaire for each household, expertly asking about symptoms, previous illnesses, and so on for every member of the family. Each nurse covered 7 to 10 households a day and by March 30th they had the complete medical history of one third of the local population, the fraction considered necessary for an accurate sampling.

The physicians, in the meantime, exhaustively interviewed 516 people who had been ill during the Big Smog. Blood specimens were taken from each person by government technicians working in a laboratory set up in the firemen's kitchen. The blood was tested for influenza and for such impurities as cyanide and carbon monoxide which always leave calling cards in the blood stream after they have been inhaled.

The physicians, under Dr. Wilfred David, also studied X rays and, in the few cases where they could get the permission of the families of the dead, made autopsies. They collected data from the hospitals and the Red Cross. They trudged up and down Donora's hills taking evidence from the families of victims and from the town's doctors, undertakers and pharmacists.

During this period the engineers under George Clayton were equally busy. It was their job to find out what contaminants still remained in the air, and they set up testing stations all over the area. Solid particles in the air were collected in tiny electrostatic precipitators. Gases were collected by bubbling them through liquids like sodium hydroxide solution.

A Thomas recorder was set up as a further measure of the amount of sulphur dioxide gas in the air; and the engineers were constantly cutting holes in factory stacks to determine just what each was contributing to the contamination of the atmosphere. Some substances, like the sulphur dioxide, were analyzed on the spot; others, like sulphur trioxide, were rushed back by special courier to the laboratories in Washington.

For four months Donora swarmed with scientists. There were statisticians, chemists, physicians, dentists and biologists.

A pair of Weather Bureau experts set up eleven weather stations across the valley and they laboriously recorded minute data about rain, wind currents, and so on for the period of the investigation. They also collected the weather history for the period of the disaster.

Two housing-evaluation people made a study of the structural soundness of the city's homes to determine if the smog leaked in and caused more casualties in poorer houses. Two sanitary engineers studied the city's sewerage, water supply and food sanitation to find out if the disaster had been caused by bacteria spawned therein or by a new infectious virus. A veterinarian plodded about making up animal death lists and looking into the symptoms exhibited by the local fauna.

The investigation reached its climax in April when, for a four-day period, the government engineers requested the zinc and steel plants to operate once again at full blast, as they had in the period of the Big Smog. This was necessary so that the engineers could estimate the amount of each contaminant that had poured into the air during the disaster. Despite the fact that the test was completely controlled and that there was no extended inversion roof to lock the poisoned air in the valley, the experiment caused another near panic in Donora.

One local physician phoned the newspapers to accuse the government of deliberately setting out to kill more people. Some of the residents of the town took to the hills. The jittery state government sent its troopers to handle any stampede that might develop. But nothing untoward happened. A few people reported mild symptoms and that was all.

With the completion of that test the field phase of the great investigation was over. The government now had collected thousands of pages of unevaluated evidence; still nothing was proved.

And so back to Washington went the mountain of data. The U.S. Public Health Service's best brains went to work sifting out the clues. The personnel included internationally famous engineers J. J. Bloomfield and Dr. Helmuth Schrenk, and equally famous research physician Dr. Harry Heimann. They operated exactly like the F.B.I. running down a criminal. Calmly, scientifically, they eliminated every suspect until only a handful remained.

Investigating the Suspects

The first suspect to go was influenza. The symptoms indicated that this *could* have been an atypic flu epidemic which sometimes strikes and departs with the speed of a flash flood, but flu always leaves telltale traces in the blood of its victims and these traces did not show up in any significant number of the hundreds of blood samples taken.

The second major suspect to be eliminated was fluorine, a highly active substance whose derivatives stage both air-borne and water-borne attacks on victims. A sure test for excessive fluorides is to look for mottling of the teeth of children, since overdoses of the chemical stain young enamel. The report says, "No case of mottled enamel was observed among the 427 school children of the Donora and Webster Junior and Senior high schools." As a further test, fluorides will also show up in the urine, but the urine tests of the same 427 school children came out exactly the same as tests of children in Little Rock, Arkansas, Manchester, New Hampshire, and Quincy, Illinois, areas which are considered by the government to be fluorine-free.

Other suspects were eliminated by similar scientific reasoning until the only remaining possibilities were death-dealing chemical contaminants in the air. *Thus this became the first time in U.S. history that anyone could state with scientific positiveness that human beings were killed or maimed by air pollution.*

For clues in weeding out the air pollutants the government scientists had two sets of basic facts: (1) the common symptoms suffered by the 5,910 victims of the disaster and (2) the list of chemicals going up Donora's stacks.

The over-all symptoms were: shortness of breath to the extent that some victims couldn't lie down; dry cough;

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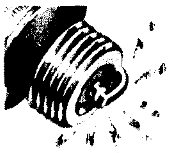

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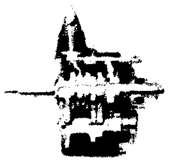

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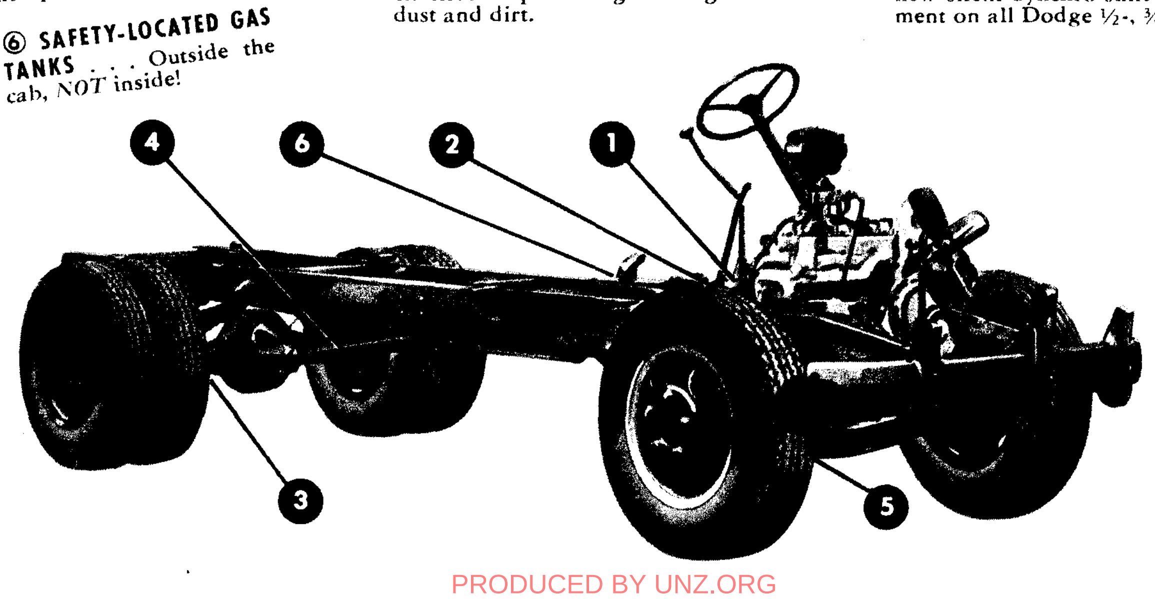

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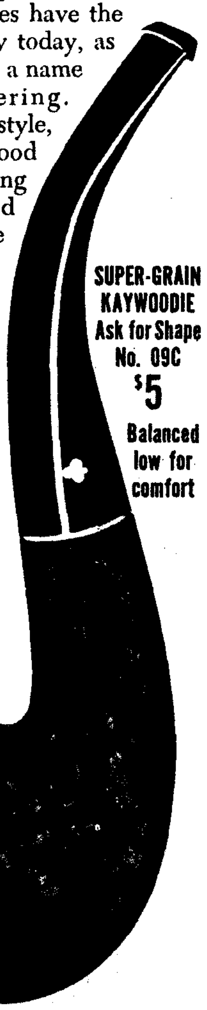

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some productive cough that brought up black, sticky material; pressure in the chest; sore throat; a burning sensation extending from the throat deep down into the lungs; lack of appetite; some cases of nausea; some cases of smarting and tearing of the eyes; and some cases of blue lips and fingernails, which denote lack of oxygen.

The 10 chemicals suspected were: carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide, oxides of nitrogen, chlorides, cadmium, arsine, stibine, particles of zinc oxide and other solid matter, and sulphur dioxide (with its inseparable sister, sulphur trioxide).

The scientific process of elimination left just two possibilities: sulphur dioxide and the solid particles.

Tests With Sulphur Dioxide

Sulphur dioxide fit the symptoms all right—but there was a big hitch! The evidence during the tests indicated that there wasn't a strong enough concentration of sulphur dioxide in the Donora atmosphere. In fact, the neighboring towns of Monongahela and Monessen were found to have concentrations of the gas similar to Donora, yet those municipalities had no recorded smog casualties.

However, when a tiny, solid particle gets coated with a gas (like sulphur dioxide which takes on oxygen and water and becomes deadly sulphuric acid), the chemical strength of the gas seems to become increased many, many times. Its reactions become much more violent than an equivalent volume of the gas itself. This is a recent discovery and we don't know why it happens.

Not only that, but these aerosols, as the coated particles are called, can easily be breathed deep into the tubes of the respiratory tract, while a gas alone gets stopped at the throat. With great numbers of these acid-coated particles building up in the valley for several days under the weather "roof," they would be expected to do the most damage to the breathing apparatus of asthmatics, persons with heart ailments and chronic bronchitis sufferers. This jibed with the facts. Of Donora's asthmatics 87.6 per cent became ill, so did 77.2 per cent of the people with heart disease and 78.9 per cent of the bronchitis sufferers.

After thinking this over, Dr. Heimann, with typical scientific caution, announced to his colleagues, "We may state on the basis of evidence that while no single substance was responsible for the episode, the symptoms could have been produced by a combination or summation of the action of two or more of the contaminants."

Once Donora's principal murder suspects were uncovered, the main job of the government's survey was to pin-point their origins in the town and to make recommendations for their elimination. The research showed that every day 8,000 pounds of sulphur dioxide—one of the gases involved—goes into the air from coal burned in Donora homes; that 4,300 pounds are emitted by passing boats and trains, and that 125,400 pounds of the gas are given off by the zinc and steel plants. Much of the industry-induced sulphur dioxide can be eliminated by collecting the sulphur dioxide to make needed sulphuric acid or by installing devices known as "scrubbers."

The solid particles come mostly from the zinc plant and blast furnaces. They present a much more difficult problem. The truth of the matter is that there isn't a process in existence that could work practically in controlling Donora's zinc smelters today. The most efficient accepted device for controlling solid particles is the Cottrell electrostatic precipitator. But it is estimated that enough Cottrells to equip the Donora zinc plant would cost a half billion dollars, more than the mill is worth. Even then they might not be able to handle the load.

The company is spending large sums on research to find a solution. It also is following government recommendations which make it virtually impossible even now for Donora to have a recurrence of the disaster. Production methods have been changed to reduce the contaminants to less than half of what they were, and the company has bought Thomas recorders which keep it constantly informed about the concentration of sulphur dioxide in the city's atmosphere.

Most important, the company has engaged a staff of weather consultants. These gentlemen can predict periods of temperature inversion (the "roof" phenomenon that seals off the valley). Today when a prolonged inversion is approaching, the mill shuts down.

What are the lessons of the government's Donora report for the rest of the United States?

First, there is air-pollution danger in any town whose homes and factories emit toxic gases plus solid particles *if* weather conditions—such as inversion and persistent wind direction—can concentrate the contaminants in one place for any period of time.

Second, the physicians in such towns should immediately report suspected air-poisoning cases to a central agency, like the board of health or the Red Cross. In Donora, for example, the large number of cases would have tipped off a central evaluator as early as Friday morning. Lives could have been saved by shutting down factories and moving the seriously ill out of town.

Third, new factories should not be erected in populated areas if weather experts report there are possibilities of inversion or persistent wind direction. It goes without saying that new plants should install as many air-pollution control devices as possible.

Fourth, established factories in populated areas should, *at the very least,* hire weather experts so that they might be warned of approaching weather phenomena which might build up air pollution into dangerous concentrations.

Fifth, there is a desperate need for industrial research to develop less costly, more practical new devices to intercept air poisons before they leave factory stacks, a project that lagged because of the depression and the war—and because air pollution pre-Donora was considered only a nuisance, not a health menace. It is unthinkable that a nation with our know-how and industrial potential does not have a feasible method of collecting the valuable but dangerous oxides poured out by factories like the Donora zinc plant.

And sixth, the survey showed that Congress and the Federal Security Agency should sponsor more research into this vexing problem. Among the vital, unanswered questions, for instance, are: "What are the *chronic* effects of breathing air pollution over a long period of time?" and "Does living in a town like Donora shorten your life by ten years or more?"

Two Alarming Comparisons

Some disturbing facts were uncovered by the survey. It was found that 340 people or 2.4 per cent of the Donora population had asthma, compared with the national average of .9 per cent; and that 435 Donorans, or 3.1 per cent of the population, had heart disease, compared with the national average of 1.9 per cent.

These are recommendations for the future. As for the present, Donora already has left its mark on American life. Before the disaster Pennsylvania's legislature laughed down attempts to create a State Division of Atmospheric Pollution. Today Pennsylvania has an operating Bureau of Atmospheric Pollution in its Division of Industrial Hygiene.

Before the disaster, effective pressure blocked all attempts to set up a Board of Smoke Control in New York City. Today New York City has a Board of Smoke Control under William H. Byrne, with a good handful of smoke inspectors already riding herd on the city's stacks.

Before the disaster, St. Louis and Pittsburgh, with efficient air-pollution programs, were islands of comparative cleanliness that were soiled constantly by the fumes of near-by East St. Louis and Allegheny County, respectively. Today the state of Illinois is moving in on the East St. Louis situation, and the immense Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation has taken the lead in organizing industry to help clean up the mess in Allegheny County.

The same thing is happening all over the country. In Los Angeles, for example, the oil refineries poured a total of 700,000 tons of sulphur dioxide into the air every day—as recently as last autumn. Since the Donora disaster the refineries have helped set up big new chemical plants to which the sulphur wastes are now piped directly as hydrogen sulphide instead of going off into the air as sulphur dioxide. The chemical plants pay the refineries $10 a ton for the hydrogen sulphide and convert it into sulphur, which was formerly imported from Texas at $18 a ton. This sulphur is then made into sulphuric acid by another chemical company, which sells it back to the refineries for use in the oil-refining process.

So today the Los Angeles refineries are saving $10 a ton on their sulphuric acid and the amount of sulphur dioxide in the Los Angeles atmosphere has been cut down by more than 50 per cent.

Progress in Research Work

Donora has spurred a flurry of activity in the research field, too. To bring about more work on air-pollution problems, the influential American Chemical Society and the American Medical Association both sponsored world-wide forums on the subject. Already new ingenious developments are reported to these learned societies almost monthly.

Recently, for instance, a group of Penn State scientists under Professor H. B. Charbury came up with a tiny device which, when strapped onto a man's back, enables him to run down culprits causing air pollution in much the same way that radio direction finders locate illegal radio stations.

Another pioneer, named Harold W. Danser, is sponsoring a remarkable new development which is nothing more than a supersiren that makes a sound so high-pitched it is inaudible to the human ear. When the device is mounted in a factory stack, the powerful sound waves produced by this siren literally push the tiny solid particles together so that they gather into a clump and can be collected. The device sells for a fraction of the cost of a Cottrell precipitator but it has its limitations thus far in the size of the stack it can control. Nevertheless, since the Big Smog, Danser has been doing a land-office business.

However, of all the developments since the disaster, none has been as striking as the psychological factor. As the U.S. Public Health Service's J. J. Bloomfield put it, "People just aren't complacent about this any more. They're frightened." This was dramatically illustrated to me recently in a conversation with a railroad brakeman who lives in a West Virginia mill town that is very much like Donora.

"I never was panicky about anything before," the brakeman said, "but since that disaster I worry about my wife and kids every time I leave town on the job. I never know when I'm going to get a telegram telling me that the smog got them. It's like letting your wife go out alone at night when you know there's a murderer in the neighborhood." THE END

The Senseless Killing of Margaret Mitchell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

a hearty, baldish, moon-faced public servant of sixty-odd, with double chin and reddish sideburns. In order to play the stereotyped Broadway version of an old-time Southern politico, he wouldn't need much make-up. He usually conducts his courtroom business in undertones, and if there are any courtroom rebukes to speedsters, lane-jumpers and drunken drivers, the audience does not usually hear them.

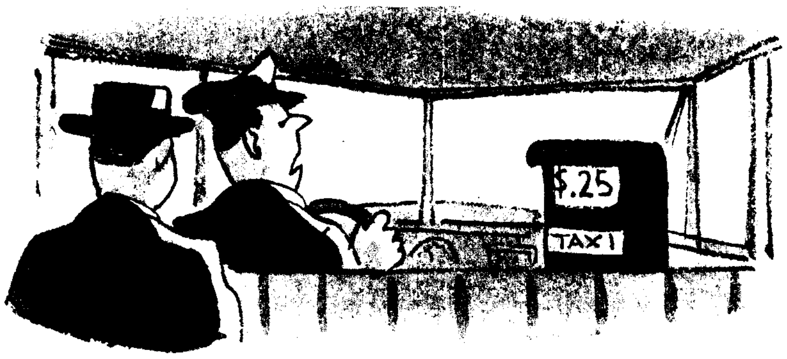
He greets strangers, though, with the air of an old-school Georgian welcoming them to a tricounty barbecue, and at the drop of a question about Atlanta traffic will make a considerable speech. The burden of his remarks has to do with how much Atlantans love him for his "fairness."

Atlanta speeding fines are nominally supposed to be $1 for each mile per hour over the city's 25 mph limit. That is what you pay now, in fact, if you agree to settle for a speeding ticket and supply a bond forfeit. But early in the Arnold regime it developed that it was cheaper for really excessive speedsters to go instead to the recorder's traffic court and argue their guilt. Courtroom fines have not often run much above $5 for speeds up to 40 miles; sometimes they have been less than $10 for speeds up to 50 mph. For repeaters there has been little, if any, upward gradation of fines.

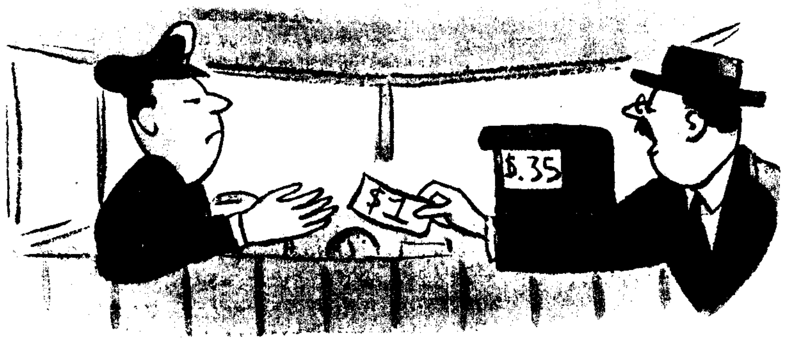
"My Lawd, man," Judge Arnold explained when I asked him about this, "we just couldn't do that. Why, what with the war and all, we were so shorthanded here in the recorder's court for years that until a few months ago we couldn't even look up the records on 'em."

"Reckless driving" defendants are caught in even more numerous coils of gratitude. By Atlanta's ancient and only recently replaced traffic code, reckless driving for decades had been a catchall charge covering practically all forms of motor misconduct *except* speeding, drunken driving, jumping traffic lights and stop signs, and a handful of other specified offenses. In 1948, Atlanta ran up a total of 7,614 reckless driving cases. Of these, 4,185 defendants were dismissed or had their fines and sentences suspended. Only 3,200, or less than 43 per cent, were actually convicted. Fines as a rule, except in notably outrageous cases, ranged from $20 downward, including thousands of cases involving actual accidents.

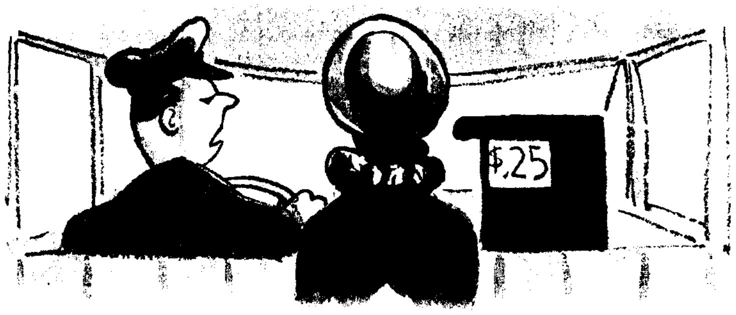
"Now I want you to understand just how that is," Judge Arnold explained. "In Atlanta when two fellows have an accident, we charge 'em both with reckless driving, get 'em into court and let 'em fight it out there. Naturally, most of the time we find one of 'em guilty and the other innocent. Now that accounts



". . . Foreclosing our mortgage. Haven't told Lil yet. The wife. She's been in the hospital over a year. Talk about bills! Sister's takin' care of the kids. Her husband run off, y'know—just up an' left, just like that. With business the way it is . . ."



"Keep the change"



". . . Foreclosing our mortgage. Haven't told Lil yet. The wife. She's been in the hospital over a year. Talk about bills! . . ."

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for most of those dismissals. And when it's a first offense and a fellow wasn't doing anything very reckless, and wasn't mixed up in an accident, we often just give him a warning and suspend the case."

Drunken driving is a somewhat more complicated business. On the surface the Arnold record looks good. Out of 1,737 cases in 1948 there were 1,522 convictions, but the instances in which the charge was changed to reckless driving can't easily be counted.

All of a sudden late in 1948, drunken driving charges disappeared almost entirely from the recorder's court dockets. This time a typical metropolitan conflict of jurisdictions was involved. In a test case the Georgia Supreme Court ruled that jurisdiction over drunken driving belonged in the county criminal courts where defendants could demand jury trials.

From the moment the case was pending, Recorder Arnold met the emergency by systematically charging most drunken driving defendants with "reckless driving." Now and then when he wanted to be severe about it to the point of heavy fines or a jail sentence, he socked some notably flagrant defendant with an additional charge: violation of an old Atlanta pre-motor age ordinance against being "drunk on the streets." But he seldom bound drunken motorists over to the county authorities. He didn't propose, so his public explanation went, to let the city lose the revenue from their fines.

When I saw him, he had still another reason. "We just can't spare our traffic officers from their jobs on the streets," the recorder declared firmly, "to hang around the county courts all day being witnesses in those jury trials."

In any case, the recorder's procedure immediately affected a vital point of discipline for dangerous motorists—the suspension and revocation of licenses. Although Georgia law gives recorders' courts clear authority to use this penalty, Judge Arnold had followed a more or less state-wide custom of passing this enemy-making function along to the state highway patrol authorities who issue the permits. But the highway patrol customarily suspends licenses *only* on drunken-driving convictions. So, now that there were practically no drunken-driving convictions to send to the patrol, license suspensions practically ceased for several months in Atlanta.

Finally last March, after various fires of press and political criticism had been built under him, the traffic recorder began doing a little suspending and revoking on his own.

"Now that it's become my responsibility," Luke Arnold said expansively, "you bet I jerk their licenses when they've got it coming to 'em. And without fear or favor."

But the new performance has hardly been spectacular. Certainly, with seven speeding convictions against him, it did not touch taxi driver Hugh Gravitt in time to prevent what happened on the night of August 11th.

On this particular item, Recorder Arnold exhibited a sensitive social consciousness.

"Now I look at it this way," he said in kindly cadences. "When I take away the banker's license, or the merchant's, or the carpenter's or the doctor's license, I'm causing that man a certain amount of personal inconvenience. But when I take away the taxi driver's license, I'm taking his meat from him and I'm taking away his bread."

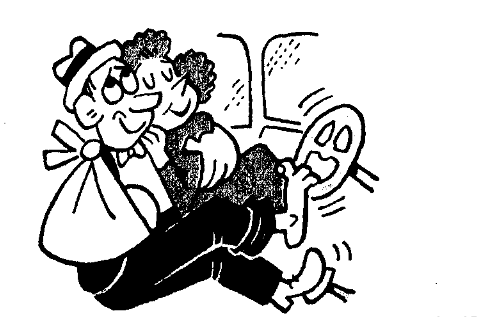
Obviously Judge Arnold doesn't think he should do that sort of thing until he has thought it over a long time.

★ ★ ★

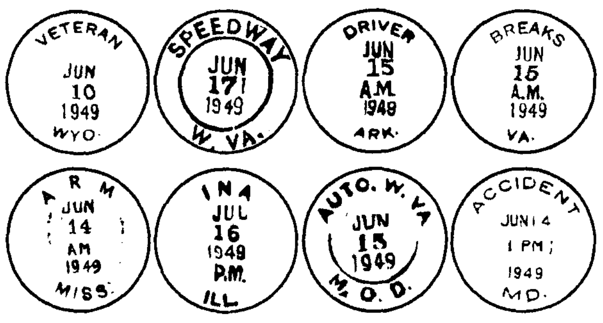
FOR a few days after Margaret Mitchell's death, until a grand jury got around to facing its legal limitations and made the indictment "involuntary manslaughter," Hugh Gravitt lay in the Atlanta jail on a charge of murder. Actually he is a frail, not impressively bright Georgia country boy who suffers from chronic stomach ulcers and an almost total lack of glibness—rare for a taxi driver—in talking with strangers. There are no signs of willful harm in him. Chiefly he is interesting as a product of the Arnold school of traffic enforcement.

Hugh Gravitt grew up in the tiny Georgia mountain county seat of Cumming, the youngest in a not quite poverty-stricken family of 11. He quit his education a grade or two before high school, but he takes special pains to point out that his schooling took place in the Cumming High School building.

Picture Postmarks



HOWARD SPARBER



VETERAN JUN 10 1949 WYO
SPEEDWAY JUN 17 1949 W. VA.
DRIVER JUN 15 A.M. 1948 ARK.
BREAKS JUN 15 A.M. 1949 VA.
ARM JUN 14 AM 1949 MISS.
INA JUL 16 1949 P.M. ILL.
AUTO. W. VA JUN 15 1949 M. O. D.
ACCIDENT JUN 14 1 PM 1949 MD.

R. G. TURNER, DECATUR, ILL.

Afterward he worked at odd farm and country store jobs, and in his middle teens took up truck driving. In 1938 he contracted a teen-age marriage with a home-town girl. It broke up after two babies had been born. Both Hugh and his former wife have remarried, but Gravitt pays alimony for the support of the children.

Hugh loved cars and their speed and power from the moment he first slipped a gear into high. But when he first came to Atlanta in 1941, it was because a brother-in-law knew of a good wartime job as a cloth inspector in a textile factory. Two years later this job blew up with his first attack of stomach ulcers. His physician advised him to stay away from the textile mill's lint dust; so Hugh moved nearer to cars. His next job was as floorman in a taxi company's garage.

After weeks in the hospital to recuperate from a worse stomach attack in 1945, his physician advised outdoor work. So Gravitt became a taxi driver. Within the previous year he had already had three speeding convictions for which he had paid the recorder's court fines of between $3 and $7. One charge of reckless driving involving an accident was dismissed. But his taxi driver's license was issued without any questions from the authorities.

In the next four years taxi driver Gravitt accumulated four more charges of reckless driving involving accidents. Three of them were dismissed and for the fourth he paid the relatively painless fine of $12. Once he paid $7 for reckless driving with no accident complications.

He paid $4 for passing a stop sign. When it happened a few months later with a red light, sentence was suspended. He paid $7 for passing a streetcar on the left, $5 for blocking traffic. Three times he was arrested for disorderly conduct and fighting, once in a disturbance following a reckless driving accident. Each time the charge was dismissed.

The top all-time fine on the Gravitt record was $17. It was imposed in January, 1946, for speeding 50 miles an hour. Almost three years later, after two intervening convictions for speeding 40 mph and upward, he paid $7 for doing 49 mph. It happened to be New Year's Eve.

On the night of August 11th, all of Hugh Gravitt's experiences with the friendly leniency of Atlanta's traffic courts came, in a sense, to a climax. Shortly after eight o'clock he set out in his shiny new sedan for a drugstore on Peachtree Street located a short block beyond the Peachtree Arts Theater. A small stepson was ill with a sore throat and a high fever, and Hugh was rushing to get a prescription for him.

Even today Hugh Gravitt "thinks" that his car wasn't going as fast toward the theater corner as its skid marks had indicated; and that if a small woman hadn't dashed across his path while he was trying to cut to the left to avoid an accident, nothing would have happened.

★ ★ ★

ON September 22d, five weeks after Margaret Mitchell died, the Uniform Traffic Code for American cities—as indorsed by the National Safety Council and adopted before the accident—went into effect in Atlanta. Under it there will be no more friendly arguments in the city recorder's court as to just how "unreckless" any individual driver's conduct was. By specifically describing all the currently known forms of traffic violations and prefixing the penalties, that convenient catchall, the "reckless-driving" charge, has been liquidated.

But Atlanta's legal jurisdictions, scrambled between separate counties and communities, cannot be eliminated. Nor can unified court and police control over a metropolitan area's traffic be obtained without complex amendments to the state constitutions. Such amendments are not attractive to parochial politicos. Motor-inspection laws and insurance liability requirements are hard to procure from a state legislature, like Georgia's, whose rural constituents are inclined to the belief that a man's car is his castle, to keep and to be responsible for as he pleases.

Atlanta motorists, like too many others in America, wanted their traffic ordinances enforced and their safety in traffic preserved by judges who, if they were tough at all, would be tough only to *other* drivers. That is why the killing of Atlanta's best-beloved citizen was so symbolic of American motor tragedies, especially in the way that Margaret Mitchell's husband described it. "It was," he said, "an accident that needn't have happened." THE END

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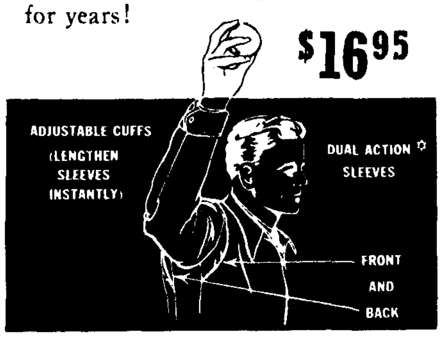
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Bashful Ben of the Bang-Bangs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

couldn't have changed that. In 1940 Ben was riding Cherokee Charlie, a handsome palomino, in a Tulsa horse show when one of Howard Hughes's scouts, on location with The Outlaw company, rented the horse out from under him. Ben was hired to keep Charlie's tail brushed. Miss Russell publicly admired his easy way with horses and when the picture folk went back to California, Ben followed in a livestock car with 18 horses rented for the picture. In Hollywood the lanky wrangler heard so many Oklahoma accents that it seemed "right smart like home," he says, so he stayed.

One day while watching a movie stunt rider perform Johnson observed that this was no more hazardous than the bronc-busting he used to do for his father.

"Yeah?" the stunter said. "You Okies do talk a good ride."

"Cain't nobody do nothing on a horse I cain't," Ben retorted.

The stunt man suggested that Ben put his money where his mouth was. He did, and there followed one of the wildest equestrian performances ever seen in or out of a movie. Riding for his honor, the honor of the whole state of Oklahoma and his hard-earned money, Johnson fell off horses, jumped them over fences, roped and tied a heifer in 13⅘ seconds, and broke a bronc so thoroughly that the picture company had to order another to replace its tamed critter.

A former Montana cow hand named Gary Cooper happened to witness the spectacle and thought Johnson ought to be in pictures. Cooper wrote a letter to the Screen Actors Guild seeking an actor's card for the cowboy—a technicality that would qualify him to risk his neck as a double for male movie stars. To recommend himself for the job Johnson took with him to the Guild offices X-ray films of broken arms, fingers, toes and ribs acquired riding the "rough string" on his father's ranch and while following the rodeo circuit from Boston to Portland, Oregon.

It's an Exciting Life

Johnson doubled for just about every male performer in Hollywood. "You name the star and that's who I doubled for," he says. His fees ranged from $500 for turning over a rig to $1,000 for jumping off a 16-foot platform onto the back of a mount running under it in a mad scramble with 30 other horses, all wild.

"Reckon if I'd a-missed that 'un," Ben observes, "I'd a-been walked on purty hard."

Between takes for the studios, Johnson rode in rodeos and helped his father-in-law, rotund Clarence "Fat" Jones, to train and rent horses. With a positive genius for attracting attention to himself, he kept a goat while he was doing stunts in She Wore A Yellow Ribbon. The rest of the company protested this offense to their senses, but he insisted he had to keep her in order to have fresh milk while away from home.

All this made an impression on Director Ford. He called Ben in again.

"You said you're not an actor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you don't know whether you can act?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'm going to try you."

Two months went by. Then one day, the studio called him again.

"I thought it was another ridin' job, but Mr. Ford said, 'Ben, we're going to give you a contract.'

" 'That's fine,' I said, 'cause that's all I could think to say."

This meeting made movie history on several counts. The actor signed the contract without reading it. He had no agent or lawyer. He was the first stunt man ever given a contract and the first actor in Ford's 35 years of picture making whom he thought enough of to sign. He received no screen test, and as his first assignment was given the male lead in Mighty Joe Young opposite the young blond star, Terry Moore.

Ford's partner, Merian C. Cooper, and Ernest B. Schoedsack codirected the cowboy in that film. When Ford saw the rushes, he made no secret of his enthusiasm. He wrote in a part for Ben in Yellow Ribbon, for which he had performed some stunts; featured him in another film and ordered a fourth written to star him. Altogether, $5,000,000 was invested in the bashful cowboy before anyone had seen him on the screen—one of the biggest personality gambles in film history.

Johnson's original contract, starting at $250 a week, called for a top pay of $3,000 a week after seven years. But his bosses were so pleased with his work that they tore it up and voluntarily hiked his pay. Asked if his agent got him the raise, Johnson said, "Guess so, 'cause Mr. Ford and Mr. Cooper are my agents."

Still dazzled by his good fortune, Johnson says he's "just a country boy who got lucky." He says he still feels like a bull in a china closet before the camera and has to be reminded constantly to keep his hands still.

"Don't know what they're gonna do with me, but I'm done for if they ever try to make me act," he says repeatedly. "Guess I'll do anything my Okie dialogue fits."

Success has been embarrassing. Fellow stunt men—a hard-living salty crew—call him "Lover Boy" because he had to kiss the gal in his first picture. His wife, Carol, has picked up the name and given it the most deprecating inflections.

Mrs. Johnson, a jolly, twenty-nine-year-old brunette to whom he has been married eight years, is a sturdy, handsome farm girl whom Ben describes as "not so purty but hell for stout." This is pure slander. She is an effusive extrovert who bounds forward to pump the hand of people she meets and who'll drop whatever she's doing to keep Ben company while he indulges his passion for catfishing and calf roping.

Wife Laughs at His Movies

Reminded of this, he grins and says, "Yeah, I got me a good prune picker. Only one thing—when we go to a show and she sees me, she laughs so hard you can hear clean to the next county. First time I ride on the screen she shouts, 'There's ol' Johnson!' I was so hacked I just scrooched down in my seat."

Writers for the motion-picture "fan" magazines have been thwarted in their efforts to glamorize him. One inspired scribe called Ben's studio, Argosy Pictures, to find out "How Fame Has Affected Ben Johnson."

"We'll get a shot of Johnson saying good-by to his trusty steed," the writer said. "Then he'll slip behind the wheel of a white-sidewall job beside some mascaraed chick for an evening of dancing in Ulcer Gulch."

"That's out," the Argosy man said. "Ben still needs the horse for calf roping. When he isn't at a rodeo he's practicing at home. Carries a lariat like a cane."

"Well, we'll shoot the other stuff," the writer went on.

Watch the Horses—They Act, Too

Action—lots of action—is the secret of horse-opera success at the movie box offices. Bullets fly as the good guys lick the bad guys in furious fray. But how many Western fans ever watch the horses?

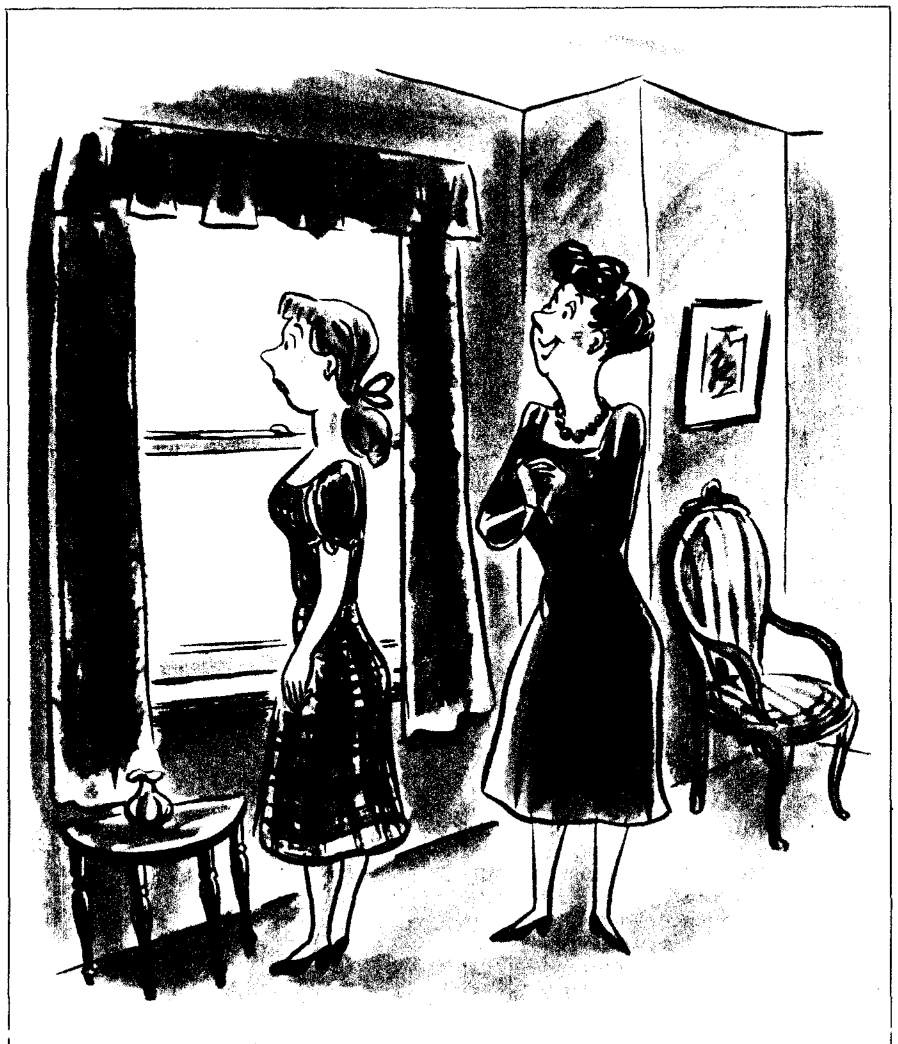
Time was when stunt men used a W-shaped wire hobble to jerk a horse's feet from under him in a simulated killing at full gallop. The device sometimes made the stunt fatal to the animal or to his rider, or both, so the S.P.C.A. outlawed it. Nowadays a horse has to fall painlessly, and of his own volition, on soft, freshly spaded earth.

The mounts are first taught to fall while standing still. The trainer lifts one of the horse's front feet, crosses it over the other and, pulling the bridle, pushes the animal off balance. The horse rolls down, shoulder first, and is rewarded with a lump of sugar or a carrot. Next he is taught to do the same thing while walking, then while trotting, and finally he can fall without injury while traveling full tilt.

Falling horses are not the only equine stars of the films; there are also roping horses and rearing horses. The latter are taught to rise on their hind legs, paw the air and fight with teeth and hoofs.

For men who are required to fall from horses going at full gallop, there is the so-called "saddle drag." The "wounded" rider paws at his superbly trained mount and slowly slides out of the saddle. As he goes over the horse's side away from the camera, he eases himself to the ground by means of a special leather strap. Only when his feet touch the ground—often at 35 miles per hour—does he go tail over teacup.

The most dangerous-looking stunt is actually the safest. It's called the "stirrup drag." A runaway horse is seen dragging a man on the ground, one ankle apparently caught in a stirrup. Under his clothes the stunt man wears a shoulder harness which connects with a hidden wire running up his pant leg to the stirrup. Thus he's being dragged by his well-padded shoulders, and his foot only seems to be caught. Any time the stunt begins to get really dangerous, he unhooks his foot by means of a wire release he clutches in one hand. If this fails, there's another release in his other hand which pulls the entire saddle off the horse. If both fail, another man out of camera range can operate similar releases and has a third line to the horse's bridle.



"Don't worry, dear, there'll come along some Prince Charming; or at least, some Tom, Dick or Harry"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

"Then it wouldn't be Johnson," the Argosy man said. "Ben's car doesn't have photogenic tires, he's never danced except the square kind, he doesn't even know where the night clubs are and his wife would 'git him' if he went out with another dame."

"Who you kidding?"

"As Ben would say, 'May my pappy lose a mule if that ain't the truth.'"

"Then we'll do a story announcing his marriage," the writer said, scraping bottom for an angle.

"You're eight years late," the Argosy man said. "Why can't you do a story on Ben as he is?"

"Okay, we'll do a layout of Ben spending a typical day at home with his wife."

At Home with the Johnsons

This didn't jell either because Ben's "typical" day lacks glamor. After a six-o'clock breakfast of grits, bacon and biscuits he practices his calf roping, squats around the corrals on his heels shooting the breeze with Jones's wranglers who are just as puzzled about his success as he is. Sometimes he helps Carol wash his jeans, creasing them down the middle, as he prefers to wear them, with a patented wire stretch-drier which saves ironing.

Photographs of them in the living-room quarters they rent from father-in-law Jones—one room serves as parlor and bedroom—would add nothing to Johnson's appeal to the bobby-soxers. Nary another movie star would be caught in the lens because Ben doesn't know any of them well enough to entertain them. Visitors to his room are either cowboys, visitors from Oklahoma whom he grubstakes to jobs and money, or rancher neighbors.

Neither did the couple's first meeting, eventual courtship and honeymoon measure up to cinematic publicity standards. First time Carol saw Ben she exploded, "Who does that big jerk think he is?" This happened just as Johnson stepped out of his boxcar with the 18 pintos and gave loud orders to "Fat" Jones's wranglers on how to care for them, unaware that a Jones daughter was sitting in her father's car beside the tracks.

Better understanding followed when Johnson accepted Jones's hospitality and bunked at his place. Carol always had put the wranglers' jeans in the family washing machine. And a girl presumably gets to know a man better when she washes his pants.

Their 10-month honeymoon on an Oklahoma cattle ranch hunting coyotes, coons and bobcats and catfishing was a little off-trail, too, for Hollywood. There, among the rolling hills and blackjack trees, not far from Bird Creek where Ben learned to swim as a boy, they chased these varmints with his father's greyhounds over the 150,000-acre ranch—largest in Oklahoma—which the elder Johnson operates for the firm of Chapman and Barnard.

Ben was born at Foraker, Oklahoma, a wide place in the road 25 miles from Pawhuska. His father, Ben, Sr., and his mother, Ollie, own a 4,000-acre ranch at Foraker which they operate on a percentage basis in addition to the bigger ranch. The boy was in the saddle from babyhood, riding into town in his mother's arms for the usual periodic checkup by the country doctor. At the age of three he was riding a Shetland pony, and at thirteen he was breaking broncos for his father, a job which gave him a crooked left arm.

"Good for makin' love," he explains; "I can put it around a gal without bendin' it."

To protect him from further injury Ben is contractually forbidden to stunt now. But he feels the need of even greater safety measures in his new job.

"Done sweated off more skin a-actin' than I ever lost a-ridin'," says Bashful Ben Johnson. THE END

Let others wish they were polar bears . .

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ARVIN CAR HEAT!

Amazing new car comfort, safer driving—at LOWEST PRICES!

2-FAN DEFROSTING. Two currents of warm air travel straight to the windshield, keeping it clear in any weather.

25% MORE HEAT than previous models.

GREATER BACK SEAT COMFORT. A double flow of heated air, from two 8-blade fans, travels *all through the car.*

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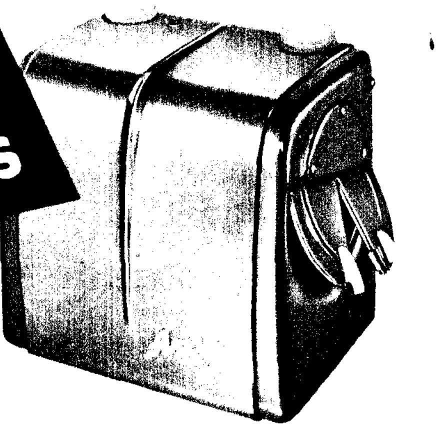

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Columbus, Indiana
Also makers of Arvin Radios, Arvin Television, and Arvin Electric Appliances

Lincoln Collector

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

etc.:—I enclose you a portion of my autograph book and would be very much obliged if you would sign your name on one page and then addressing an envelope to the next person after you on the opposite page, enclosing this letter and the book. If you will, you will greatly oblige.

Your obedient servant,
Oliver Barrett

On the opposite page is written (with addresses):—O. W. Holmes, Oliver Optic, E. E. Hale, E. Eggleston, S. L. Clemens, Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, L. P. Morton, Gen. W. T. Sherman, Rev. Mr. Howard Crosby, Rev. Mr. T. DeWitt Talmage, George W. Curtis, Rev. Theo. Cuyler, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hayes, Miss Frances E. Willard.

The strange result makes it all interesting. All of the list have responded to the lad's request favorably. Mark Twain grumbled of course in characteristic phrase, but General Sherman, O. W. Holmes, and all came down handsomely; E. E. Hale and Dudley Warner in the true spirit.

Doctor Hale writes:—"I am glad to do what you wish"; and sends on with the note:—

"Dear Eggleston:—The above is forwarded by dear Doctor Holmes to me. I now forward to you. Please pass it on, till the trick shall come 'nigher-nigher.' "

Edward Eggleston [an author and clergyman] forwards with the words: —"Dear Clemens:—Pass the thing along. I hope it'll get back to him safely. —E. Eggleston."

Mark Twain signs "Truly yours," and on the envelope in pencil writes:—"Pass the damned piece of impudence to Warner."

Charles Dudley Warner signs "Yours sincerely," and on the envelope:—"Passed on in an unruffled spirit to Mrs. Stowe. C.D.W."

Mrs. Stowe passed it on to Levi P. Morton [banker and statesman], writing: "Dear Sir:—Please pass this little boy's book along. H. Beecher Stowe."

It was "passed by Mr. Morton to General Sherman"; by him "to Rev. Mr. Talmage"; "by T. DeW. Talmage to Rev. Dr. Cuyler"; by Dr. Cuyler to George William Curtis [a critic and essayist], with the note: "I hope you will add a name that all men honor"; by Mr. Curtis to Dr. Crosby with the phrase, "I follow my leader"; and by Dr. Crosby to me with the injunction, "Keep up the boy's ball." We sign today "with best wishes" and send on, adding: "Passed by Mr. and Mrs. Hayes to Miss Frances E. Willard, with kindest regards."

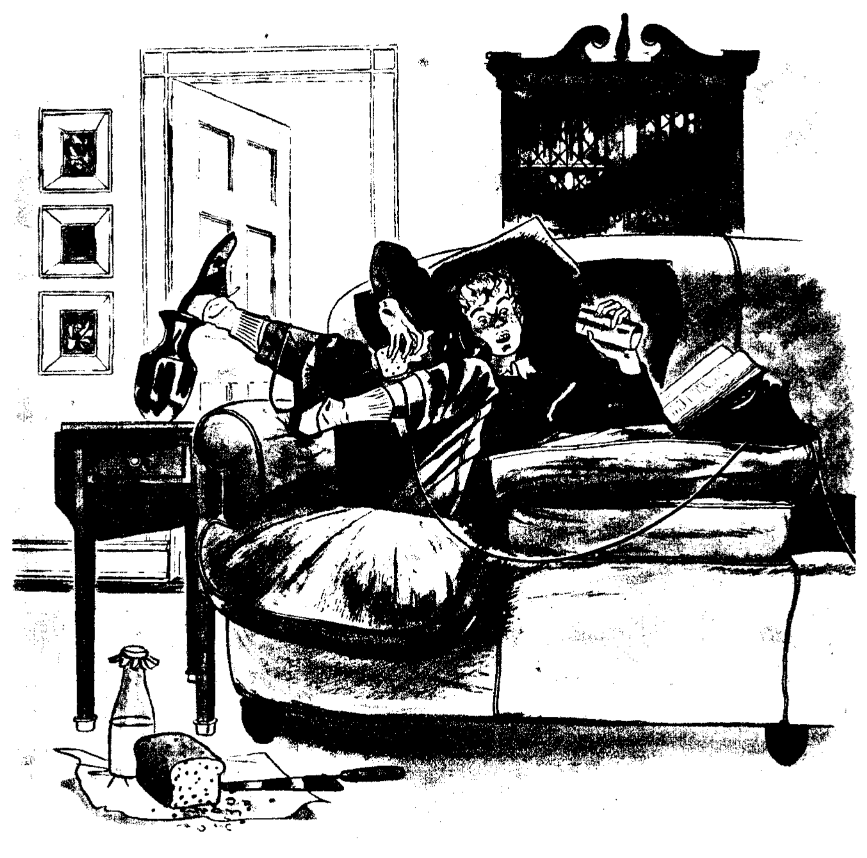
The good thing about this is that such busy persons as have here given time to make a boy happy seem to have made themselves happy in doing it. You will, I am sure, go and do likewise. —R. B. H.

Thus a small boy in a Middle Western country town had reached a wide circle of interesting, prominent Americans who accommodated him with autographs and enjoyed doing so.

The Autocrat Proves Docile

With characteristic singleness of purpose, Ollie did not stop there. He struck up a correspondence with one of the most famous of his well-wishers, the Boston poet and essayist Oliver Wendell Holmes. The elder enjoyed the points and queries put to him, took time to answer the boy and wish him well, took time to write for the boy two verses of The Last Leaf, a poem that Lincoln knew "by heart" and recited aloud.

In his home town Ollie set out on a canvass and got enough subscriptions to the Youth's Companion to win him a small printing press. He set type and ran off a circular: "WANTED, letters of Famous Men." He sent this circular to postmasters over a wide area, requesting them to put it where post-office patrons would see it. He also advertised in country weekly newspapers for old letters and autographs, and worked out



". . . Yeah, Mom . . . uh-huh . . . no, Mom, I haven't forgotten it. . . . Well, put your mind at rest . . . consider it already done . . ."

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Fall time... Good Eating Time PLANTERS Nut Time
MR. PEANUT
MR. PEANUT Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
8 OZ NET VACUUM PACKED 8 OZ NET
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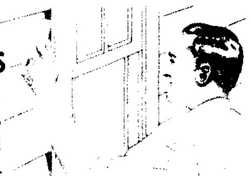

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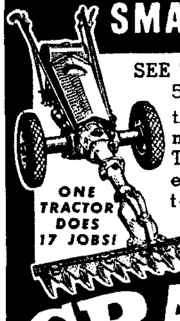

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SOLVING YOUR LAWN & GARDEN PROBLEMS

another form letter, paying boys at school a penny a letter to copy it, sending these to notables everywhere asking for autographs and old letters.

Two determinations had been moving the young fellow: first, to be a collector, second to be a lawyer. The going was not so easy as he would have liked. This is how Barrett remembered it:

"When I was a boy, my grandfather, the stern old Puritan type, had his mind made up that I was to be a farmer. My mother thought I should be a preacher. I heard my grandfather tell so many reasons why it would be bad for me to be a preacher that I agreed with him, and my mother said so many reasons why I shouldn't be a farmer that I agreed with her.

"In those days I didn't know that anyone else in the world had thought about collecting autographs. I was getting everything I could in the county and the state. Finally, I think I traded a Youth's Companion for a Golden Days of one of the boys. In that was an advertisement from an autograph dealer. I sent for the catalogue. That was the first time I knew autographs could be bought. It happened I had a good bank account for the reason that my grandfather, in his efforts to undermine my mother's efforts, would give me a young calf and then I would fatten it and could keep the proceeds, providing I taught the calf to drink, and so on.

"He would give me a pig, and as soon as that got to weigh enough, I would sell it and that money was mine. This was to encourage me to be a farmer. He had a crib full of corn and he allowed me to sell it out to the farmers for chicken feed at 25 cents a bushel, and all that went into my bank account. When I got that catalogue from the autograph dealer, I figured how far that money would go, and I sent for the autographs, and when they came my grandfather was very mad and said I was done, and he would change his will and I wouldn't get the farm, and that it would be no better than I deserved if Mother made me a preacher.

"From that time on he left me alone, and I was glad, because I could argue my mother out of my being a preacher easier than I could my grandfather out of my being a farmer."

While reading in a law office, Barrett sold books from door to door to make ends meet. In 1896 he was graduated in the law class of the University of Michigan and entered on a lifelong practice of law.

Almanac Murder Case Recalled

Once in early practice in the lower courts of Peoria County, Illinois, Barrett's client was Jack Armstrong, a farmer whose uncle, Duff Armstrong, years ago had been freed of a murder charge. In that famous case Lincoln produced an almanac as evidence there was no moon nor bright moonlight by which witnesses could see what they said they saw. In the case of Duff's nephew, the landlord, following a procedure called "distress for rent," had gone to Jack Armstrong's farm, loaded on wagons and hauled away for rent payment crops, a piano and other chattels. The time of this, as established by witnesses, was 4:38 P.M. and thereafter. Barrett rose and pointed attention to the old English law which says that such a seizure of property, for rent payment, must take place between sunrise and sunset. Next Barrett produced an almanac showing that sunset on that day occurred at 4:35 P.M.—wherefore the landlord was three minutes later than the law allows! Barrett's almanac saved Jack Armstrong's crops and piano as Lincoln's almanac saved Jack's uncle's neck.

His Lincoln collection gradually grew to be more than healthy recreation and fascinating byplay—it became an absorbing passion. His correspondence on the subject ranged far and wide. When he heard of a Lincoln letter or a paper or a relic having Lincoln associations, he would write inquiries about it. In the course of time it became widely known that the attorney Barrett welcomed at his office anyone who had material bearing on Lincoln or on actions, events, characters, that interwove with the life of Lincoln.

One of these, a man of national reputation, twice happened to come to the Barrett office, without a previous appointment, on days when Barrett was engaged in a trial and couldn't possibly see his caller. What the caller wanted particularly was President Lincoln's gold watch chain. The caller was chairman of the board of the Pullman Company, Robert Todd Lincoln, eldest son of President Lincoln. He made offers to Barrett of Lincoln documents to be given in exchange for the gold watch chain of his father. From Charles Moore, chief of the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress, came a letter to Barrett advising an exchange "if you want to make the heart of an old man very happy."

An exchange was agreed on, but before its conclusion Robert T. Lincoln died.

Catalogues Proved Valuable

What he didn't know by personal contact, Barrett learned from catalogues, year by year. A ton or two of catalogues have passed through Barrett's hands across the years. He has been heard to say, "I can't live without catalogues." He scrutinized the items listed. He discussed with other collectors what was being offered. He attended important auctions in New York and Philadelphia.

He followed journals that covered the field of Lincolniana. He shaped his own library of basic Lincolniana, became familiar with the books and periodicals, well known or obscure, essential to a knowledge of Lincoln's life and personality. He became familiar with the controversies and moot points regarding Lincoln's course of action or policy in many varied situations. What he sought out anxiously and keenly, to bring later into his collection, was often based on his sense of history, an accurate instinct as to why the letter or the document held importance.

Collectors rarely work alone, and Barrett was no exception. One of his confreres was the foremost candy man of the Middle West, Charles Frederick Gunther, born in 1837 in Württemberg, Germany. He was five years old when his family came to America. A born antiquarian, Gunther was like many a historian having difficulties on the border line that separates antiques and junk, genuine relics and trash. Time came when he had an eight-story building in Chicago, one floor filled with miscellany, crammed with humpty-dumpty boxes and chests. He telephoned his friend Barrett one Saturday to come see him. Barrett went.

"I know you like Lincoln," Gunther said, "but I like Washington better because he treated the Germans better than Lincoln. Washington treated Von Steuben and others better. I would rather let the Lincoln go first. I have picked out twenty letters, all long. I have my taxes to meet today." Barrett was waiting. Gunther went on. "Take those twenty Lincoln letters." And Barrett went away with a great windfall for one day.

Henry C. Folger, a director of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, collected Shakespeare with the same flair that Barrett hunted Lincoln. The two men met on a common ground of enthusiasm. As Barrett put it: "Folger said he wanted Shakespeare, I wanted Lincoln. I let him have my Shakespeare

"Boy! is that a load off my shoulders!"

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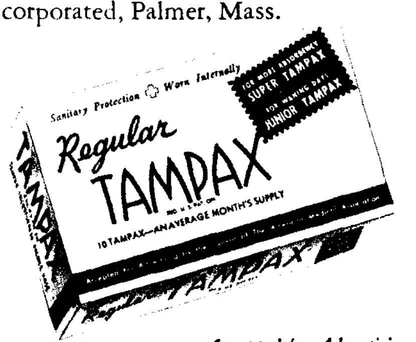
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Women stay young longer in America

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You feel so *free* with Tampax! Why not start using it this very month? Buy at drug or notion counter in 3 absorbency-sizes: *Regular, Super, Junior.* An average month's supply fits into your purse; also 4 months' economy box. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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and I bought Lincoln items I wanted."

A death in a family brought into Barrett's collection a document he had long sought. It had occurred to Barrett that many more letters had been written by Lincoln to Horace Greeley than had come to light in publication. Greeley had been one of the most incessant of letter writers to Lincoln, and many of his long epistles had brought immediate and pointed replies from Lincoln. Where were these replies?

One Letter Escaped the Fire

Barrett went to Chappaqua, New York, the old home of Greeley, and interviewed Greeley's daughter, Mrs. Clendennin, the wife of an Episcopal rector. From her he learned that there had been a fire in the house that had burned all of her Lincoln letters except one. She led Barrett to a corner of the room, pointing to the Lincoln letter in a frame on the wall, and with a pleasant smile: "I could never sell that. It's got to go to my daughter." She mentioned that another Lincoln collector, Judd Stewart, had made offers for the letter. Barrett said, "If you ever want to sell it just send it C.O.D. for double his offer."

Thus the matter stood as the years passed till the day Barrett received a letter from the Reverend Clendennin saying: "Now that our dear daughter has gone over to the better country we have decided to part with Lincoln's letter."

Barrett's main interest never was money. A letter came to him from the son of Robert Latham, the man who retained Lincoln in 1853 to survey and lay out the town of Lincoln, Logan County, Illinois. W. W. Latham was a farmer and had in 1926, as he wrote, "lost my entire corn crop of 1,200 to 1,400 bushels by floods this last October." He mentioned having a manuscript in Lincoln's handwriting that for the first time, under financial stress, he was anxious to dispose of.

The manuscript proved to be several pages in Lincoln's handwriting on "Sectionalism." Barrett told Latham that he could pay $5,000 for the manuscript, but the chances were that a better price could be had at a New York auction. In a letter to Latham, Barrett wrote the following:

> I think it is probably one of the longest Lincoln manuscripts in existence and it is very doubtful if so fine a manuscript of Lincoln will ever appear on the market.

Latham sent the manuscript to New York for auction, bidding was lively and even breathless, and in the end the eminent New York and Philadelphia collector and dealer, A. W. Rosenbach, walked away with the manuscript for making the highest bid of $18,000.

On another occasion, a schoolteacher in Chicago telephoned Barrett, inviting him to come to her home and see some letters Lincoln had given her father. Her story was simple. Her father was a cabinetmaker whose shop was directly under Mr. Lincoln's law office. Into her father's shop one morning of February, 1861, had come Mr. Lincoln with a sheaf of papers in one hand, saying he was going to put them in the stove. Her father had said to Mr. Lincoln, "Why not let me have them?" And Lincoln had done so.

Into the cabinetmaker's hands went letters of friendly and anxious men giving counsel or sending good wishes and prayers, letters warning of assassination by gunshot or poison, letters of ridicule and belittlement and wild curses—inquiries from a gun inventor and a desperate beggar, and the long letter of a horse thief who wished to turn informer and share a reward with Lincoln.

These findings set Barrett on a quest. He was asking whether it could be that Lincoln's old house desk was still around. If so, how could it be located? If found, would there be anything in it? He began in Springfield among the houses roundabout the old Lincoln home.

"I canvassed that whole neighborhood just like you would looking for witnesses in a lawsuit," Barrett recalled. "I went from house to house knocking and asking if they knew anything about Lincoln or an old desk he had. I came finally to the house where the woman in the doorway was saying, 'Why, yes, sure enough' she had in the house the old desk of Mr. Lincoln himself."

She asked him into the house, led him to the desk. There in each of two pigeonholes was a bundle of letters addressed to Lincoln, postmarked late 1860 or early 1861. She had never read the letters, had never untied the threads and strings that bound them. At an auction sale of the Lincoln household effects she had bought the desk, had regarded the letters with something of reverence. She was willing to let Barrett have the letters, but refused to part with a diary that had been kept by her daughter reporting early days in Springfield, including parties where she saw and talked with the Lincolns.

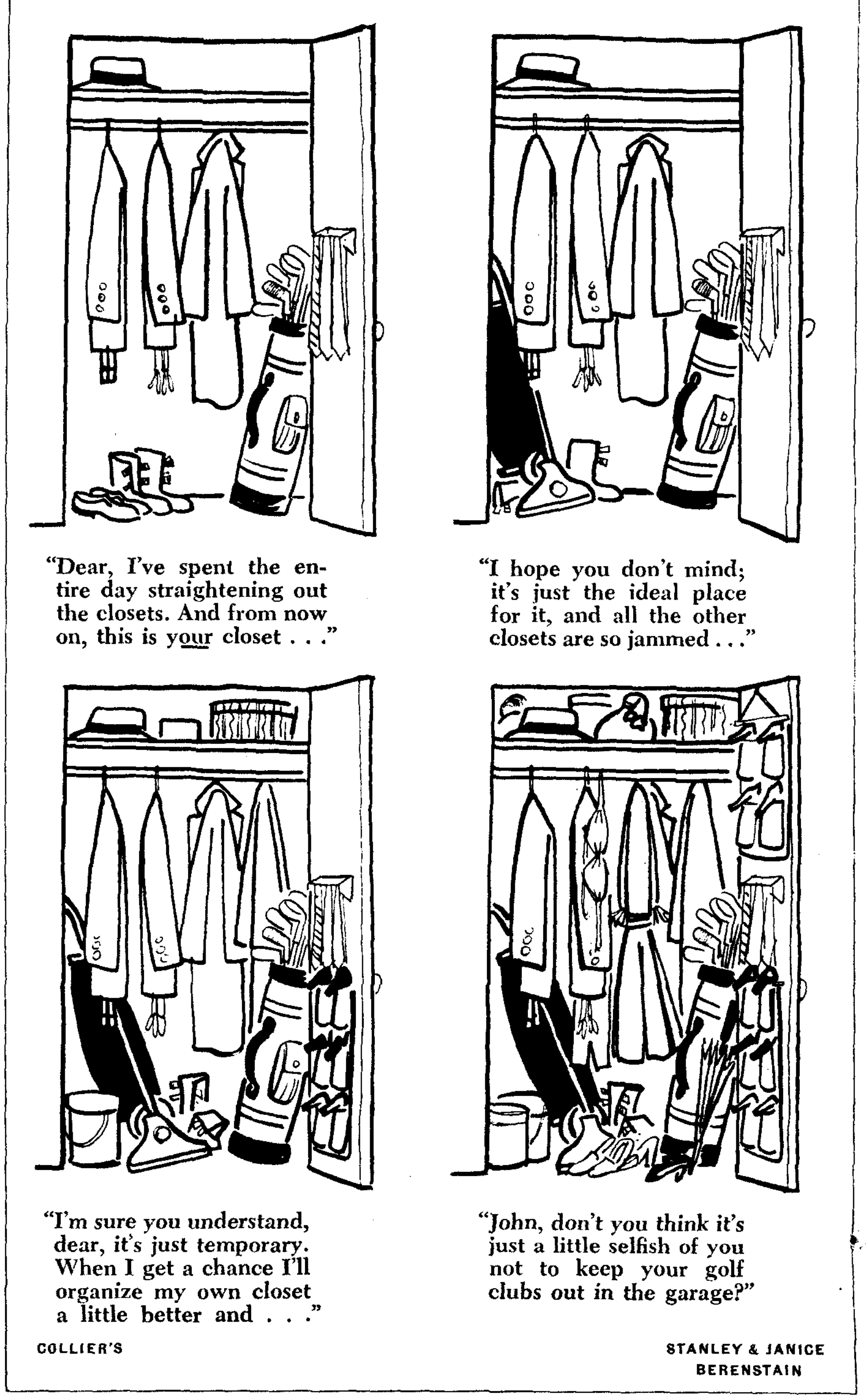
Barrett had a deep feeling about the manuscript of the autobiography that Lincoln, after his nomination for the Presidency, wrote on request of Jesse Fell of Bloomington, Illinois.

Lincoln had sent the manuscript to Fell with a letter. The letter had come into Barrett's hands and he wanted the autobiography. The Fell sisters, who owned it, had a nephew, the editor of the Bloomington Pantagraph. He came to Barrett's office one Saturday afternoon and agreed with Barrett on the price. The banks were closed, however, and the nephew said he would leave the autobiography with Barrett and come back on Monday. Barrett said, "No, you bring it back with you on Monday." He never returned, and Barrett read in his newspaper that this nephew had died of a heart attack.

In spite of defeats and disappointments like these, Barrett accumulated papers through which we can trace the Lincoln saga from Abe's forebears and early kinfolk, their land-seeking travels through lower Pennsylvania, down the Shenandoah Valley and through Cumberland Gap, and the passing of generations down to Abe himself. Abe's own life is covered from birth to assassination, not the least telling item being a touch of prophecy Abe wrote on a leaf of an arithmetic book:

Abraham Lincoln,
his hand and pen,
He will be good, but
god knows when.

Where would history and biography be unless there were collectors? THE END



"Dear, I've spent the entire day straightening out the closets. And from now on, this is your closet . . ."

"I hope you don't mind; it's just the ideal place for it, and all the other closets are so jammed . . ."

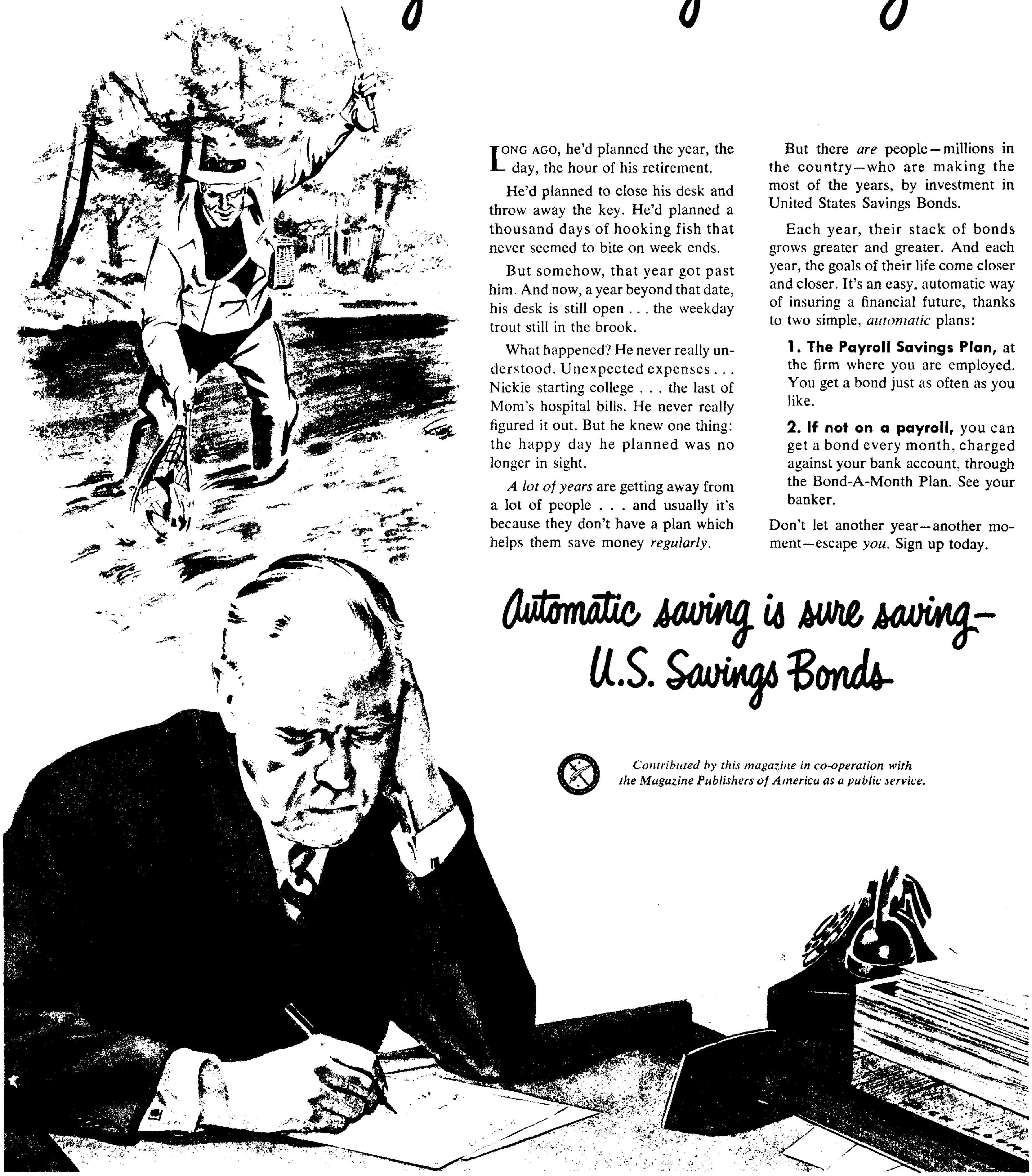
"I'm sure you understand, dear, it's just temporary. When I get a chance I'll organize my own closet a little better and . . ."

"John, don't you think it's just a little selfish of you not to keep your golf clubs out in the garage?"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

The year that got away—



LONG AGO, he'd planned the year, the day, the hour of his retirement.

He'd planned to close his desk and throw away the key. He'd planned a thousand days of hooking fish that never seemed to bite on week ends.

But somehow, that year got past him. And now, a year beyond that date, his desk is still open . . . the weekday trout still in the brook.

What happened? He never really understood. Unexpected expenses . . . Nickie starting college . . . the last of Mom's hospital bills. He never really figured it out. But he knew one thing: the happy day he planned was no longer in sight.

A lot of years are getting away from a lot of people . . . and usually it's because they don't have a plan which helps them save money *regularly*.

But there *are* people—millions in the country—who are making the most of the years, by investment in United States Savings Bonds.

Each year, their stack of bonds grows greater and greater. And each year, the goals of their life come closer and closer. It's an easy, automatic way of insuring a financial future, thanks to two simple, *automatic* plans:

1. **The Payroll Savings Plan,** at the firm where you are employed. You get a bond just as often as you like.
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Don't let another year—another moment—escape *you*. Sign up today.

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Still going strong

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BLACK LABEL
RED LABEL
Both 86.8 Proof

Johnnie Walker
Black Label
Johnnie Walker
Red Label

Report on the Far West

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

legislature has rejected bills which would have forced teachers to take loyalty oaths. Californians were far more interested in Los Angeles' police scandals and mobster shootings and the growing revolt against the state's old-age pension law. A repeal of the latter, as amended and liberalized last November, will be on the ballots this November.

Political lines are more sharply visible in this Western Empire than they are anywhere else in the country. Unless there is a radical change in national Republican policies, and more liberal and energetic leadership in the G.O.P., the Democrats have little to worry about in 1952 that I can see. If Harry Truman were running today he'd win, not because anyone I met regards him as a hero, a popular idol or a great leader, but because of the ancient political truism that you can't lick something with nothing. The G.O.P. may have some successes in the Congressional elections in 1950, but they will be the result of purely local squabbles and personalities.

Somehow, as I have rolled up and down San Francisco's hills and trudged around the Bay region—Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley—and all the districts—Mission, Richmond, Portola and Fillmore—I have got the idea that the whole area is recovering much of its prewar charm. I rejoiced in that at first and much of San Francisco joined in. More sternly practical minds warned me against becoming lyric. And I saw what they meant as I talked to war veterans who came to a halt in the Bay areas after V-J Day and haven't moved on.

Veterans Don't Fare So Well

There are thousands of them. Recurring strikes and industrial slackness have hit them hard. Hundreds have been eking a living by "taking in each other's *washing"—in cleaning and pressing* shops, two- and three-cab taxistands, (quarter-in-the-slot) laundries, small fruit stalls, newsstands, little stationery stores—all living on one another, on government allowances, on unsteady industrial and commercial pay rolls.

I have seen effects of the midyear recession, and have done my best to find portents of depression. All I am able to report on this score is gobbledygook and purely mechanical tongue-flapping. A sample of it came from a motorcar salesroom, from a man who was not only expensively overdressed but exhibited a roll of bills that would have derailed a freight train. He was buying a $3,000 automobile, turning in his 1948 model and raving about *the* depression—not about one to come but *the* depression. The car dealer, dead-pan, said: "Where do you keep it, Hal?"

Los Angeles has greater unemployment than any other sector of this Western Empire. But it is not general. The white-collar worker is taking the worst of it—women being in the majority. Boys and girls who are either looking for their first jobs or who have had no particular training are likewise finding it tough going.

There is one good thing about the job scarcity in this region. The "healer business" is in a dismal plight. Hundreds of trick therapists, herb compounders, voodoo casters, leg rollers, grass chewers and other medicine men have been forced to hunt work. They are seeking jobs as plumbers, carpenters, paper hangers, salesmen and whatever other occupations they abandoned to become sure-cure maestros. With them in their quest are ladies and gentlemen who, until the populace began regarding their dimes with a little more than usual concern, ran small religion businesses—usually in their homes or in small tents back in the mountain passes and canyons.

Los Angeles is the largest American city areawise and has more than 2,000,000 population, an increase of about half a million since V-J Day. This increase is mainly responsible for her unemployment. She's second only to New York in the garment industry. No longer is her wealth to be counted only in movies, oil, aircraft and citrus fruit. Into Los Angeles have come huge plants in the past four or five years—chemicals, drugs, tires, furniture, textiles, steel, plastics, ceramics, and new processed foods in addition to the automobiles already mentioned. And to her north are the new cotton plantations of the great San Joaquin Valley where 968,000 bales were produced in 1948, making California fifth among the cotton states—next only to Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas.

Skilled industrial workers are not often out of work more than a month after they lose a job. Since V-J Day more than $450,000,000 worth of new factories and industrial plants have settled in the Los Angeles area. While many of them are doing what factories all over the country are doing—slowing down, waiting for the day when inventories shall have thinned out and prices cut—there are no permanently closed doors.

COLLIER'S WALTER GOLDSTEIN

Nor are the movies suffering anything more than surface infections that simple remedies won't cure. Sizable shoals of actors, writers and scenarists are "at liberty," but eating and drinking appear still to be general if no less expensive. I got to discussing this with an old friend who is now "between writing contracts" (out of a job). Several years ago, when he was a script writer at $2,500 a week, he went politically to the left. I never was able to find out why or where in the left he went or wanted to go. The best I could do with it was that he went radical because in his Hollywood set it was a sure sign of intellectualism. Noting a change in the man I asked him what had become of his old Red fire.

"Oh, hell," said he, "anybody can be a radical on twenty-five hundred a week. Gotta change with the times, you know."

Walter Davenport, Collier's senior correspondent, has been on a 12,000-mile swing through the country for a firsthand report on how we're doing. Articles from other parts of the nation will appear from time to time in forthcoming issues.

Confessions of a GROUCH

By HILDA COLE ESPY

How to deal with the mood indigo

VIRGIL PARTCH

"Nothing's the matter!"

THOSE who get out of the right side of the bed have an amazing ineptitude for dealing with those who get out of the wrong side. As a grouch with a formidable record of grumpy monosyllables, long faces and glaring eyes, I believe I may have some sound advice to offer to the families and friends of those who occasionally suffer from the mood indigo in its aggressive, or grouchy, form.

The usual approach made by the friends of the afflicted is doomed to failure. "What's the matter?" the grouch is asked in a reasonable, anticipatory tone.

"Nothing," he growls, offering a perfectly truthful answer which neither the grouch nor his baffled inquisitor can quite believe. For this reason the question leads to fury all around.

As a melancholy baby of long standing, it makes me wince to see the pals of a grouch make their usual gallant and galling effort to cheer him. This puts the grouch on the offensive, which is to say that he becomes offensive. At this gambit, the grouch comes close to glee. There is nothing he so loves to pounce upon as cheer, no target so alluring to him as the friend who has powdered his face with sunshine.

The person who offers a coaxing joke or an exemplary smile is asking for trouble and is naturally terribly hurt when he gets it.

Offering sympathy is also very, very bad. Perhaps the grouch subconsciously realizes that he doesn't deserve any sympathy, so he turns it down with the incensed hauteur of a tottering old lady who refuses to be helped across the street.

Anyhow, the grouch wants to believe that what has hit him is something really big, something that cannot possibly be mended by a yearning little smile or a pat on the back. He is having troubles such as you never dreamed of, and it is idiotic of you to act as though you understand.

Another naïve maneuver is to pretend not to notice that your friend is in low spirits. Airy indifference is something any self-respecting grouch deals with promptly and with a great deal of satanic enthusiasm. He will give an excellent imitation of a molting chicken, he will sigh, or he will slam a door until he has forced the innocent bystander to recognize that he is not feeling very well today. The people the grouch selects for this ignoble purpose are always, of course, the people he can afford to take it out on, the people usually known as his loved ones. Bosses, complete strangers or important acquaintances are exempt. If any of these turn up on an off day the grouch always and instantly brings his charm out of retirement.

What to do with a loved one who suffers from militant melancholy? How to dispel the blues? One sure cure is a sudden blow, or perhaps an undeserved stroke of luck. If his house catches fire, or his baby runs a fever, the grouch comes out of his self-centered gloom in a hurry. But the families and friends of grouches can't go around setting fire to their barns or running temperatures just to cheer the afflicted; nor is it easy to arrange for a sudden, interesting responsibility to be thrust upon the gloomy one.

Better therapy than cheer when dealing with glum chums is to give them a dose of their own medicine. I suggest a nasty remark. Give your spleen the green light.

If you are incapable of a particularly nasty remark, here's one that will do the job: "Go stew in your own juice, you ghastly lummox." This will make the grouch feel better. It will make him feel, for instance, that his gloom can't be completely unjustified, a thing which may have been broadly hinted from time to time. Look how unhappy he is in his relationships; look how misunderstood, how wickedly he is treated.

As for me, when in the thrall of gloom, I have often felt that the most welcome visitor would be an old-fashioned African witch doctor with a bone in his nose and feathered rattle in hand. This old-fashioned medicine man would harbor the comforting notion that the devil had got into me through a whim of the devil's and no fault of my own.

The witch doctor would then dispose of the devil with horrible howls and shrieks, the beating of drums, the pounding of feet, and the boiling of lizards' gizzards and hens' teeth. I'm sure I would feel fine after he got the devil to go home, and I'd be as ashamed of my selfish depression, as eager to atone for my aggressive gloom, as anxious to be lovable, as all grouches feel when the fog has lifted and the sun comes out again. THE END

"The witch doctor would then dispose of the devil"

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How Much Government Can Free Enterprise Stand?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

like equality of opportunity to the children born into such families. There is no serious limitation of free enterprise in such regulations until we come to the over-all question of total expense.

4. There is another field of government regulation justified by the general necessity to prevent or alleviate depressions. Thus, government has always exercised some control of credit through the currency and the regulation of banks. Possibly it should be extended to consumer credit. I don't think it is a serious interference with free enterprise for government to control consumer credit and prevent the use of excessive credit as a means for increasing sales to a level which cannot be maintained under normal conditions.

The prevention of depressions is also the justification for some reasonable support under farm prices so that the free market in which they operate cannot result in a complete collapse, a level of farm prices drastically out of line with industrial prices, and a destruction of all agricultural purchasing power.

This is a long list of justifiable regulations, and yet they can be imposed and administered in such a way that enterprise remains essentially free. But in addition to these, other powers have been sought which would completely end that freedom.

The President has continuously demanded the power to reimpose price controls, wage controls, allocation controls. Through the appointment of the Steel Board, he has tried to impose a wage fixing on industry. Under the Brannan farm plan, price maintenance is advocated which would require the imposition of complete production controls to a point where every farmer would be told what he could plant and what he could not plant. The independent farmer is one of the most typical units of free enterprise, and in no field has there been a greater increase of production due to that freedom.

The government cannot undertake to fix one price without going on and fixing other prices. It cannot fix prices without regulating in each industry every practice having any relation to price. The moment a price is held below that justified by natural forces of supply and demand, it becomes necessary to ration or allocate among those who seek the available supply.

There is no longer free competition, no longer the right to determine price policies and wage policies, no longer reward based on efficiency or energy or ability.

Free enterprise cannot survive government regulation in the form of production control, allocation control, price fixing and wage fixing. Too much regulation not only stifles operations, but chokes off the enthusiasm of those who want to start businesses of their own. It causes frustration where stimulation is needed.

Apart from regulation, free enterprise can be put out of business by government competition, or even threatened government competition. No one is going to put his money into an industry which the government is about to enter, because he knows that the government is not restrained in its competition by the facts of economic life. It does not have to make a profit in order to survive. Government lending to competitors is also dangerous, although probably in the long run it is not going to give any tremendous advantage against efficient companies determined to meet that competition.

In the public-utility field, government has frequently extended its operations, both locally and on a national scale. In this field ordinarily there is no competition, but rather in the United States a principle of regulated monopoly. Public ownership of utilities does not seem so dangerous to free enterprise as is government penetration in competitive fields.

In most instances, however, I think government operation in the utility field will mean less progress and slower growth than under private operation.

TAXATION

The second great threat to free enterprise after that of regulation arises from taxation. Free enterprise rests on the incentive given by adequate rewards for people constantly to expand their activities, increase their production and increase the productivity of their workmen. To the extent that the proceeds of their efforts are confiscated by the government, expansion and increase are discouraged and retarded.

Today taxation is so heavy that every proposal to start a new business or expand an old one is carefully weighed in terms of additional taxation. Many plans are abandoned because of taxation. Many individuals who might put up the money for new projects find a calculated advantage in investment for a small but assured income. Any man who looks for a return on property or time invested in corporations, faces the fact that the government will take 38 per cent of his net profits.

Many a small town in Ohio, and elsewhere, lives off one or a few industrial plants. The usual story of a small-town plant is something like this: one man had a good idea, another man with money backed him, and a whole community was the beneficiary of this meeting of ingenuity and capital.

Magnify that situation and you have industrial America.

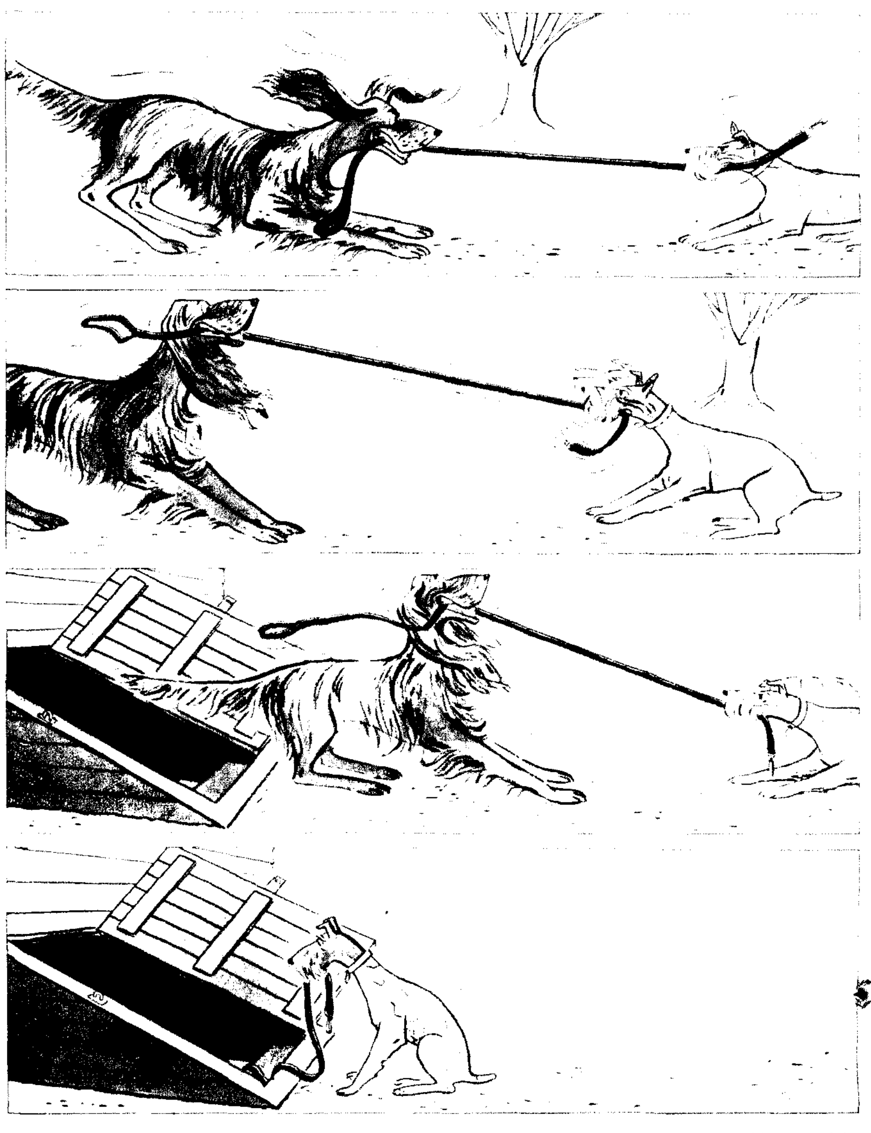
But today the man with the bright idea will have a hard time finding an angel willing to risk his money. The tax on individuals is so high that men who have even large incomes find it difficult to save, and they see not enough inducement to invest in enterprises involving risk. They know that if they take a chance, and the plant makes good, the government will take much of the profit. If the plant fails, the investor loses his money.

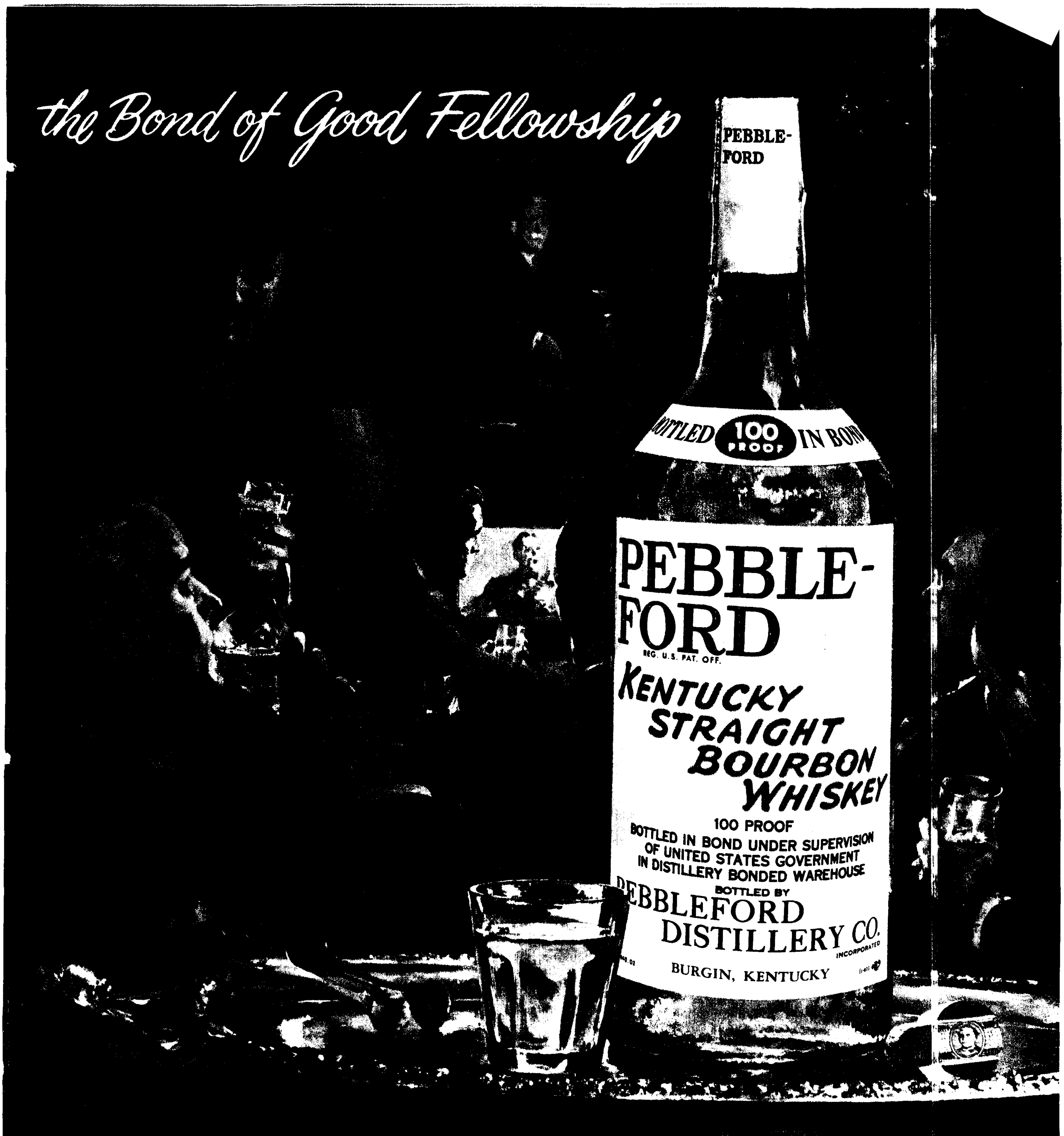
So, many men who otherwise might invest in productive new enterprises or expansions or work harder to develop new ideas think it just as well, and maybe safer, to go to Florida. As these usually are people of exceptional ability, the loss to our economic life is more than monetary.

In your community, wherever you are, probably you know of an illustrative case. Here is one a friend just told me. A manufacturer of fine textiles came to the United States before the latest war, seeking security for his family and for his fortune. He intended building a plant in this country similar to those he had sold in Europe. But he ran into the tax problem, and the problem of regulations.

In the end, he decided to become a gentleman farmer, lose a little money

CLANCY

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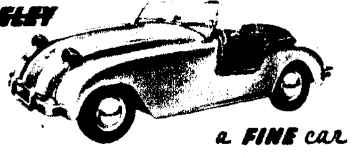
CROSLEY



a FINE car
"You see them everywhere."

that way and deduct it from his income tax.

Savings of the middle-income and low-income groups are channeled into savings banks and insurance companies where they provide money to be loaned, but do not provide the risk capital which must be the foundation of any progressive industrial system.

In addition to taxes on industries and on individuals, excise taxes still are imposed which discourage various businesses. The fur business, for example, is retarded by a 20 per cent retail tax. So, also, the amusement business, and others.

The total burden of taxation today has reached a dangerously high level. The present federal tax system was estimated to produce 41 billion dollars for the current year plus about 15 billion for states and local governments. Fifty-six billion is 25 per cent of the current national income. The President asks for 4 billion dollars more. That would make it 27 per cent. If we had the Brannan plan, compulsory health insurance and universal military training, all advocated by President Truman, we would need about 6 per cent more, or a total of 33 per cent.

Most of this tax comes out of private enterprise, the great economic machine which produces the essentials and luxuries of life. No one can tell the exact point at which a tax burden will destroy free enterprise, but there must be such a point. As taxes become heavier, particularly when they are combined with regulation as in the case of the railroads, industries become so unprofitable that they cannot exist, or at any rate cannot expand. Then the government uses this lack of initiative as a reason for taking over the industry or adding the necessary expansion as a public project.

Each time the government does this, it narrows the area of tax-producing private enterprise, and thus endangers the source of its own income. If the English experience is a guide, the government loses money as the tax base is reduced. This loss cannot long be made up by raising taxes on that part of the free enterprise system that is left.

Excessive taxation can thus become a progressive force for a socialization which appears to be forced on the country without direct decision by the people, but really results from a government policy of excessive spending.

It is fairly clear today that our present volume of taxation is dangerous to free enterprise, which must expand to live. New money coming from investors for equity capital has shrunk to a negligible stream. Most of the new capital in the last few years has come from corporation profits, but this is an uncertain source which can easily shrink as competition is restored.

It is possible that we can maintain the present burden of taxation and still get money for industry expansion. We might find a way to change our tax system. Some types of taxes kill incentive far more than other types. Net income taxes are a tax on success more than taxes on pay rolls or sales which are passed on in the price of the goods to the consumer. These taxes on consumers, however, have a direct effect in reducing the national standard of living and therefore are not popular.

It is also possible that we can better mobilize the savings of those with smaller incomes in such a way that they can more safely be invested in risk enterprise, through government insurance or otherwise. But whether the present burden is too heavy or not, certainly I believe we have reached the point where we cannot take a larger percentage of the national income than we are now taking.

This heavy taxation is caused far more by our foreign problems than it is by domestic policy. One half, or 21 billion dollars, of the federal taxes goes for armed forces and aid to foreign countries. Another 11 billion goes to veterans and interest on the public debt, charges growing out of war. There is reason to hope that the first two of these items may be reduced during the next five years.

In the meantime, however, we must handle our domestic affairs with the greatest possible economy, while we scrutinize with critical eye the vast sums which are being expended for the military and for foreign countries.

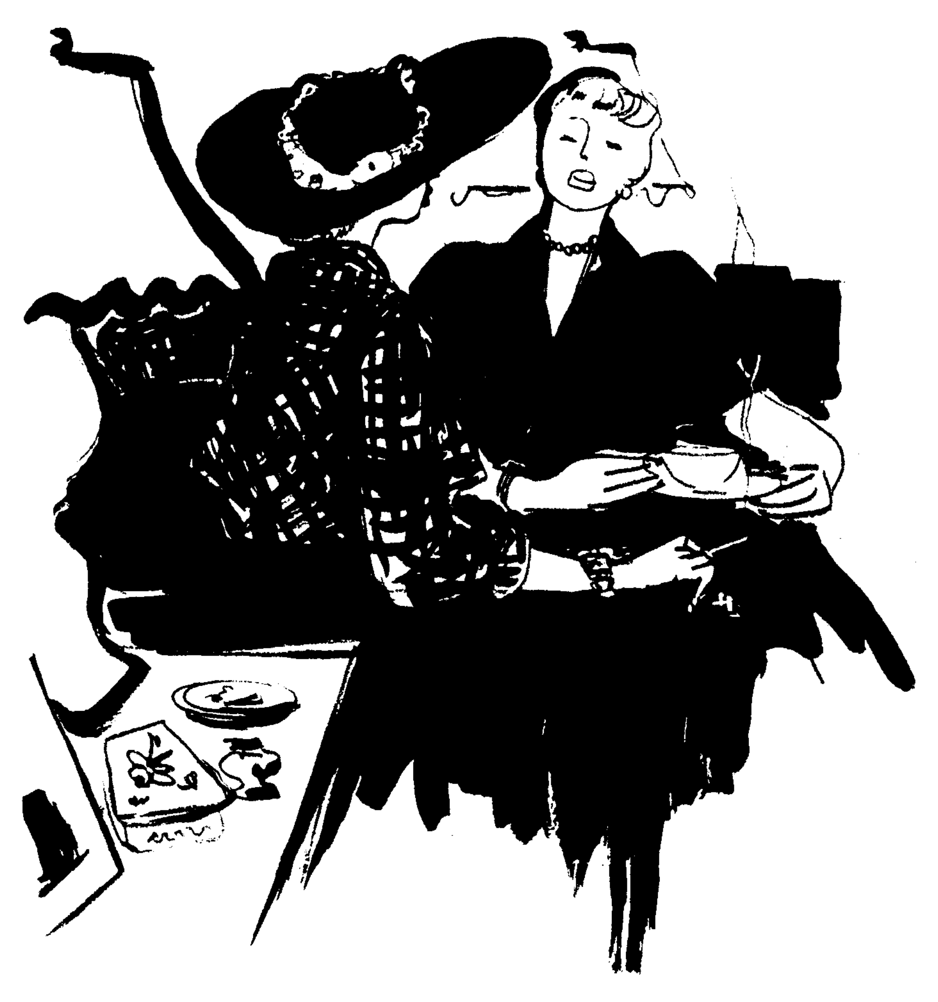
In short, free enterprise cannot take any more government. It cannot take price fixing, wage fixing, rationing, production control. It cannot take more government competition. It cannot take increased taxation. Free enterprise is providing the money on which all government policies are founded. If we try to burden it with the cost of too many government policies, delightful or even necessary as they may seem, we will constantly receive less money to support those policies, so that finally they must be abandoned anyway, and in the meantime we will have lost our economic freedom.

I don't believe that this situation requires a negative government policy. The government can do many things at relatively small expense—research for instance. It can reasonably expand activities in health, education and welfare. These activities are already widespread, for the most part supported by the states and local governments, and the amount needed from the federal government to fill up the gaps in our present system, particularly in the poorer states, is small compared to the figures in which our government deals in foreign policy.

Such a welfare policy requires a very small percentage of the amounts demanded for the true welfare state whose vast projects change the whole nature of our welfare system. Compulsory health insurance—that is, free medical care for 140,000,000 people most of whom can afford to pay for it—would cost 6 billion dollars a year.

We can develop policies to improve the true welfare of our people. We can develop the policies necessary to prevent a depression and keep the free enterprise machine operating at top speed. But every policy should be studied in the light of regulations which it may involve, and in the light of its cost in taxation. If there is to be any increase in either, it must be undertaken in such a way that there is no further limitation on freedom.

We need an increase, rather than a decrease, in present incentives and reward for effort and saving. THE END



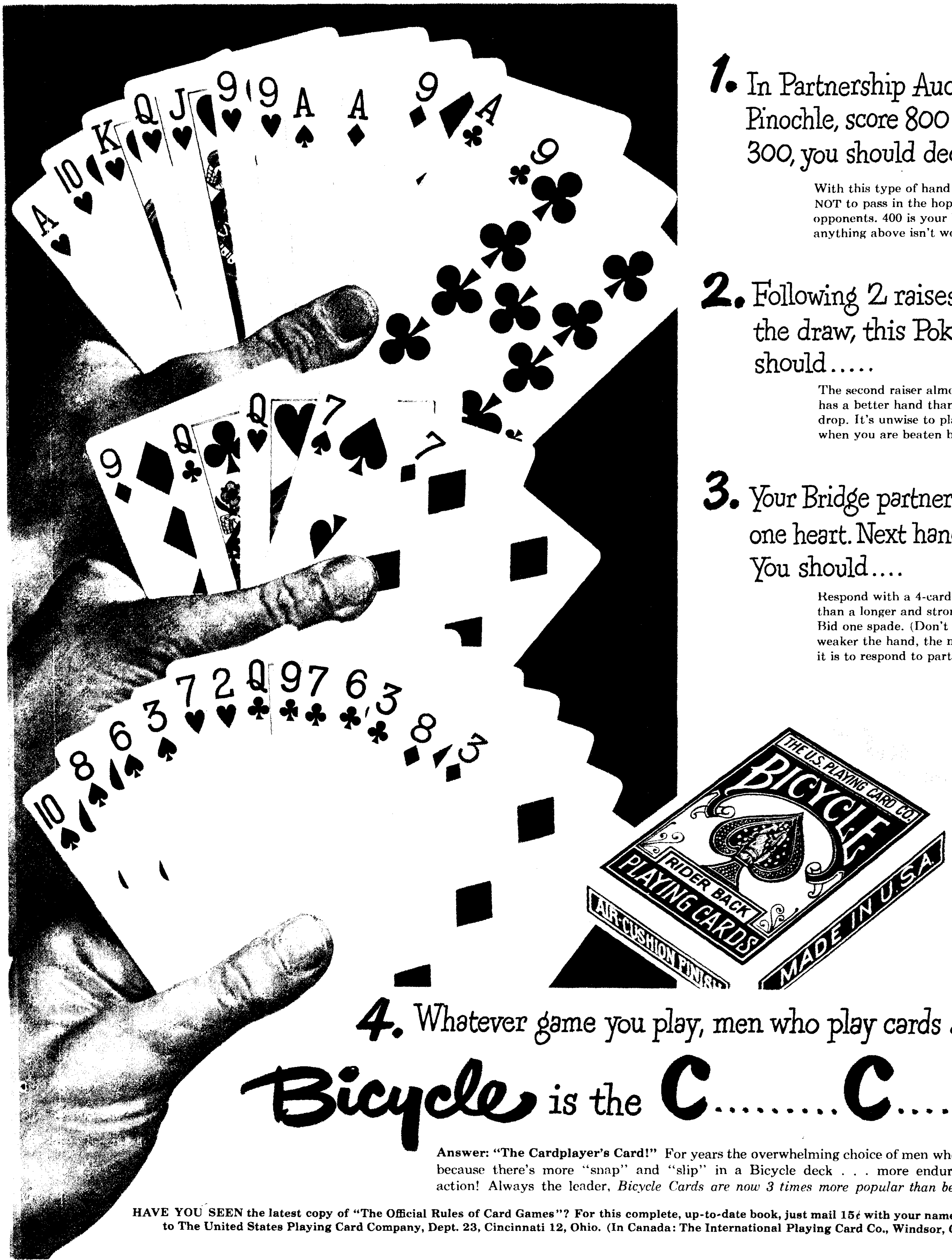
COLLIER'S "I think if Roger left me I'd go mad for a few days" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Next Week

NEW MENACE IN MISSOURI - By Lester Velie

BICYCLE
QUIZ
no. 5

How would *You* play them?



1. In Partnership Auction Pinochle, score 800 to your 300, you should declare....

With this type of hand it's better NOT to pass in the hope of setting opponents. 400 is your bid—anything above isn't worth the risk.

2. Following 2 raises before the draw, this Poker hand should.....

The second raiser almost certainly has a better hand than this. Better drop. It's unwise to play in pots when you are beaten before the draw.

3. Your Bridge partner doubles one heart. Next hand passes. You should....

Respond with a 4-card major rather than a longer and stronger minor. Bid one spade. (Don't pass; the weaker the hand, the more obligatory it is to respond to partner's double.)

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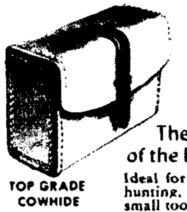

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Bootlegger's Treasure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

piano between him and Uncle Norman, "the action of the solution on the mucous membrane—"

"Uncle Norman, sit down for a minute!" Rosalie interrupted. "You can at least give the medicine a chance to work instead of acting like a wild man."

But, like a man who has lost interest in all matters more humdrum than summary murder, he stalked Hannibal around the piano, his face blotched purple with rage, until in a very frenzy of frustration, he suddenly roared, "You wretched assassin, *stand still!*" Miraculously, the roar came out as a genuine roar, a full-throated, shattering roar.

"Uncle Norman," Rosalie said excitedly, "you're shouting!"

"And I'll go on shouting just as long as I want to go on shouting!" shouted Uncle Norman. "Until I . . . until . . ." Then a very strange expression dropped slowly over his face.

"I think you'll find, sir," Hannibal said, a trifle unsteadily, "that enough shrinkage of the inflamed membrane has already taken place to allow for a more normal action of the larynx."

UNCLE NORMAN wasn't listening. *"Mi, mi, mi, mi,"* he vocalized cautiously. He listened to himself, tried it again, then rushed to the piano, where he tentatively sang a song about what it was like to live the life of a jolly tar, and then a snatch from Escamillo's second act. At last he rose, walked with an impressively slow gait toward Hannibal—who took a reflexive step backward—and said soberly, "Hippocrates himself would be proud of today's work, my boy," Uncle Norman continued. Then he laughed with easy geniality. "If I seemed a little excitable a moment ago, I'm sure you'll understand there wasn't anything personal about it. By the way, what's the name of that stuff you just—mmm—painted my throat with? I think I'd like to get a small supply to keep on hand for future emergencies."

"Well, as a matter of fact," Hannibal said, "you can't exactly buy it anywhere. You see, it's just a little concoction of my own I figured out for a friend of mine who used to get a lot of laryngitis attacks. I call it Pikerole."

"How's that?" Uncle Norman said.

"Pikerole, after a professor I had in medical school named Dr. Pike," Hannibal said. "He was a very fine man."

"Do you mean," said Uncle Norman, squinting up his eyes as though he was certain he was about to be swindled, "that there isn't *anyplace* I can buy this stuff—medicine—except from you?"

"Well, no, I'm afraid not," Hannibal said apologetically, "but you're welcome to what I have left here in the bottle. It wouldn't be right to charge you anything for it because the separate ingredients really cost almost nothing, when you think about it that way."

"Yes, that's the only way to think about it," said Uncle Norman solemnly. Hannibal took the bottle of Pikerole out of his bag and gave it to Uncle Norman, who slipped it easily into the pocket of his dressing gown.

"Now then, Doctor, I know you're a busy man, and you'll appreciate that I am, too. We've come to the matter of your fee for this little visit."

"Oh, of course. I don't want to keep you from anything," Hannibal said, closing his bag quickly. "Well, let's see, it isn't a great deal, really. There's the Pikerole, but that doesn't cost anything, and then your niece was kind enough to drive me out here, so there wasn't any gasoline; so, let's see, instead of two dollars, would—would a dollar seventy-five seem all right?"

"A dollar seventy-five?" said Uncle Norman, pulling a wallet thoughtfully from somewhere or other beneath his dressing gown. "Why, no, I don't think I see anything wrong about that. It—"

"Well, *I* see something wrong about it!" said Rosalie, stepping suddenly in between Uncle Norman and Hannibal. "You know perfectly well you've spent hundreds of dollars, probably thousands of dollars, on the hot-shot throat merchants from one end of the country to the other, and not a single one of them has ever done half as much for you in a day as Dr. Jackson has just done for you in ten minutes. *A dollar seventy-five!* You ought to be ashamed!"

"Please, Rosalie," said Uncle Norman indignantly, "try to control the uncultured side of your nature."

"Ten," Rosalie said firmly. "And as for the Pikerole," she said, "sure, it costs almost nothing to make. So does air. That's another ten dollars. Twenty in all, which is about a tenth of what you'd have paid some pill-boy to fly up here from New York, as you very well know. Sooo," Rosalie concluded, agilely plucking a twenty-dollar bill from Uncle Norman's bulging wallet, "we'll take this out of here and give it to Dr. Jackson, who, by the way, is in a great hurry to get back to his office." She quickly slipped the bill to Hannibal and gave him a gentle shove toward the door.

Once in the car and headed back to town along the shore road, Rosalie turned to him. "Doctor," she said gravely, "you know, you've got to get over being such a Reuben. There isn't anything disgraceful about being paid."

They drove for a while without speaking, then Rosalie said quietly, "Tell me something, will you, Doctor? Do you mind my minding your business? I know it's a bad habit of mine, but I can be made to stop if you throw me a hint."

"Oh, no!" Hannibal said, in what sounded almost like alarm. "No, I don't mind at all."

"You sure?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!"

Rosalie smiled at him, the smile which so seriously affected his breathing. "Why don't you call me Rosie?" she said. "All the people I like call me Rosie."

"They do? I mean—well, I'd certainly be flattered . . . Rosie, eh? Well," said Hannibal, glowing like a light bulb, "I'd like it if you called me Hannibal, too. I'm afraid Hannibal is the kind of name that nothing is short for."

Rosie looked at him quizzically. "In the book I read," she said, "the first boy with that name crossed an Alp on an elephant, and he didn't need a nickname to do it."

They pulled up in front of Hannibal's little house and he got out of the car, trying hard to think of something to say that might delay Rosie's leaving. But she held out her hand to him. "Thanks for fixing up Uncle Norman, Hannibal," she said. "Now he'll be more or less fit to live with again." She seemed about to start the car when she paused thoughtfully, and said, "Do you know what you *really* need around here?" And at once she answered her own question. "Me," she said.

AFTER she had gone, Hannibal sat for a long time on his front steps dreamily reviewing every small thing he could remember about Rosalie Wilkins. It was probably not surprising that he considered her parting remark purely rhetorical, though pleasant for purposes of speculation. This conclusion, however, turned out to be wrong. After breakfast the next morning, when he walked from his little living room into the part of the house he used for an office, the first thing he saw was Rosie, looking beautiful and efficient, sitting at his desk and clucking her tongue over the shambles of papers.

"Hannibal," Rosie said solemnly, laying her hand on the uproar on his desk, "you can't even afford to be a doctor, the way things are going. This is *not* a good way to run a railroad. The way it looks to me you need two things. One is a bill collector and the other is a press agent—somebody to let them know you're alive and running the best croaker-store in town. It doesn't do any good to be a good doctor if nobody knows about it, you know. Now, I know how you feel, but don't worry about not being able to afford an assistant. You can afford *this* assistant because this one doesn't cost anything, for the time being, anyhow."

"But that wouldn't be right," Hannibal protested, "not right at all. There's no reason why you should give up even a little part of your summer—"

"That depends on what I'm giving up," Rosie said. "In this case, what I'm giving up isn't exactly my right arm."

"Yes, but even so—"

Rosie smiled up at him and gave him her hand. "Thanks," she said. "Then it's a deal." She pulled her chair up closer to the desk and frowned in a businesslike way. "Now, don't let me bother you, Hannibal," she went on. "Go right ahead and mix up a mess of radium or whatever you usually do at this time of day. I'm going to get after that enemy of organized pill-rolling, Miss Bagley."

THE next few weeks, which turned June into July, were a profound and wonderful revelation to Hannibal. With a respect which came to approach downright awe he watched Rosie as she moved about Abel's Harbor in the pursuit of his affairs.

Rosie set up a system of fees graduated according to degree of illness and ability to pay, and made up two lists of names, one composed of those people who could be trusted to pay their bills by mail and another of those who had to put cash on the line.

The result of all this was that by the end of July, Hannibal was able to order a surgical table from a supply house in Boston, and during the first week in August came what Rosie pronounced to be the ultimate proof that Hannibal was established at last. Mrs. Flitner, whose husband ran the hardware store and was therefore something of a social arbiter, chose Hannibal to deliver her second baby. "Women may try long shots with their indigestion," Rosie said gravely, "but when it comes to having babies they don't fool around looking for the fancy odds. They play the surest thing they can find. Now you're in."

And on the day following Mrs. Flitner's smooth-running accouchement Rosie declared a holiday. She made a picnic lunch and they set out in the morning from the town pier in Rosie's little outboard motorboat, on a cruise of the offshore islands which dotted the coast line in both directions from Abel's Harbor. It was a handsome August day, the water was tranquil, the air rich with perfume from the pines and Hannibal sat watching Rosie skillfully guiding the little boat in and out of the island coves.

To say that Hannibal had fallen in love was to say the next thing to nothing. He worshiped Rosie as all the wonder and beauty in the world, as the whole meaning of his existence, employing in the process all sorts of emotions he hadn't even known he possessed.

And yet to say that Hannibal was altogether happy in these times would not be accurate either; for while he knew precisely how he felt about Rosie, he hadn't the smallest idea of how she felt about him. She was always open and friendly and entirely charming with him, but it was almost as though Rosie had purposely set up a barrier between them, invisible, intangible, yet strong.

But on the day of their picnic, when they had landed on a tiny island and settled down under some huge pines to eat their sandwiches, Rosie at last gave no choice of explanations for the presence of the barrier between them.

Rosie had been idly spinning out some anecdotes for Hannibal's amusement about her childhood time in the carnival and the years following in which she had played among these islands in her teens, when she happened to mention the name of Doc Cartwright.

"You mean," said Hannibal, "that there used to be another doctor in Abel's Harbor. What happened to him?"

"Oh, you must have heard of Doc Cartwright," Rosie said. "They burned him at Sing Sing around 1931."

"Burned him!"

"Sure," Rosie continued agreeably. "They finally managed to pin a murder rap on him, but it took ten years to catch him. Haven't you ever heard about Abel's Harbor and Doc Cartwright?"

"Oh, the *gangster,*" Hannibal said, looking relieved. "I remember reading about him when I was a kid. I thought you meant a real doctor."

Rosie sniffed. "Well, you don't have to sound so smug about it," she said. "Doc Cartwright *was* a real doctor." Then Rosie chuckled appreciatively. "Abel's Harbor is still trying to forget about that character. You see, Cartwright had a rumrunning fleet that brought the stuff down from Canada during prohibition, only nobody could figure out how or when he landed it to truck it down to the cities. Well, it turned out after a couple of years that innocent little Abel's Harbor was the big pipe line, and the town was shocked half out of its respectable wits. Everybody had been going around believing that Cartwright's mob was a bunch of hard-working fishermen because they wore blue pants and had a couple of prop codfish.

"Finally the federal men closed up that piece of Cartwright's business and sank most of his boats, but they were never able to prove enough against him to make anything stick. He had his headquarters on one of these islands—that bigger one you can see out there between those trees. It's called Cain's Island. The newspapers at the time got a lot of gravy out of that one—all about how Cain's Island took Abel's Harbor."

Hannibal peered through the trees where Rosie had pointed, to the peaceful-looking little island a few hundred yards away, from which the infamous racketeer had so long defied the law. "Imagine," he said soberly, "a doctor turning into a fellow like that."

Rosie laughed aloud, letting her head drop back so that her hair fell around her shoulders. "Hannibal, you know," she said, looking up through the trees, "you're funny. Why not a doctor as well as any other man? Aren't doctors people, too? Don't they do things and feel things, good and bad things, the way other men do?"

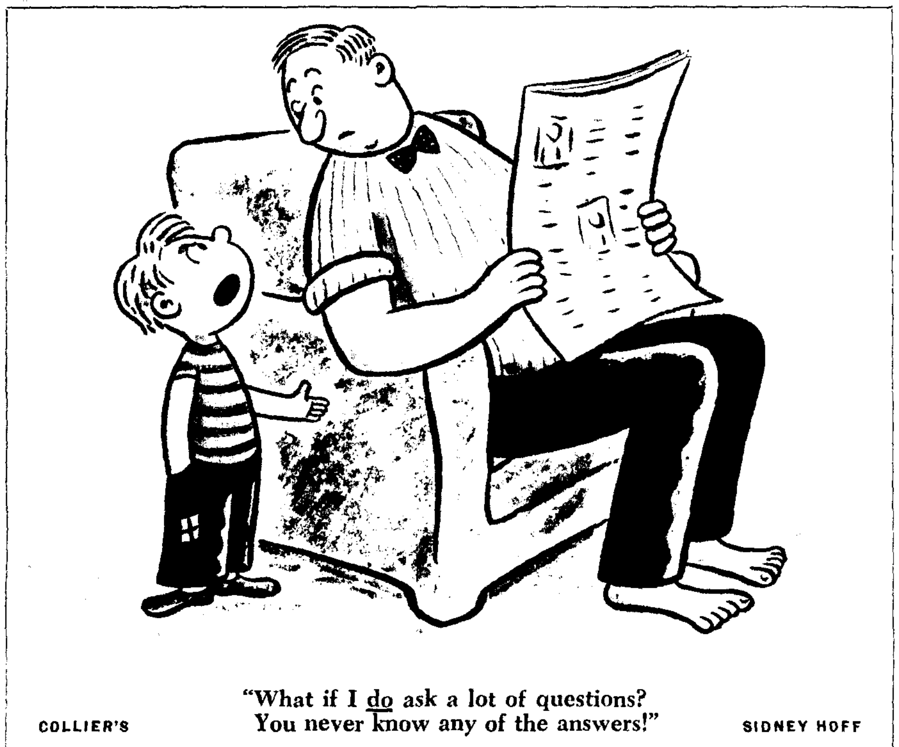
HANNIBAL frowned down at his big fingers, delicately dissecting the stem of a mullein weed; he seemed to be thinking hard about answering. So Rosie continued, taking the conversation easily back to her story. "Anyway, in the summers we kids used to play a game called 'Doc Cartwright's Treasure,' " she said. "I suppose it's the way kids in other places play Captain Kidd or Jesse James games, only our particular bandit came from a closer time, that's all. The newspaper stories always had it that when Cartwright saw the F.B.I. putting the handwriting up on the wall, he quickly converted his whole boodle—how many millions nobody ever knew—into a few really big-time stones, and then buried them somewhere, like the proper pirate he was.

"For some reason or other rumor decided that he came back up here to the scene of his better days to bury it—at least, somewhere around Abel's Harbor—and we used to play a game about searching for it. Anyhow, Cartwright never told anybody. When the warden in the death house asked him about it, he spit in his eye and said, 'Warden, why don't you take a ride to hell on a hot poker?' We used to think that was a very fine thing to say." Rosie laughed and rolled over onto her stomach in the pine needles. "*There* was a man," she said, as though a piece of what she said was a joke and another piece wasn't.

Hannibal hoisted himself out of his contemplation.

"But, Rosie, you seem to forget that Cartwright was a gangster," he said. "I don't see how you can talk that way about him. You talk almost as though you admired him."

"No," Rosie said, thoughtfully, "I don't admire what he *did.* He took what he had and went off in the wrong direction with it. But I admire courage and daring in a man, and Cartwright had those things. My father had them too, plenty of both of them. In fact, I guess



COLLIER'S

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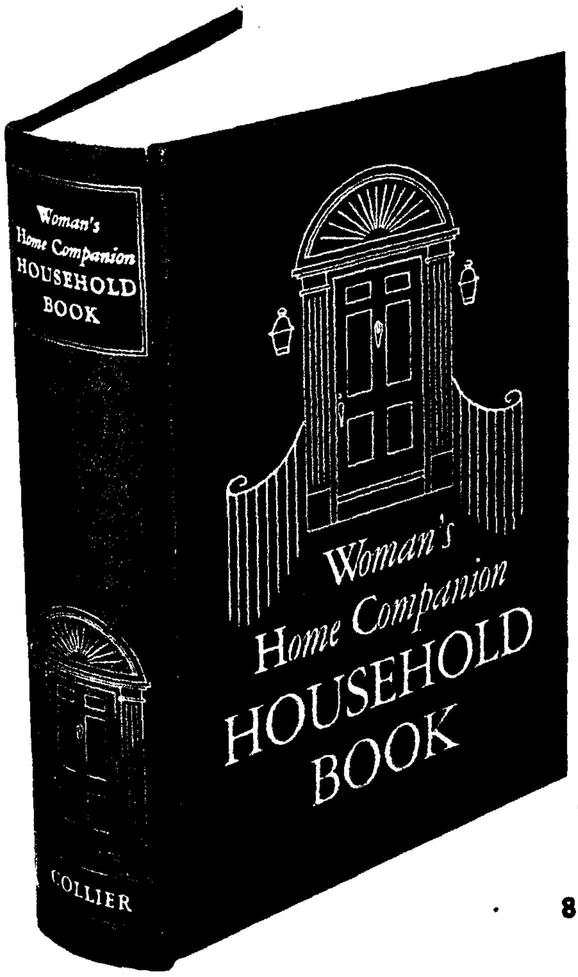
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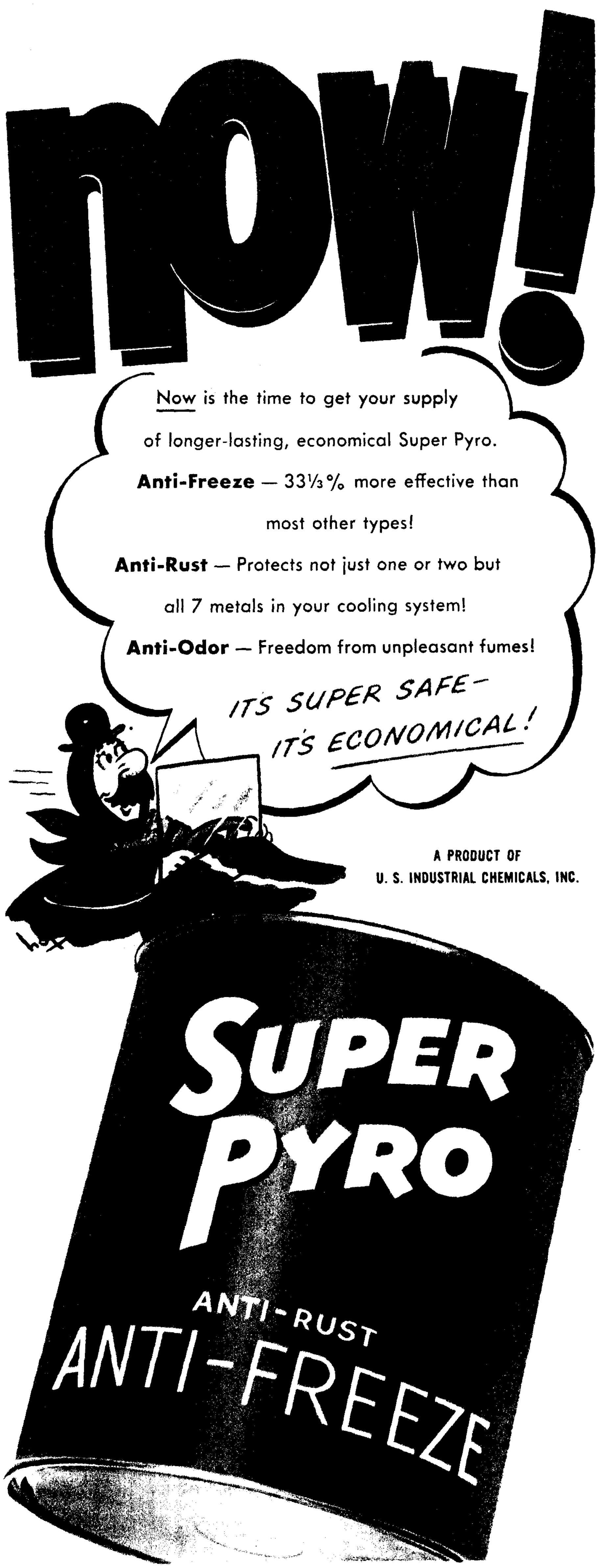

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the man for me would just about have to have them."

"He, ah, he would?" said Hannibal uneasily.

"Yep," Rosie went on, sucking the end of a pine needle and looking out over the water, "I guess the man for me would have to be a man who wasn't afraid to make the world his oyster, instead of letting the world make an oyster out of him."

Rosie's voice as she spoke was casual and reflective, and she wasn't even looking at Hannibal, but the implied rebuke in what she said was not lost on him.

He sat looking gloomily across at Cain's Island and thinking about the kind of man Rosie could be made to fall in love with. He realized now as a certainty—in fact, he had been gradually aware of it since the first day he had talked to Rosie—that her notion of a desirable and courageous man seemed to depend to an alarming degree on how closely a man was able to approximate the nature of her almost excessively courageous lion-tamer father.

Hannibal sat torturing himself by constructing a mental image of Rosie's father as he imagined she had known him. He pictured a giant of a man with bulging muscles and cool gray eyes, dressed in gleaming black boots and white riding breeches, stepping smiling into a cage with his man-eating purchase and causing the great beast to cower pitifully in the corner with no more than a contemptuous stare from the cool gray eyes. It was a terrifying model even to think about emulating, and Hannibal shuddered convulsively.

This dismal reverie was presently interrupted by a movement across the water on Cain's Island. Hannibal realized that he had been looking at for some moments, but not actually seeing, the figure of a man moving about close to the shore on the other island. The distance was too great to make out the features of his face with any exactness, particularly as he seemed constantly to be raising his hands to shield his eyes and peering up at the sun. Hannibal, however, could see that the man wore a light summer suit, on the left sleeve of which was a plainly identifiable black mourning band.

Rosie, presently attracted by Hannibal's silence, looked up and followed his glance across the water. "Now, what do you suppose old moth-hound is doing way out here."

"Moth-hound?" Hannibal repeated vaguely.

"It's that fellow Archibald," Rosie said, squinting into the sun. "He's a butterfly collector who just showed up in town a week or so ago. I can tell him by his black arm band. He's already told everybody in town that he's in mourning for his wife. He's overdoing it, if you ask me."

BUT Hannibal found it impossible to concentrate on the plight of the bereaved Mr. Archibald. He was determined to make some final effort in his own interest. "Rosie," he said cautiously, "Rosie, you know, *everybody* can't—be a lion tamer."

She turned toward him and looked at him very carefully for a moment before she spoke. Then at last she smiled. "No," she said, "no, I don't suppose so. But everybody can be at least a self-respecting, resolute kind of citizen, with the courage of his convictions, if he wants to badly enough, don't you think? If there's a really good reason?"

"Yes!" Hannibal said emphatically, flexing the muscles in his jaw. "Yes, indeed I do! I mean—well, I mean, why not?"

Rosie laughed, and suddenly she drew herself to her feet with a hand on his shoulder. "I don't know," she said, "why not?" Then, "Well, I guess we'd better start back for the mainland before it gets any later. I've had a nice day with you, Hannibal."

"You have!" Hannibal said. "You *have?* Are you—I mean . . . Well!"

When they had moored the boat back at Abel's Harbor they drove to Hannibal's little house and sat on the front porch for a while watching the sun slide down behind the inland hills. After a time Rosie got up to go home for dinner, mumbling something about the way to Uncle Norman's stomach being through his larynx, when a car pulled up in front of the house and Mr. Archibald got out, the mourning band on his sleeve seeming, in the dusk, to sever his arm just above the elbow.

"Dr. Jackson?" he said, inquiringly. "Am I speaking to Dr. Jackson?"

"Yes," Hannibal said. "You've hurt your leg. Let me help you up the steps. You get on the other side, Rosie."

"Oh, yes, thank you," Mr. Archibald said, as each of them took an elbow, "thank you very much. And you, too, Miss—it's Miss Wilkins, isn't it? Ooops—dear me. Easy does it. My name is Archibald. You see, I've just taken a nasty spill on this ankle, this right one."

WHILE Mr. Archibald talked, Hannibal and Rosie helped him up the steps and into the office. Rosie brought a light and set it beside Hannibal's shoulder, then peered down, watching his practiced fingers gently turn the ankle this way and that, applying pressure tentatively on one spot, then on another.

"It's only a pulled Achilles tendon," Hannibal said apologetically. "Nothing's broken. If I just tape it up, you shouldn't have any trouble with it after a few days."

"Not broken, eh?" Mr. Archibald said, and nodded approvingly. "Fine, fine. You know, being a lepidopterist, I don't like being kept out of the field at this time of year. Of course, it's dangerous work, as you can see for yourself. It was while I was running down a really top-notch specimen up in the hills behind the village this afternoon that I tripped and fell. I still take pleasure in the work, but, of course, I won't pretend that a great deal of the joy hasn't gone out of it since my—well, since . . ." Mr. Archibald touched his mourning band significantly.

Hannibal frowned busily down at the ankle he was taping. "Yes—yes, I should certainly think so," he said sympathetically. Rosie said nothing.

"Well, I'm glad to hear, at any rate," Hannibal went on, "that you've had some luck in the neighborhood. How have you found hunting out on the islands?"

"On the islands?" Mr. Archibald repeated, and shrugged. "I really don't know much about the islands. I haven't been off the mainland since the day after I arrived in town."

"But, I thought—" Hannibal began, "this afternoon—" Then he smiled insecurely, and went studiously back to taping Mr. Archibald's ankle.

"This afternoon?" the lepidopterist prompted, smiling inquiringly.

"What the doctor was going to say," Rosie said, "is that we were out on the water ourselves this afternoon and we thought we saw you on the shore of Cain's Island."

Mr. Archibald's eyes, behind his rimless pince-nez, sparkled with interest. "*Did* you, indeed?" he said. "How very remarkable! I wonder who it could possibly have been you mistook me for." He looked blandly from one to the other, nothing in his face but curiosity.

"Why, I'm sure I haven't any idea," Rosie said, returning his look with equal blandness.

"Well, anyway, we certainly made a mistake, didn't we?" said Hannibal, hurriedly snipping off the end of the tape. "There, that should be all right. Just try to stay off that foot as much as possible for a few days."

Mr. Archibald hobbled a few steps experimentally, leaning on his cane, and pronounced himself fit for a ten-mile hike. He shook Hannibal's hand warmly, paid his fee in cash and left the office graciously, reiterating his gratitude.

When they heard the sound of his automobile pulling away from the house Rosie turned to Hannibal, shaking her head from side to side. "Oh, brother!" she said, with a good deal of admiration. "Now *there* is a liar with experience. Did you watch his face closely? What an operator! Not an eyelash flickered, not an eyelash!"

"We mustn't jump to conclusions," Hannibal said, although a trifle lamely.

"H'm." Rosie said delicately. "Well, anyway, I guess that it doesn't make any special difference to business. Oh, I forgot to tell you," she said. "You have some more potential customers in town. I heard this morning that the old Cutler mansion out on the point has just been rented for the first time in years. You don't know it, but that's very exciting news around here. It's rented to what the town has decided to call 'a party of gentlemen sportsmen.' "

"What's the Cutler mansion?" Hannibal asked.

"It's a great big old Victorian barn on a point of land about five miles out of town," she said. "It used to be the show place of the neighborhood when the Cutlers lived there. Nobody in the village seems to know anything much about the new tenants except that the house was leased through the Cutlers' lawyer in New York to a man named Dillon. Anyhow, they must be pretty well heeled, from all reports. They invaded the place today literally by land, sea and air. Nobody has had a real look at them yet, but I'll get next to one of them soon and put them on to Jackson's Massage Parlors just in case. Well, now I'd really better go."

"Good night, Rosie," Hannibal said. "I guess you know how grateful I am to you for everything you've done around here. It's like—like magic."

Rosie smiled up at him quizzically. "No, it's not magic," she said. "It's a lot easier than magic once you try it. Good night, Hannibal."

THE following morning in the post office Hannibal got his first glimpse of one of the party from the big house on the point. His attention was first attracted by the stranger's car—a heavy, sleek, plum-colored limousine—which looked very peculiar parked on Abel's Harbor's main street, and the man in the post office seemed equally unlikely in his surroundings. He was a short, wiry, dark man, dressed in a tony double-breasted plaid suit, a navy-blue shirt and a pearl-gray fedora.

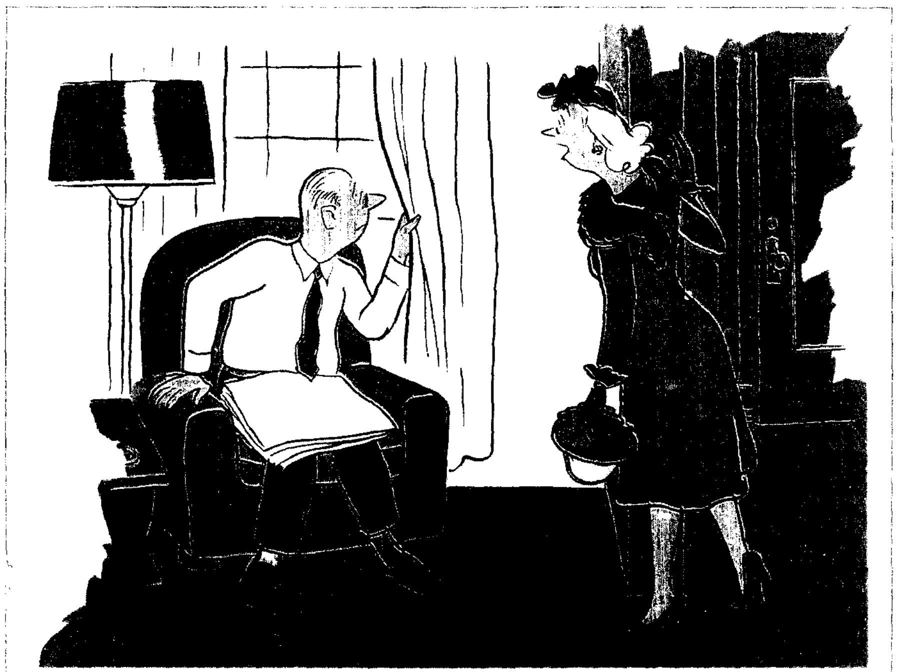
Mr. Archibald, too, was in the post office, leaning heavily on his stick, his right foot in a bedroom slipper. Hannibal spoke to him for a few moments.

There was some cause for impatience among those waiting, for one old man at the postmaster's window had for fifteen minutes managed to bring to a standstill all business but his own. He was a little man who might have been anywhere from sixty to a hundred, with a rampant white beard and wild blue eyes. He wore a pair of green shorts and a Boy Scout hat, on the front of which was pinned an enormous flowing political campaign ribbon reading: TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO!

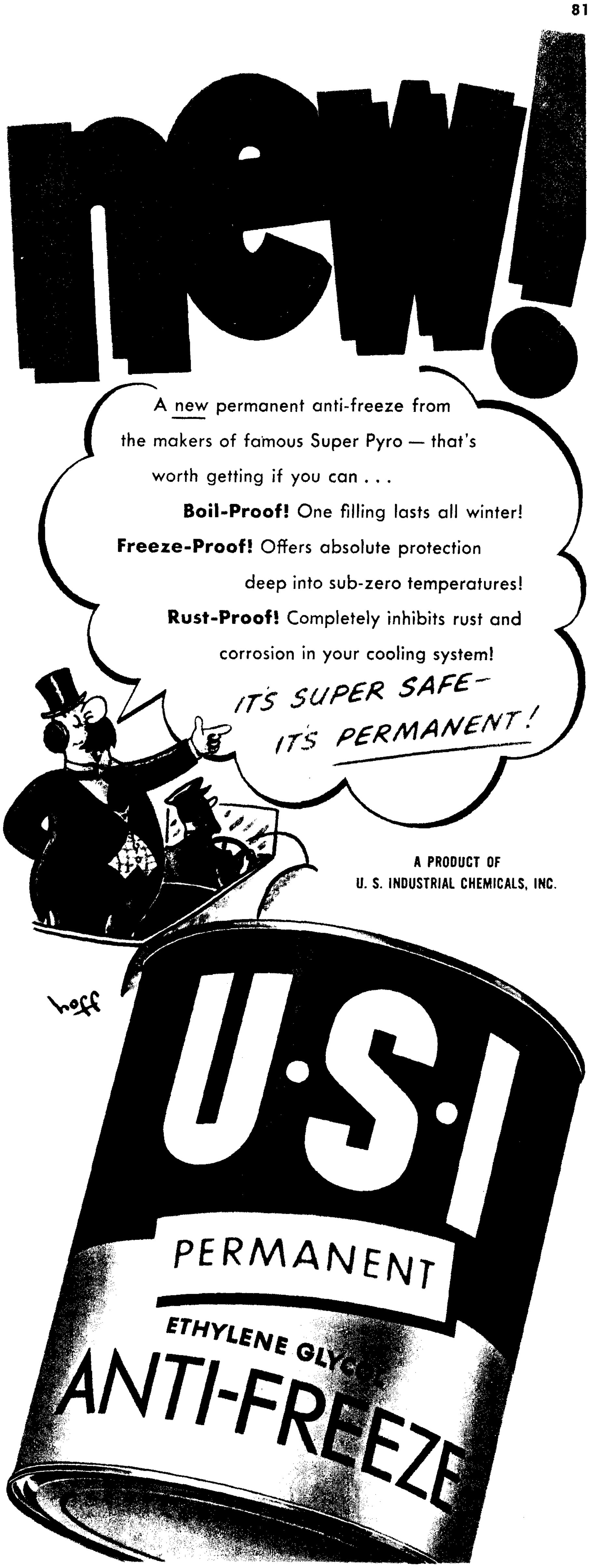
HANNIBAL had heard about Tippecanoe, or Tippy, as he was known around town, although he had never seen him before. The old man was more or less of a hermit, Hannibal had been told, who had lived for years moving from one to another of the untenanted offshore islands, and who was given a lift into town once a month or so by an obliging lighthouse keeper down the coast. Tippy, it appeared, was a kind of present-day Diogenes in quest of an honest man or, specifically, an honest political candidate whom he could consider deserving of his vote. Whatever the old man's specifications for such a candidate might have been they were evidently pretty rigid, because Tippecanoe was still engaged in looking over the field.

As he dropped each piece of mail into his gunny sack, Tippy recited the name of the party which had sent it, along with his private opinion of it. When at last the patient postmaster had handed over the final piece, the old man thumped the counter sharply with his knuckles. "Nothing from the Eight-Cent Party!" he said. "Did you notice? Not a line. The Eight-Centers aren't going to forget about this very soon. Not so very soon." He threw his gunny sack across his shoulder and marched toward the door. But when he reached Hannibal he stopped and stared up at him accusingly with his little piercing eyes. "Teapot Dome was just a hill," he said darkly. "Think about that. Think! *Think!*" And he stamped out of the post office, leaving Hannibal with a vague, uneasy sense of guilt.

It was two days after this, just before dusk, when Hannibal and Rosie were about to close up shop for the day, that



COLLIER'S "Dear, I just backed the car all the way out to the street but it won't come out of the garage!" STAN HUNT



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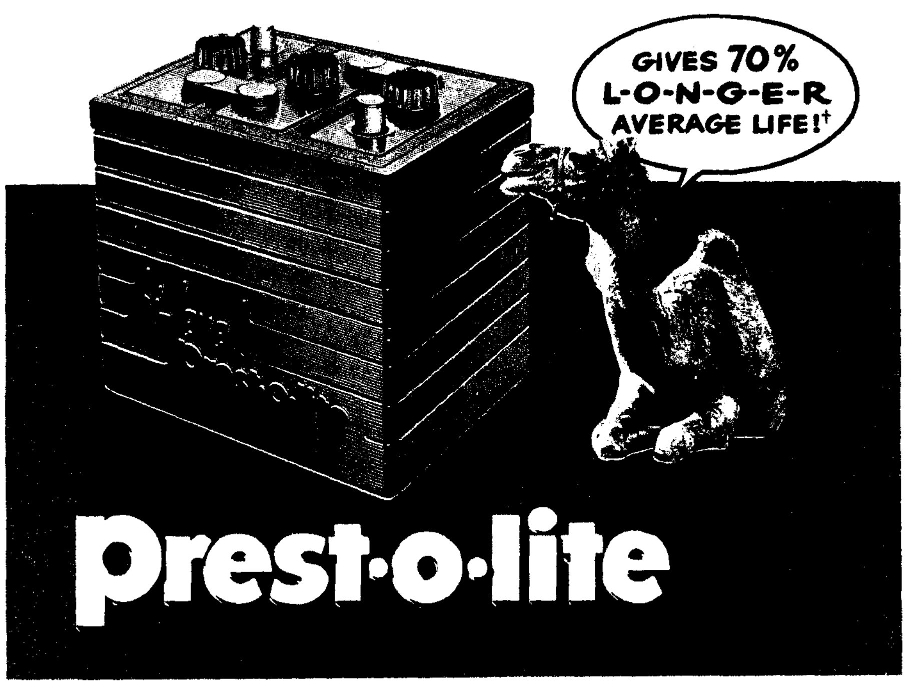


they saw little Miss Bagley hurrying up the front walk. As Rosie watched her through the window she glanced quickly across at Hannibal, then out the window again with a set expression on her face, as though she had made a sudden decision of some sort, but she said only, "Ah, here comes the Till, bringing you the Stomach."

Miss Bagley scampered into the office a little out of breath, her eyes shining and plumped herself down on a chair. "Oh, doctor, I'm afraid it's the gas back again," she said. "Poor Mr. Archibald! It is a really, *really* shame, isn't it?"

"Oh, it isn't serious, Miss Bagley," Hannibal said, getting down a bottle from his medicine closet. "Mr. Archibald only pulled a tendon. He'll be all right in a few days."

"Oh, he'll be all right in a few days, will he?" Miss Bagley said triumphantly. "I *thought* maybe you hadn't heard about it. Mr. Archibald is dead."

"He's what?" Rosie said. "What happened to him?"

"Well, it was just about an hour ago," Miss Bagley went on, leaning forward eagerly in her chair and trying simultaneously to retain her sad expression, "that old Mrs. Gormley who's been keeping house for Mr. Archibald went back to the house to get something she'd forgotten, and she found poor Mr. Archibald all slumped over his desk, dead as you please with a bullet right through his heart, and a big pistol in his hand."

"You mean," Hannibal said, "you mean, Mr. Archibald shot himself?"

"There was a note right on his desk to prove it"—Miss Bagley nodded—"signed just the way he always signed his name. It said—well, it said something very sad—it said that he had tried to go on living without his wife, but that life without her wasn't worth living . . ." For a moment the three said nothing, then Miss Bagley sighed extravagantly, and said, "I guess I'd better be getting along down the street—I mean, along back home now."

Hannibal handed Miss Bagley the bottle he had taken down from the shelf, and as he did so Rosie moved across the room and sat down deliberately at the desk, her back turned to the other two.

MISS BAGLEY slipped the bottle casually into her bag, saw that Rosie was apparently engaged at the desk, and although Hannibal did manage to say "ah" and "er" twice each, in no time she was out the door, no less rich than she had entered it.

Hannibal turned guiltily back into the room and saw that Rosie was watching him. "Well!" he said, with somewhat unlikely heartiness. "Well, imagine poor old Mr. Archibald . . ."

"Hannibal," Rosie interrupted, "you know Miss Bagley is on our cash-and-carry list. I purposely didn't interfere just to see."

"Well, you see, Rosie—" Hannibal began lamely.

But suddenly Rosie exploded. "Hannibal Jackson, how do you ever expect me to fall in love with you when you go on acting like a mouse!" she cried. "Here I've been going around believing you had it in you to turn into a real, four-star, peacherino man I could be really interested in, and then the first chance you get to stand up on your feet and take care of your rights, it turns out you're still an Airedale for a little old busybody spinster. I'm going home, and I'll probably stay there!" Rosie marched to the door.

"Rosie, please wait!" Hannibal said desperately. "I hadn't any idea you even thought you ever *could* fall in love with me. Why, if I believed that, I'd—"

But Rosie did not wait. She marched out of the house, into her car, and drove off with a slamming of gears, leaving Hannibal alone to contemplate the precise range of his misery.

There was no way for Hannibal to tell how long he had stood there at the window staring into the dusk, when he was drawn back to reality by the sound of automobile tires whispering over the gravel of his little driveway. His wild hope lasted only until he saw that it was not the yellow convertible, but the sleek, plum-colored limousine from the sporting party in the Cutler house. A liveried chauffeur got out and hurried up the front steps.

WHEN Hannibal opened the door he saw that this was a different man from the one he had seen in the post office—a much bigger man, who looked as though he might once have been a prize fighter, with a flattened nose and puffy flesh around his small eyes.

"You a doctor?" he said. And when Hannibal had nodded, the man went on. "Then I want you to come along with me right away. We got an emergency out at the point. A man got shot. He was trying to clean his gun and he shot himself in his side. You better hurry up, and get what you need."

By a sort of reflex action Hannibal equipped his bag, quickly followed the chauffeur outside and climbed into the back seat of the limousine. It wasn't until several minutes later that Hannibal, looking out the window and gradually pulling himself together, noticed that the driver was taking an unnecessarily long route to the point. "You know," he said, politely, "you don't actually have to go all the way around the village like this to get to the point. Of course, I know you haven't been here very long. But it's much quicker if you go right through the main street of town."

"Is that right!" said the chauffeur. He held to the road he was following, only slightly accelerating the speed.

Hannibal didn't pursue the subject. Presently, after two or three minutes of silence, he said, "You, ah, you say one of the men in the party shot himself while he was cleaning his gun?"

"That's right. He was sitting in the living room."

"In his side?"

"That's right."

"Do you happen to remember which side it was?"

"No."

"Well," Hannibal said, trying to sound encouraging, "if he's lucky, it still may not necessarily be serious."

There was no answer at all to this observation, and Hannibal presently gave up the idea of conversation altogether. He opened the window beside him for a breath of more congenial air, and was about to settle back in the seat for a wholly silent ride, when he saw that the window he had just opened was a very peculiar automobile window. It was made of solid plate glass, a full two inches thick. A fleeting uneasiness came over Hannibal, as he said to the face watching him in the driver's mirror, "My goodness, these certainly are fine windows, all right. I don't think I've ever seen windows in a car as thick as these."

"Is that right!" said the chauffeur.

"No indeed, I—" Hannibal began, then his voice was chopped off suddenly as his hand touched something on the seat beside him, something moist and sticky. He could feel the muscles in his throat beginning slowly to contract, and he had to swallow hard twice before he could say, "Did you—that is, didn't you say this man—uh—shot himself while he was in the living room?"

"That's right."

"Yes . . ." Hannibal said, lifting his unquiet fingers hurriedly off the seat, "that's what I thought you said."

For some reason he seemed to know even before one sniff of his practiced nose made it certain, that the substance which stained his fingers was blood.

(To be continued next week)

O'Brien

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

This case was for an insurance company. The insurance company was taking a forty-thousand-dollar belt for the pay-roll robbery Eddie Toll had successfully negotiated in New York a month before. Toll had made good his escape, heading West; a tip had it that he was bound for Mexico. Detectives had laboriously followed his trail as far as Santa Ana, New Mexico, but there it had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. The final clue was a statement by a bus station attendant that a man who might have been Toll had come in on a midnight bus and asked the way to Canyon Road.

There were no hotels on Canyon Road and only one lodginghouse, the cheap but respectable place owned by Miss Fylfot. An insurance cop named O'Brien had established himself, then, in Miss Fylfot's rooming house to see what he could find. He had found that Miss Fylfot, under another name, had served two sentences some years before in the East for harboring fugitives; it could be concluded, therefore, that she was still working the same pitch.

Now, however, it appeared that she was playing it smart. She kept her place generally above suspicion and saw to it that it was known as a hide-out only among select criminal circles. Thus her extralegal customers were few but profitable, and her front of an honest rooming house was otherwise legitimate. Her regular roomers, workingmen who paid five or six dollars rent a week, suspected nothing. They were never aware of the occasional secretive guests who paid five hundred dollars a day for the privilege of staying close in their rooms.

O'Brien reported that Toll had undoubtedly moved on after only a short stay, probably to Mexico. But where he had gone, or the means by which Miss Fylfot had got him out of Santa Ana and across the border, could not be learned.

So Sam Ireland had been called in for the delicate specialty of going the same route, under the same colors.

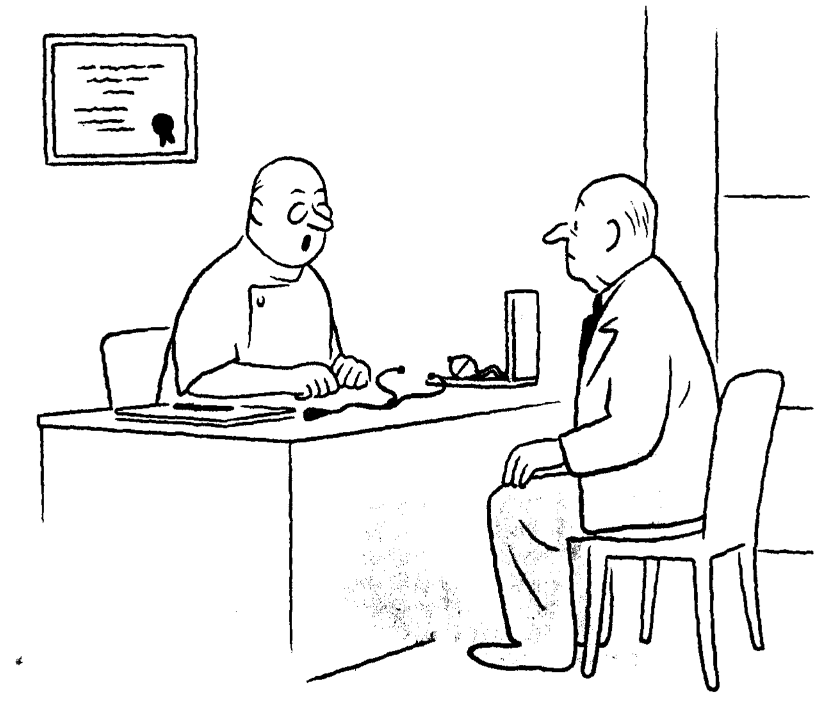
It wouldn't be easy. He didn't underestimate Miss Fylfot's intelligence. She had been smart enough to work out a foolproof system for shipping a fugitive on, as witness Eddie Toll's vanishing act while all roads, trains and busses out of Santa Ana were under surveillance. Now that he had met her, Ireland felt more cautious still. Her trembling frailty was unnerving, in the light of what he knew of her. He had divined something cold and abnormal dwelling behind her milky eyes. Well, anyone grown old in crime is bound to be bats.

So far, everything was fine. O'Brien was still on hand in the house, as the report had said he would be, and that was consoling. The man was totally unknown to Ireland except as a name in his instructions, and so couldn't be contacted, which was as it should be, but O'Brien had the setup and was under orders to stand by watchfully in case he were needed. For the rest of it, Miss Fylfot had gone solidly enough for his routine. She had made open admission that Toll had been in the house. She had agreed to arrange transportation for Ireland to follow in Toll's tracks. It looked very good, so far.

AFTER a time Ireland went to the window. The girl, Juanita, was sitting in a canvas chair in the back yard, shelling peas.

She was a clean-looking kid, Ireland thought. He wondered if she worked for the honest side or the racket side of Miss Fylfot's enterprises, or both. She worked here; it would seem she'd know everything that went on. But maybe not. He hoped not, but you couldn't tell by looking. He had a streak of sentiment and the girl was pretty, that was all. Sentiment was bad for a cop, a handicap. Ireland found himself wishing suddenly that there were no cops and Eddie Tolls and avaricious Miss Fylfots in the world, and in that case he would call down to Juanita from the window and ask her to go to a movie.

Her ankles were crossed. Her head was bowed. Her hands worked swiftly, with no nonsense. She wore her yellow sweater over her shoulders. Green husks fell from her flying fingers. There was a young cottonwood tree in the back yard,



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lanky, half naked, but silver in the sunset, and a mockingbird sat on its topmost branch and sang a loud hard note. The bird flew through the air singing and lighted on the roof of the well house.

Juanita looked up at it for a moment and granted it her delightful smile, with dimples. She saw Ireland in his window and said, "Oh, hello. Isn't he jazzy?"

"Real cool," Ireland said, and the girl laughed gaily.

She stood up and brushed off her skirt and gathered up the pan of peas and the basket of hulls in her arm. She stopped beneath his window and said more softly, "Are you all set?"

Ireland looked down at her stupidly.

She said, "I mean, to go on."

So she knew the score. Ireland thought: Well, hell.

He said stonily, "Could be."

"Good luck."

Ireland said nothing. He felt only disgust. She passed out of sight and he heard the slam of the back door as she entered the house.

SITTING down, he lighted a cigarette, but the smoke was hot and bitter and he put it out. With the keyhole in mind he opened one of his bags and made a pantomime of taking a sheaf of bank notes from it. He counted out two thousand dollars. Miss Fylfot's price for transportation could hardly be more than that. He checked the bills to see that each was marked according to instructions.

He waited, watching the sun set over the distant purple mountains. A sliver of moon riding high in the sky gradually turned on its pale white light as darkness fell. A star appeared, swinging from the sickle of the moon.

Miss Fylfot knocked on his door and said, "Here's your supper."

Ireland crossed the room in the dark and unlocked the door. With the light of the hall at her back Miss Fylfot looked like a wisp of rag hanging on a line. It was a little startling when she moved.

She said, "Turn on the lamp. I don't want to fall and spill everything."

Ireland switched on the lamp in the green glass shade. Miss Fylfot put her tray down on the dresser. The supper consisted of a hunk of meat loaf and a little dish of peas, a slice of buttered bread and a cup of coffee yellow with canned milk.

"Some supper!" Ireland said. "Are you sure you can afford it?"

"Don't eat it if you don't want it."

"I like my coffee black."

"That's the last there is, and I don't intend to make fresh." She went to the window and drew down the shade with a fragile, trembling hand. She said, "I've made a call. You might be able to get out tonight."

"Here's hoping it's nothing but quick. How do I go?"

"You'll find out, when it's time."

She stood in the center of the room with her hands folded, her eyes on the bag from which Ireland had taken the money. The tremor at her lips broke into a curious, pursed-up smile, and she went out and closed the door.

The meat loaf tasted like wood ashes and lime. Ireland quit on it after the first bite. He managed the peas and the bread and butter. He lighted a cigarette and after some hesitation downed half the cup of coffee. It was terrible.

Miss Fylfot rapped at the door again and said in a whisper, "Are you ready?"

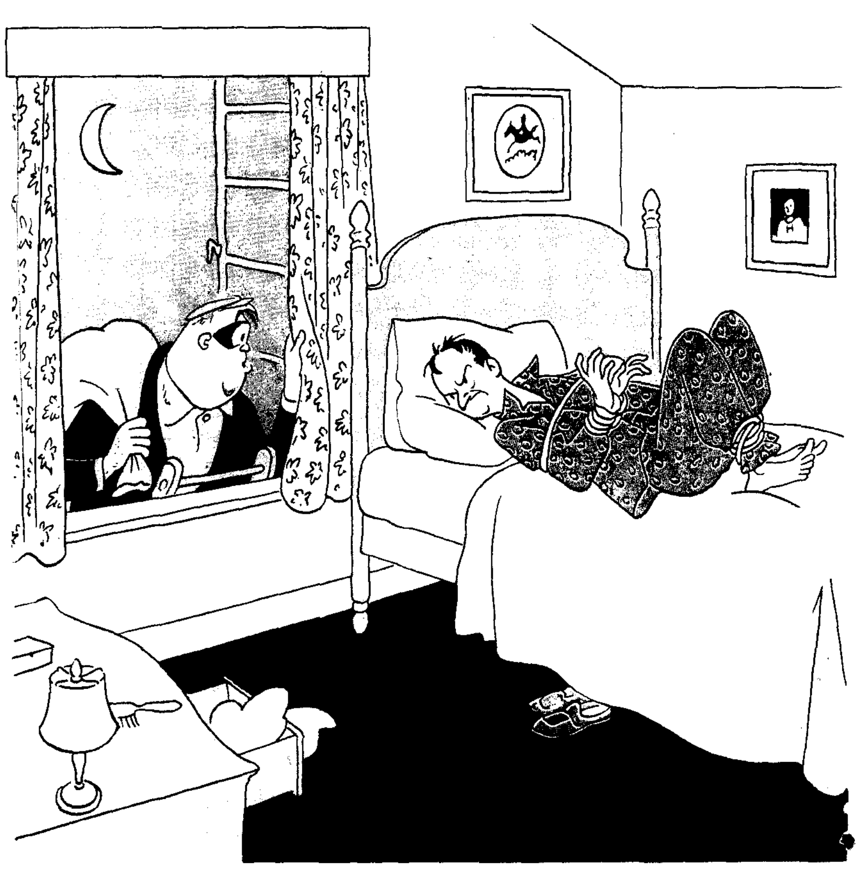
Ireland had a feeling that she had not left the hall outside while he had been eating. But that didn't make sense. He couldn't expect to hear her come and go; she moved as noiselessly as a cat.

"Come on in," Ireland said.

She opened the door. She said petulantly, "You should always keep this locked. Get everything and come now. Hurry."

Ireland got up and picked up his bags. He had not yet heard any of the roomers return. Apparently O'Brien also was still out. He didn't know what he could do about that.

BUTCH



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She whispered, "Be as quiet as you an."

Downstairs, the house was dark. They oved silently past the ranks of potted owers. The place had a smell, Ireland ought, of dense green growth. They ent through the living room and down all. Someplace beyond the hall, in a ar room, there was a glow of light and e clatter of dishwashing. Ireland could ear Juanita singing to herself as she orked.

Miss Fylfot halted him with a touch f her hand and opened an outer door.

Ireland said, "How much does that abe know?"

MISS FYLFOT tugged at his arm and he went outside and found himself the sandy back yard. "Just keep your ind on your own business," she apped.

"I like to know—that's all," Ireland id.

"You'd better forget about chasing omen for a while, if you're trying to ve your neck."

She unlocked a padlock on the iron or of the well house.

She said, "Be careful." She took his m and guided him inside. "And don't op your bags," she warned. "They ight fall in."

She pulled the door shut and switched a little flashlight. There was a round le in the dirt floor, a yard or so across, mmed with a casing of rusty metal. A le of dirt was beside it. A few old ards were stacked in a corner.

"You wait in here," Miss Fylfot said. he flashlight was quivering in her hand. hat's so nobody in the house will hear u when you leave. It won't be long. ou might as well sit down. And be reful with your suitcases."

Ireland put his bags down.

He said, "Just a minute. Give me ur light." He reached out and took the shlight from her before she could aw it back.

He knelt by the edge of the well. A lf-dozen strands of shining black hair e caught on a splinter of the rusty n of pipe. Eddie Toll, by his descrip- on, had hair as black as this. He turned e light into the well. Its feeble beam as swallowed up in the deep black aft. Ireland felt a wave of sickness. e stood up, and his head swam. He ld the light on Miss Fylfot.

Her eyes were as blank and yellow as e coffee she had given him. The tremor aveled through her head and her neck d her whole body. Her mouth was en and her breath was like a tiny, fara- ay pump.

She executed two dancing backward eps, almost as though she meant to op into a curtsy, and came to a stop ith her back against the closed iron or.

Ireland said, "I see how you got Ed- e away."

Her mouth opened more widely, as if e meant to scream, but there was no und. She seemed to shrink under the ght. She was a glimmering, wavering ttern of shadows, an illusion, a mirage. a moment she would be transparent; e would dissolve and disappear.

"Very neat," Ireland said. "No cops e going to get him there. It's such a od hide-out he paid you everything he d for it, didn't he? I was wondering hy you didn't collect my transportation oney."

Miss Fylfot put up her hands against e light.

"How deep is it?" Ireland said. "Fifty et? A hundred? Dry now, sure. A deep grave. Push him in, a little dirt him, and he's gone to Mexico for od."

He moved toward the door and stag- red and almost fell. Miss Fylfot's glis- ning eyes were turning here and there e two frightened, burrowing worms. Ireland said, "Open the door." An enormous heaviness was thrusting down upon him. If he moved again he would fall. He put his hand clumsily under his coat and worked the pistol out of its clip. Miss Fylfot began to scream at the top of her voice.

Ireland realized for the first time that she thought he meant to kill her. He tried to speak to her again, but his tongue twisted in his mouth. His fingers could not close upon the pistol and hold it. It slipped away and hung for a moment suspended in the air and then dived silently into the black circle of the well. Ireland made a great effort and walked straight toward Miss Fylfot. His knees were buckling under him. She shrieked and the door clanged open. He stood swaying for a moment and then fell full length through the doorway. The flashlight went out.

There was silence, and he could hear his pulse pounding stolidly in his ears. His bones were made of lead. Nausea all but overwhelmed him—but if he could sleep he would feel all right. Sleep was what he wanted and yet he was fighting to stay awake.

From someplace off to one side, Ireland watched Miss Fylfot struggling frantically to drag him inside the dark mouth of the well house. She hauled on his shoulders and then on his feet. She moaned with the terrible exertion of her work. She was like an ant with a dead beetle. She was out of sight now, inside the well house, and Ireland was disappearing after her, an inch at a time. His feet would be at the edge of the well by now. A little more, a little more.

A bright white light blazed and Juanita's voice said something wholly unintelligible. He saw her, or felt her presence beside him, masked by the column of the blinding light.

This was the time for O'Brien; this was the time for all good O'Briens to come to the aid of Ireland. The night began to turn and raced round and round in a black oily whirlpool, and the slice of moon was gone. Good-by, O'Brien. Ireland went peacefully to sleep.

HE WAKENED and saw the semicircle of potted flowers on their slender, varnished stands. A bulbous light was burning in the purple chandelier. He was on a couch. Juanita was bending over him. She said, "You're going to be all right."

Ireland licked his lips. There was the taste of a dead cat in his mouth.

Juanita said, "I was afraid it was poison, but the doctor said it was only a mickey. I'm sorry, but I wasn't very smart. I never guessed it until I heard her scream and went out to see what was happening."

Ireland said, "Where is she?"

"The police have her back in her apartment. They're looking for the money she took from Toll."

"I don't get it," Ireland said.

"I just didn't watch closely enough, that's all. Miss Fylfot almost did away with you."

"No," Ireland said. He pointed a finger at her. "You're what I don't get."

"But I'm Juanita O'Brien. Don't tell me you didn't understand that."

"O'Brien," Ireland said after a moment. "It was just a name in a report to me."

She was shocked and said, "Why, I never dreamed you didn't know. I just thought you didn't say anything because we weren't supposed to acknowledge each other." Someone called from another room. "I'll go check what they've found."

"Wait a minute," Ireland said.

"I'll be right back."

"Okay," Ireland said. "Then we'll go to a movie."

She was puzzled, but she gave him her nice smile. She said, "Why not?" Then the voice called again and she hurried away.

THE END

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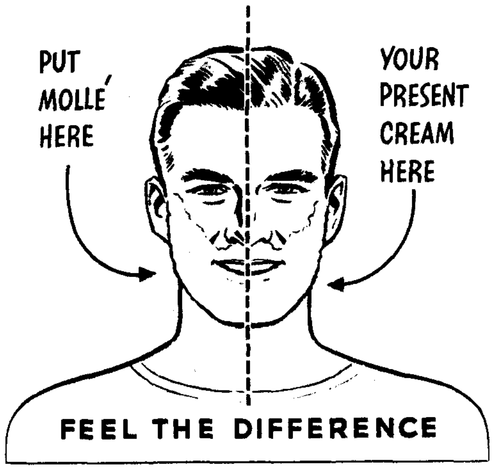

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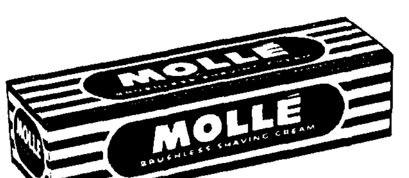

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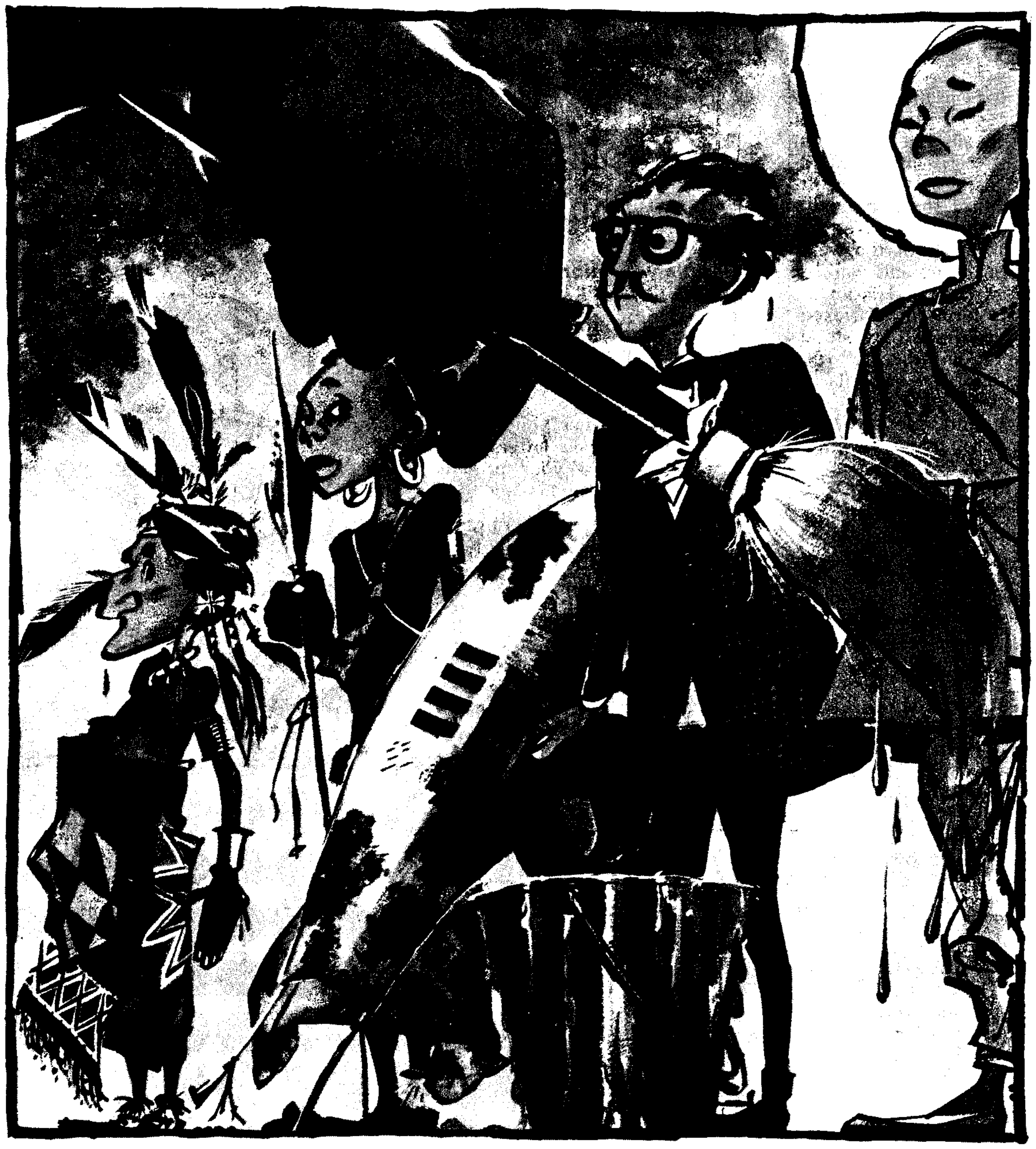


HARRY DEVLIN

LET'S ALL BE BLUE

AN IMPORTANT JOB of our free American press has always been to diagnose and prescribe for some of the country's social ills. But there is a requirement of this job which is as necessary to the practice of crusading journalism as it is to the practice of medicine. It is to make sure that the cure isn't worse than the disease.

We were put in mind of this by two magazine articles which we read not long ago. One, signed by Walter White, the noted Negro leader, suggested that a chemical bleach which turns dark skin white might help to solve the race relations problem. The other, in a scientific publication, quoted Dr. Louis Schwartz's opinion of this proposed treatment.

Dr. Schwartz, for many years a skin specialist of the U.S. Public Health Service, wrote that the use of this hydrocarbon as a bleach would be impractical and dangerous. To produce a uniform bleach the treatment would have to be given internally. But, unfortunately, the chemical is poisonous.

At the risk of being called fainthearted, we'll have to admit that the idea of fighting the poison of racial bigotry with chemical poison strikes us as a bit drastic—especially when the victims of the bigotry are also the potential victims of the chemical. We, too, feel strongly about injustice and inequality, and try to do something to correct them. But we're of the conservative, old-fashioned opinion that bigotry will have to be cured by an extended treatment that includes large doses of education and no bleaches at all.

Yet if Mr. White wants to beat the drum for a short cut to a pigmentary Utopia, we'd be glad to pass along the following suggestion:

Endow a research project to produce a harmless chemical that will color everybody blue, then persuade the world's governments to make its use compulsory. This would eliminate not only the black man, but also the yellow and red and brown and white man.

All that has kept us from advancing this idea ourselves is the suspicion that wiping out differences in color would not wipe out prejudice and discrimination. We have the feeling that even if everybody was blue, ignorant and bigoted, John Does would still find an excuse for elbowing other John Does off the sidewalk. So we remain committed to our slow, unspectacular way of fighting a persistent malady which, we are convinced, is much more than skin-deep.

FOGGERY*

ONE OF OUR COLLEAGUES, during his vacation this past summer, had occasion to talk with a number of college undergraduates. One of them, a University of Michigan senior, informed him that "we are far behind the rest of the world in social legislation."

By way of an answer, our friend hunted up an atlas and opened it to a map of the world. He pointed to India and asked the young man if he thought India was ahead of us in social legislation. And how about China, Japan, Russia?

After a quick mental tour of our planet the student decided that, with the possible exception of the Scandinavian countries and New Zealand, the United States led the world in social legislation—and in a great many other opportunities for comfort and security besides.

This discovery came as quite a surprise to the young man from Michigan. He told our colleague that he had been taking a number of courses which emphasized our national shortcomings and that, come to think of it, he had never heard a series of lectures which touched on the benefits of living in this country.

It isn't necessary to belabor the point of this little story. But it is a pity that, in certain academic circles, anyone who says a good word for the American economic system seems to be regarded as the most uncritical sort of flag waver.

Of course there are flaws in our system, but they surely ought to be considered with intelligent proportion and perspective. The teacher who creates the impression that that system is made up of only disadvantages is guilty of bad scholarship. More than that, he is likely to infect generations of students with the same disease that has impaired his own social vision.

None of us would admire or trust a system of medical instruction which taught that the common cold requires major surgery and a complete readjustment of the patient's life if he is to survive. Yet some professors give an equally gloomy diagnosis and distorted prescription for our governmental and economic ills.

**As good a word as we can think of for the teachings of despairing pedants.*

Reasonable Request

BOOK AND MAGAZINE RACKS for bathtub readers have been on the market for some time, but they have never quite achieved the ultimate in indolent ablutionary luxury. For there has still been the question of how and where to sit. Should one dunk and relax with the head against the back of the tub, at the risk of wetting the back hair? Or should the reader sit bolt upright, as in a straight-backed chair?

There is a chance that this problem will be solved by a new headrest devised for amphibious scholars. It's made of aluminum with a sponge rubber cushion for the skull, and it is adjustable to the desired reading angle.

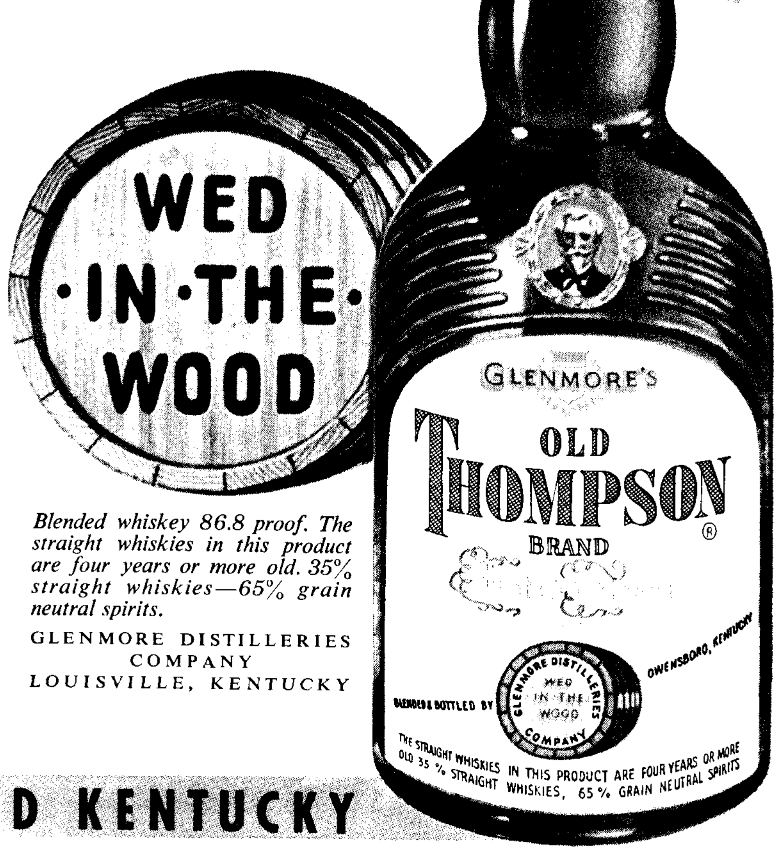
The news of this boon to luxuriating is brought to you—you will pardon the radio expression—as a public service. If you heard about it first from us, we only ask in return that you read Collier's in the tub.

Let's give Old Thompson a hand!

There's no trick to Old Thompson's popularity. Buy it . . . *try* it and your friends will follow suit. You'll *all* discover that it's the brand with the big difference . . . it's the brand that's

smoother because it's . .

WED·IN·THE·WOOD. This simply means that after blending, Old Thompson, instead of being bottled immediately, is put back into barrels to assure a richer-tasting whiskey. No wonder people are saying *Wed·In·The·Wood Makes Drinks Extra Good!*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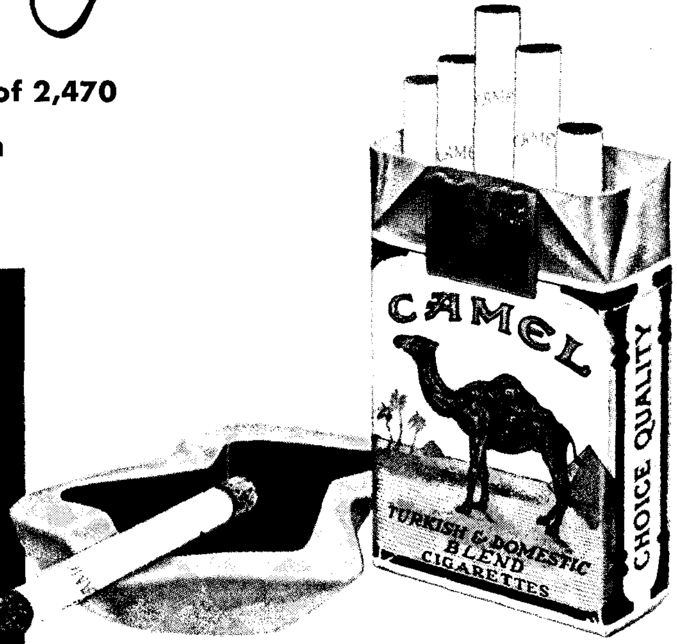
NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS—

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION *due to smoking* CAMELS!

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.



HOW MILD CAN A CIGARETTE BE?

Smoke CAMELS for 30 days, and see!

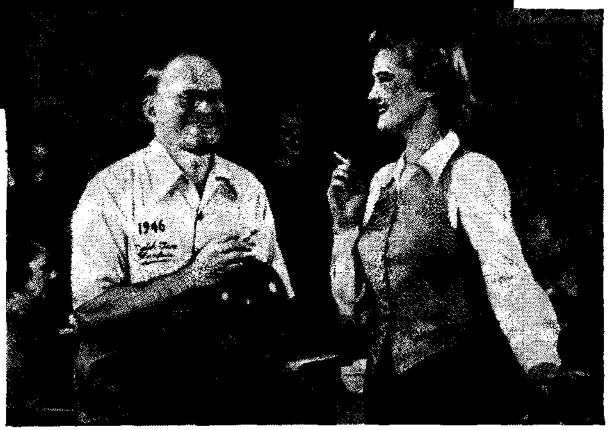
You've noted the doctors' report *(above)*. But you can't know, first hand, how mild a cigarette can be—*until you've made your own test!* Smoke only Camels for the next 30 days. Compare them in your "T-Zone". See if you, too, don't rate Camels the *mildest, best-tasting* cigarette you ever smoked!

AQUA-SKIING STARS AGREE!

A spectacular team in a spectacular sport, Martha Mitchell and Margie Fletcher get together on their favorite cigarette. Says Martha: "Camels met my mildness test 100%." Margie adds: "And every Camel tastes so *good*—every puff of it!"

30-DAY MILDNESS TEST WINNING SMOKER AFTER SMOKER TO CAMELS!

The report gets around! One smoker tells another, until today *thousands* are making the Camel 30-Day Test... and changing to Camels for *keeps!* To millions more, of course, Camel mildness is not news. As ace bowler Joe Wilman *(right)* puts it: "My test of Camels covers *years*, not days! I *know* how mild they are—how good they taste!"



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